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*'s example nothing? It is everything. Example is the school of mankind and they will learn at no other.'*—Edmund Burke



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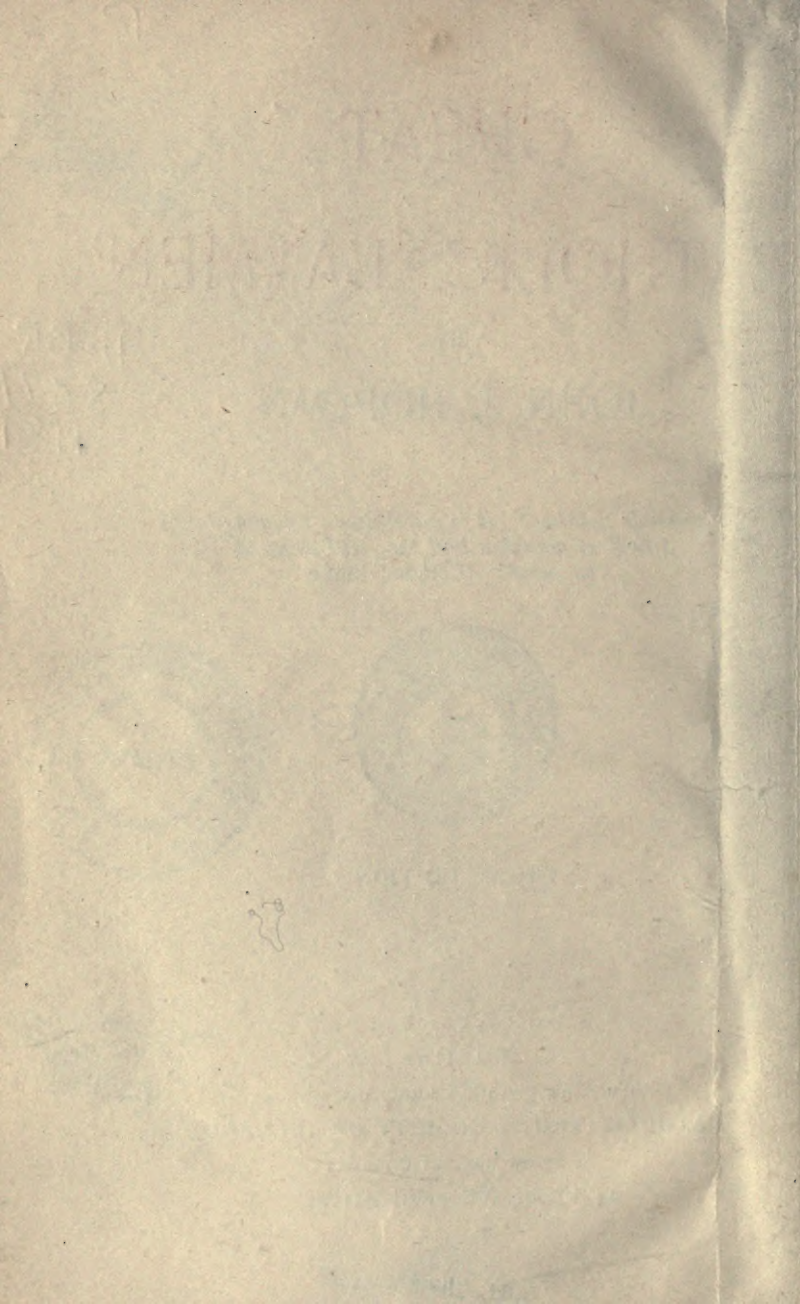
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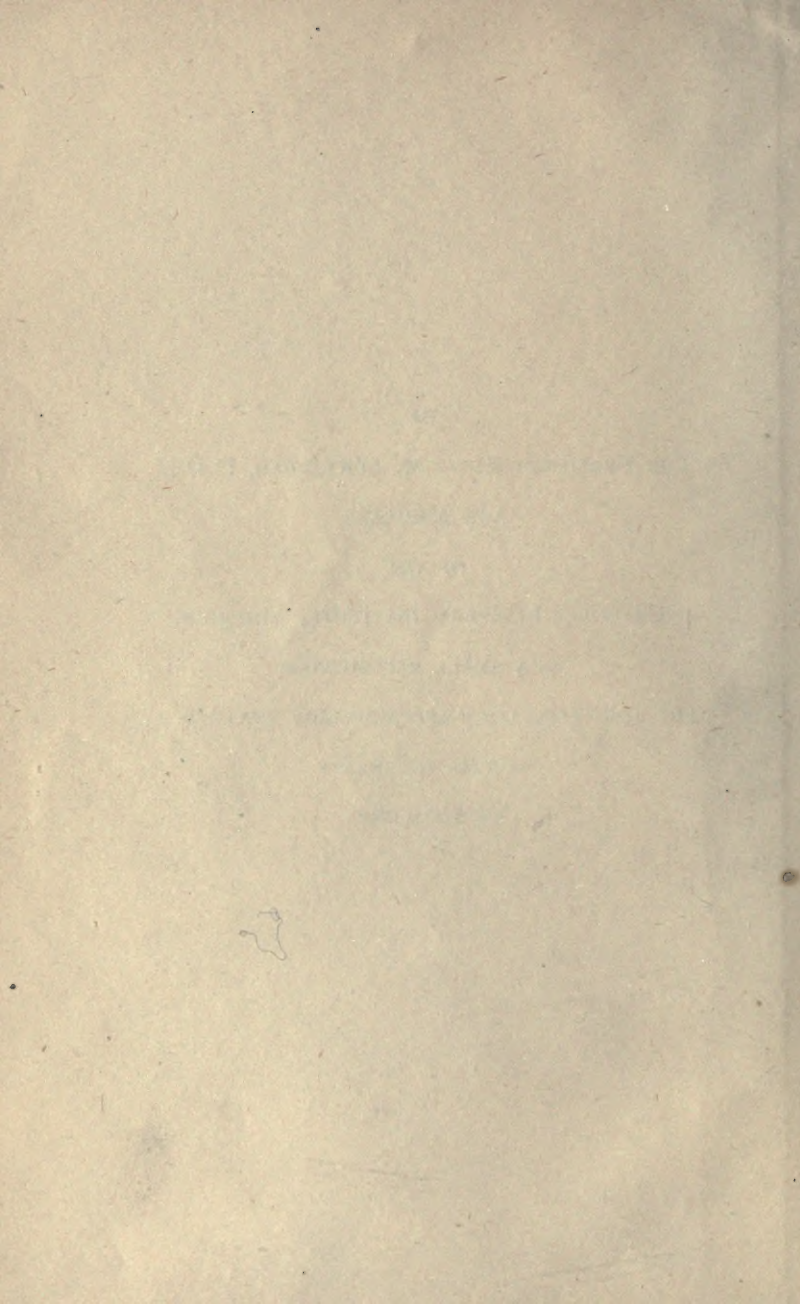
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TO  
THE PRESIDENT (REV. M. O'RIORDAN, D.D.),  
AND MEMBERS  
OF THE  
CATHOLIC LITERARY INSTITUTE, LIMERICK,  
AS A SMALL RECOMPENSE  
FOR THE INSPIRATION AND SYMPATHY THAT HAVE  
HELPED TO CREATE  
THIS VOLUME.





## INTRODUCTION

THE only reason I can advance for prefixing this introduction to a book, which will speak eloquently for itself, is that I believe that it was I who had the good fortune of inspiring the writer with the idea of the necessity in our age of some such handbook of Catholic biography, as this proves to be. For the need, though perfectly apparent, of such a series of Catholic lives, never seems to have attracted Catholic writers ; or if it did, they must have assured themselves that the time was not ripe for such a publication, or that Catholic sense and intelligence were not ripe enough to demand it. And yet, who has not felt the want of some such compilation as that now presented to the public ? The great writers, thinkers, and workers of other religions, or no religion, have been glorified by studies, memoirs, biographies, or reminiscences without number. Their reliques, letters—everything appertaining to them have been published, and read eagerly by a public, who delight in probing into the secrets of its heroes. Their works have been issued in every kind of novel edition, their portraits reproduced

in etching, engraving, and photograph. Their habits of life, their studies, their books, have been eagerly searched for indisputable signs of a genius already acknowledged. For the narrower reading circles of the public, *analecta* have been culled and sifted and selected ; and young authors and aspiring workers have been bidden to go to these masters, to study their lives for the formation of character or intellect, and their books, their habits, etc., to learn therefrom how to take the initial steps towards the success that crowned their life-efforts.

I cannot recall the name of one great Pagan, or Protestant, who has been neglected. But what of our Catholic writers and workers ? You seek their names in vain in encyclopædia or Dictionary of Biography. The world has deemed them unworthy of notice ; and we have accepted the verdict. Hence you will not find in the many volumes that are now published under the title of " Great Statesmen," a notice, much less a life, of Windthorst or O'Connell ; or if these distinguished men are mentioned, it is to be dismissed in a few, brief, almost contemptuous sentences. In a series of Philosophical Classics what place is there for an Aquinas or a Suarez ? You have Kant, and Hegel, and Fichte, and Schelling, Hume and Berkeley, Bacon and



Hobbes, Comte and Cousin; but where are Augustine, and St. Thomas, and Bellarmine, and Vasquez? where de Maistre or Montalembert? where Brownson and Newman? In a cheap reprint of the poets you will find every name but Coventry Patmore and Aubrey de Vere? And if you were to seek details of these men's lives, and few, who have read their works, could fail to be interested in them, where are you to find them?

It will be said at once that hitherto Catholics, at least in these countries, through the lack of University training, and therefore through the absence of that fine sense of appreciation for whatever is valuable or attractive in the personalities of their great co-religionists, have been conspicuously indifferent about the lives or thoughts, or works of those, who clinging fast to the tenets of their faith, have wrought great deeds either through the emancipation of oppressed creeds or nationalities, or through important additions to literature, or through discoveries in science made in the seclusion of their studies or laboratories. And from this indifference there sprang a natural, yet quite erroneous inference, that outside the domain of theology and philosophy the Catholic Church had little to show in the industry or intelligence of her children. Appa-

rently Catholic thinkers had contributed but little towards the progressive tendencies of modern times. In Art alone they seemed to have held their position. But in science, in industrial movements, in commercial advancement, <sup>1</sup> in literature, embracing the different departments of history, poetry, the drama, etc., they seemed to have held no place. And as a result, that word "reactionary" has been applied to the Church itself; and the world, and many Catholics, who follow the world's direction and obey its behests, have laboured themselves into the conviction that religion and progress are inconsistent; that dogma and science are incompatible; that there can be no truce, much less a treaty, between the ever-progressive, ever-advancing spirit of the modern world and the granite immobility of Catholicism. It is quite possible that some such idea underlies the persistent refusal of English statesmen to grant a University to Catholic students; and the same idea occupies the minds of many Catholics who know but little of the fundamental beliefs of the faith they profess; and still less of the vast output of energy in every department of political and social science, of arts and letters, that has emanated from the genius and labours of Catholic scientists, politicians, and statesmen,

during that period of three hundred years which marks the rise and development of all that passes under the name of modern progress and enlightenment.

How far this misconception of the spirit and mission of the Catholic Church, and this ignorance of the leading part taken by Catholics in all that subserves modern advancement may be traced to our own indolence, is a debatable question. Perhaps it is the eternal question of supply and demand again. There certainly was no articulate demand for Catholic biography heretofore, and there certainly was no supply. Hence, it cannot be said that these papers, now presented in book form to the public, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, are inopportune. They meet a great want, if they do not supply a great demand. They may be considered in the light of a handy reference volume for the large and increasing section, who, we hope, are beginning to understand the fertility of the Church in creating scholars, as well as saints. And, lest we should suppose that imagination would run riot in such panegyrics as are here offered, the author judiciously introduces extracts from the writings and correspondence of his subjects, that prove every thesis of belief and action as it is advanced.



It is quite true that this compilation does not aim at being a complete dictionary of Catholic biography. Many names will suggest themselves to every reader, which, perhaps, would have an equal right to consideration with those that are here introduced. But it was necessary that there should be a selection, and the selection is a judicious one. The author has sought for "Representative Men" amongst Catholics, as Emerson sought them in the large category of great men, or as Carlyle sought them for his lectures on Heroes. And he has given us as patriots and statesmen, Hofer, Windthorst, and O'Connell; as ruler, Moreno; as journalist, Frederick Lucas; as historian and *litterateur*, Montalembert; as philanthropist, Ozanam; as scientist, Pasteur. It is a well selected and comprehensive list, taken from different nationalities, and more or less different periods of time. And the author, through these biographies, has made evident the thesis underlying them, namely, that the Catholic Church and patriotism, the Catholic Church and politics, the Catholic Church and philanthropy, the Catholic Church and science, nay, even the Catholic Church and that most significant feature of the modern world—journalism—are by no means in antagonism, but that around every step and every effort of the modern world towards

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that millennium which, if it is but "as the dream of them that awaken from sleep," is yet a vision of inspiration for ever beckoning forward the struggling masses of humanity, the Catholic Church casts its own illumination, all the brighter because, when the lesser lights of human knowledge are extinguished, it alone is destined to expand and continue for ever.

Outside and beyond this great lesson, which the following pages so eloquently teach, there is another, an extrinsic one, which the publication of such biographies happily suggests. This is a book written by a young Catholic layman about Catholic laymen. The smell of incense, the odour of the Sanctuary does not hang about it,—only that atmosphere of living faith which is common to chancel, and nave, and aisle, and which may be breathed freely by that large section that forms an integral portion of the living Church—the *Ecclesia discens*. It is a novelty, but an agreeable one. It is a new departure, but a happy one. If we might argue from it, that a new spirit had been breathed into our young Catholics; that, at last, they had begun to realise their responsibilities, and to assume the duties of zeal, and charity, and earnestness which these responsibilities impose, it would impress the Church which has been

yearning for the help of such allies, with a fresh sense of vigour and elasticity in its onerous mission to the world.

Educationists are now teaching that one of the most serious defects in our systems of teaching is the neglect of manual instruction, especially the neglect of teaching children that they have a left hand as well as a right. Might we say, that one of our mistakes hitherto has been that the Church has been one-handed in its mighty struggle against the world, and that the enormous power of an educated and faithful laity has never been realised?

These lectures have their own lesson in that matter. What Moreno did in South America, Montalembert and Pasteur in France, Windthorst in Germany; Hofer in the Tyrol; O'Connell and Lucas in Ireland, can still be done. There is no dearth of great men to-day. But they must be discovered and put in their proper grooves, and encouraged by all the maternal affection and solicitude of the Church to labour in the great cause of the uplifting and regeneration of humanity.

"And these papers have this further lesson. That if a young Catholic layman, burthened by professional duties, and distracted by many other calls upon his time, has been able to study the



details, and master the many facts that are embodied in these biographies, it is only reasonable to argue that many more might do the same, or similar work in other departments, and help the common cause by zealous and judicious co-operation. If we might be privileged to hope this, would it not mean the dawning of a new era, and would not the historian of the future, looking back upon the achievements of such devoted Catholics, exclaim, with Ozanam, when he first beheld the sea, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice. The floods have lifted up their waves with the voice of many waters" ? (Ps. xcii. 3.)

One brief, further suggestion. Is it too much to expect that some young ecclesiastical students—better still, some young priests, may be encouraged to accomplish a similar work for our great philosophers and theologians? We have "*Blackwood's Philosophical Classics*," "*Great Statesmen*," "*Great Writers*," in one series after another, and the reading world seems never to tire of them. When shall we have "Catholic Philosophical Classics," "Catholic Theologians," etc. ? There are few amongst the clergy who would not like to know something about De Lugo, Suarez, Franzelin, a Lapide, names consecrated to us, because of their asso-

ciation with our college days. We have long lives of St. Thomas, and St. Augustine; but we want brief, pithy biographies, such as are given of the thinkers and workers of the outer world. Their writings would help us, if we knew a little more of their lives.

With these reflections on the book itself, on the many thoughts it will be the happy means of suggesting to many readers, and on its influence on future Catholic literature, we send the book forward on its career of usefulness, and solicit in advance one only favour, that it be read with all the attention and care it seems to us so amply to deserve.

P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.

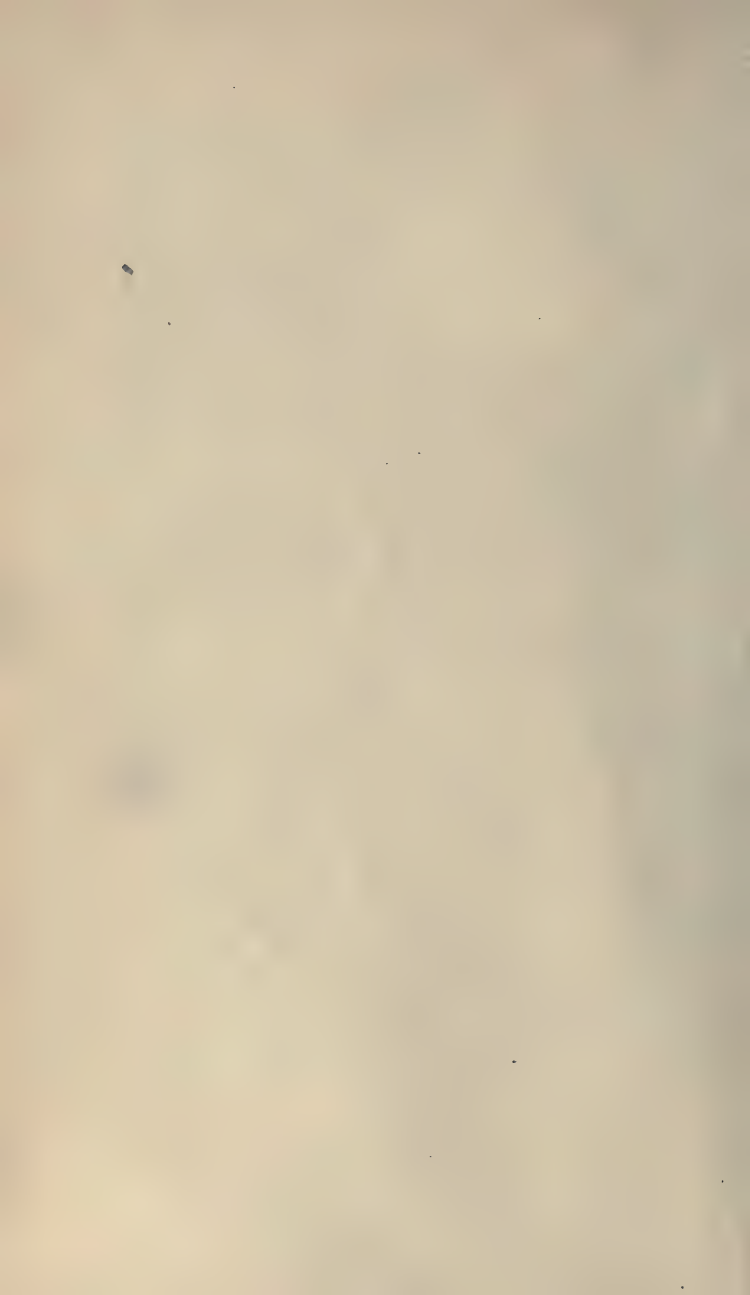
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# ANDREAS HOFER

## “THE MAN OF TYROL.”

“Eagle of Tyrol thy feathers are red,  
Why so red?”

“For that I live in the sunshine red  
For that I’ve drunk of our wine so red  
For that the blood of our foes is red  
My heart and my feathers are red, blood red.”

—*Tyrolese Folk-song.*

THERE are some pages of history that all the world should read, because of the great lessons they enunciate and exemplify. Amongst them are those which describe the Tyrolese Insurrection of 1809. Never, perhaps, had a people juster cause to take up arms, never has a cause been sustained more nobly. If one asks why this nation of peasants under the leadership of a peasant defeated in many battles veteran armies commanded by famous generals, why, after having three times delivered their mountains from the invader, these Tyroleans crushed by overpowering forces, decimated by military executions, defeated but not conquered, bore only under protest a yoke which they shook off with such haste in 1814—history replies that this brave

people took up arms to resist an intolerable despotism, and to save two treasures which they valued even more than life itself—their religion and their liberty.

It is of their leader in this great struggle—Andreas Hofer, the national hero of the Tyrol—that we write.

A little distance from Meran, formerly the capital of the country, there lies between high and rugged mountains the narrow and winding valley of Passeyer. The surrounding scenery is majestic and severe, the soil fertile. Ancient castles crown craggy hills, and, most lordly of them all, towers Schloss Tyrol,<sup>1</sup> as though guarding the land and defying its foes, a fitting emblem of the little mountain-folk to whom it has given a name that will never die.

The inhabitants of this valley are sturdy peasants full of faith, honesty, and brave to a fault. Their most glorious achievement took place in 1703, when they beat back the invasion of the Elector Maximilian Emmanuel of Bavaria, and closed against him the road to Italy.<sup>2</sup>

These gallant mountaineers always regarded it as at once a pleasure and a duty to be first in the field at their country's call. "The men of Passeyer," says the Tyrolese proverb, "set out for battle in defence of their country as if they

<sup>1</sup> The Castle of Tyrol.

<sup>2</sup> A worthy Tyrolese peasant of those days kept a short diary which has been preserved. Here is an extract from it: "In 1703, on the eve of St. John Baptist (June 23rd), 20,000 enemies invaded Tyrol, did great damage, killed many of our people, but still more fell on their side, came as far as the Lower Meadow (near Brenner), and after that were driven out by our marksmen and militia on St. Anne's Day (July 26th)."

were going to Holy Communion." In the heart of this valley at half an hour's walk from the little town of St. Leonard, there stands a small inn known as "The Inn on the Sand," because of the sandy beach of the Passeyer near which it is situated.

Here lived for sixteen years he who was called the "Sandwirth" by the Tyrolese, "General Barbone" by the Italians, and who said himself when he became Governor of Tyrol, and they wished to call him Excellency, "I am Andreas Hofer, the peasant."

Originally from the mountainous district of Magfeld in the Passeyer Valley, his family at the beginning of the seventeenth century divided into two branches. Part established itself at the Moos, and one of its members, Christian Hofer, was ennobled by Leopold the First for his services to the House of Hapsburg, another became Governor of Schloss Tyrol. The other branch which owned "The Inn on the Sand" had for its head Gaspard Hofer, who, on his return from Rome, built, to fulfil a vow, a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, which became a place of pilgrimage for the countryside.

The family of Hofer had few other memories inscribed on its annals when, on the 22nd of November, 1767, Andreas, who was to become its hero, was born.

His birth has been surrounded with many legendary omens. Some chroniclers say that a star appeared over the house, others, that a glittering rifle was seen in the sky. While quite young he lost his mother, his father died before he was twelve, and he was placed with his four sisters in the charge of some relatives, who, out of charity, cared for the five orphans. He was



educated at the village school, and learnt there to read, write, and calculate, receiving an education which, without being complete, surpassed that usually given to a peasant. But, added to his small book knowledge, he had a clear intelligence, much good sense, and a certain fund of native humour which showed itself occasionally in lively sallies.

At the date of the Tyrolese Insurrection, Hofer was in the prime of life. His contemporaries describe him as strongly built, a thickset figure, with broad shoulders, a brown smiling kindly face, big brown eyes, black curly hair, and a great beard falling on his chest which he had vowed never to cut while a Bavarian remained in Tyrol. His appearance inspired at first an astonishment and curiosity, which soon changed into a feeling of esteem and confidence. His power of speaking the two languages of Tyrol, German and Italian, the considerable business he carried on in wine and cattle with the South Tyrol and the valley of the Inn, more than all his honesty and reputation as a good father<sup>1</sup> and Christian, had created for him many friends and a singular renown throughout the country. When he rode along the valleys reciting the Rosary with his travelling companions, all the passers by saluted him; the students of Meran surrounded him if he appeared in the town, and made his Inn their halting place on the road to Innsbruck. From 1796 to 1805 he distinguished himself as a mountaineer and a hunter, and later on he was elected captain of the Passeyer

<sup>1</sup> He married, on the 12th July, 1789, the daughter of a respectable peasant from Vintschgau named Anna Ladurner, by whom he had five children, two boys and three girls.

rifle club,<sup>1</sup> a strong proof of his wisdom and valour. The French Revolution, which had disturbed the world, affected even this distant mountain valley. Many times exiles, and even old priests pursued almost into banishment by the soldiers of the Republic, had traversed the district, and the sight of their misery had touched all hearts. These fugitives were but the forerunners of the storm. In 1797 a part of the French army of Italy commanded by General Joubert, marched on the Tyrol, and the inhabitants of Passeyer took up arms, Hofer fighting in the ranks as a common soldier. At Sterzing the Tyrolese barred Joubert's way, and forced him to retire. Three years later on there were fresh alarms. The French entered the Tyrol from Switzerland, and their victories were followed by excesses peculiarly odious to the Tyrolese people, and deeply resented by them, as subsequent events will show. At Schluders, for example, the soldiers massacred the priest, broke open the tabernacle, and desecrated the Sacred Host.

But worse was yet to come. The armies of Napoleon overran Europe. The Tyrol did not escape. In the month of November, 1805, Napoleon decided to conquer it.<sup>2</sup> Ney was deputed to carry out the invasion, and he did so with his usual skill and audacity. He entered Tyrol by the gorge of Scharnitz, having first crossed the Alps in the face of an obstinate resistance. Difficult as this route was, it offered him the advantage of striking straight at the heart of the country—Innsbruck. He swept the surprised Austrians before him in disorder.

<sup>1</sup> *The Valley of Passeyer*, by Weber.

<sup>2</sup> See *L'Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, by M. Thiers, vol. vi., and *L'Histoire de Napoleon I.*, by M. Lanfrey, vol. iii.

The victory of Austerlitz a few weeks afterwards made Napoleon master of Austria, and he demanded as the price of peace the cession of Tyrol to his ally, Bavaria. The Austrian diplomatists in vain protested, the conqueror was not to be gainsaid, and the Tyrol became Bavarian territory.<sup>1</sup> No more brutal disregard of national wishes and national rights was shown even by Napoleon. The Bavarians quickly demonstrated their absolute incapacity to govern their new dependency. Into a land of well-to-do, independent, intensely religious peasants, who had never felt the pressure of external authority, but had gone on governing themselves for centuries on the old Germanic system, the Bavarians tried to introduce all the pedantries of officialism.

Compulsory enlistment was substituted for free volunteering; the local authorities were replaced by officials from Munich, who gave themselves airs, and the name "Tyrol" was changed into a new-fangled division called circles.

But that the Insurrection of the Tyrolese in 1809 was mainly caused by the persecution inflicted on their priests and their religion, there can be no doubt. To understand how this came about it is necessary to explain that Bavaria, though a Catholic country, was governed by a violent anti-Catholic and unscrupulous Ministry, headed by Count Joseph de Montgelas. They suppressed all monasteries and religious Orders, they coerced the regular clergy, and, through their agents, the police, committed sacrileges and robberies of Church property. The first care of this Government was to denationalize

<sup>1</sup> See *The Life of Napoleon I.*, by John Holland Rose, M.A., Litt.D., vol. ii., p. 46.

the Tyrol ; in fact, as events showed, to dechristianize it.<sup>1</sup> No system of government could have been more impolitic or odious. The Tyrol was then, and still is, one of the most Catholic countries in Europe. Everywhere the Tyrolese manifest their faith. The passer-by on the road greets you with the salutation "Praise be to Jesus Christ," and you answer him "Praise be to Jesus Christ for ever and ever." On the mountains, in the woods, on the bridges, and at the fountains, one sees calvaries and shrines inscribed with the most sublime thoughts in simple language. Judge what were the effects of anti-Catholic government in such a land.

The attack was commenced by depriving the Bishops of their right to ordain clergy that were not first approved of by the Government officials.<sup>2</sup> The three Bishops immediately refused to comply with this outrageous request. Their banishment was proclaimed. The Pope sided with them, and exhorted them to persevere in the good fight. In the dead of winter the Bishops journeyed to Innsbruck to defend themselves, but they would not be heard. The decree of banishment was carried out.

The Government then attempted to coerce the clergy who had remained to accept their views. Their attempts were fruitless, and the leaders of the clergy were thrown into prison. This persecution fanned the flame of insurrection smouldering since the advent of the French. The remaining priests went about in disguise, and celebrated Mass in caves or in the hearts of

<sup>1</sup> See *Histoire de l'Eglise de Jesus Christ au XIX. siècle*, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> *La persecution de prêtres en Tyrol*, by Herr Jaëger. Vienna, 1868.



the woods. The people were forbidden to celebrate their religious feast days. To observe a holiday of obligation became a crime punishable by imprisonment. But the final indignity was the pillaging of the churches and the monasteries. The same excesses which had been carried out in Bavaria, were repeated even on a more atrocious scale in Tyrol. The suppression of a monastery was immediately followed by a sale to the Jews, who were the only buyers, of all the precious vestments and sacred vessels. Delighted at the chance of making a fortune, and insulting the Christians, they carried through the streets of Innsbruck, with a sacrilegious ostentation, the sacred ornaments gathered from all parts, and even from the neighbouring Abbey of Wilten.

But the Jews were not the worst offenders.

At Innsbruck the commander of the Bavarian police held an orgie at which he and his friends drank from chalices, another official emptied a ciborium full of consecrated Hosts into the street.<sup>1</sup> The punishment of this latter individual was prompt and terrible, as he died suddenly soon afterwards.

To add to all these things, the Tyrolese Parliament was abolished. Wounded to the heart by these injuries to their Church, by the persecution directed against their priests and bishops, and by the unlawful confiscation of their rights and liberties, the Tyrolese saw the time had come to imitate their courageous neighbours the Swiss, and to take up arms in defence of their liberty. Hofer proved himself their William Tell. Indignant at the persecution of the priests even in his own valley, and at the servitude under which

<sup>1</sup> See *Le Tyrol en 1809*, by Dr. Rapp.

his country groaned, he determined to risk all in order to save his fellow-countrymen. A conspiracy of a far-reaching character had been growing, it was now to take definite form and shape. The peasants met at the various shooting competitions held on Sundays and feast-days. Here old and young, men and boys, out-rivalled each other in their anxiety to become good marksmen ; here also the leaders of the various parishes formed their plans, and received ambassadors from Hofer and his friends.

These competitions became an excellent school for the future defenders of the country, and when one recollects that they were nearly all hardy huntsmen, accustomed from childhood to scale the most precipitous peaks, and to pursue the chamois above the snow-line and along precipices, with rifle and alpenstock, and with no provisions save a little brandy and bread and cheese, it becomes easy to understand what sort of men Hofer could rely on, and what terrible adversaries the Bavarians had created by their tyranny. Hofer counted also on help from Austria, for he had at Vienna a powerful and faithful friend the Archduke John, brother of the Emperor, and Governor of the Tyrol, before it was ceded to Bavaria. The Archduke made Hofer his principal confidant, and exchanged with the Sandwirth and his friends a secret correspondence which was carried by huntsmen over the mountains. For precaution these messages were couched in an allegorical strain—purporting to be written by a betrothed to his fiancée. Tyrol was the bride, Austria the bridegroom.<sup>1</sup> On the 16th of January, 1809,

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, by Le Père Ch. Clair, p. 112.

Hofer and two companions set out for Vienna to complete the arrangements for the insurrection. On his return journey Hofer visited the valleys of the Inn, Ziller and Brixen, everywhere informing his friends of the plans he had made. He rallied to his cause the noblest families as well as the peasants, and spread throughout the country the tidings of the coming deliverance. On the eve of this terrible explosion the Bavarians believed themselves to be in perfect security. The danger came like a thunderclap upon them. In the month of April the Austrian Emperor declared war on Napoleon in fulfilment of his promise to Hofer. A proclamation issued by the Archduke John, called the Tyroleans to arms.

"Tyroleans," he wrote, "I know you, and I am sure that you will prove yourselves worthy of your fathers, worthy of your traditional fidelity, worthy of our aid."<sup>1</sup> Hofer in a terse message announced that the hour of battle had come. His order of the day was dated, "The Inn on the Sand, Passeyer, 9th April, 1809." As his lieutenants in the struggle he was entering on the names of Martin Teimer, Joseph Speckbacher, and the Capuchin father, Joachim Haspinger, must here be mentioned. All these men had taken part in the fighting of recent years. Teimer, who was the youngest of them, being thirty years of age, had risen to the rank of Major in the landstrum or militia. Joseph Speckbacher was ten years older, and at the time of the rising was employed in the salt mines at Hall, near Innsbruck. He was a man of undaunted courage, boundless resource, and had a thorough knowledge of the country which was to be the chief

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 128.

field of operations.<sup>1</sup> Father Joachim Haspinger had served as an army chaplain, and had earned a medal for valour. Now he was to lead in many a fierce attack, and he made it a point of honour to carry no weapon save a great ebony crucifix. The "Redbeard" as he was called, was, perhaps, the most popular of Hofer's lieutenants.

Hofer called together the people of his valley by these simple words: "To-morrow we shall march for God, Emperor, and Fatherland."<sup>2</sup> When he set out next day from Passeyer, at the head of 4,500 men, all having confessed and communicated, a peasant meeting them on the bridge of St. Leonard, said to the Sandwirth "Am I bound to march also?" "No, you are not bound" answered Hofer, "remain if you wish." Then replied the peasant quickly, "I go with you."<sup>3</sup> Such was the spirit that animated both leaders and people. The first shot was fired not far from the place where Joubert had been overthrown eight years before. Colonel von Wrede was in command of the garrison of Brixen. Intelligence reached him that an Austrian force, under General Chasteler, was approaching through the Pusterthal, and on April 10th, he sent a detachment to destroy the bridge over the river Rienz at St. Lorenzen, near Bruneck. The peasants were up in a moment, the detachment was not suffered to approach the bridge, and when Wrede brought up his

<sup>1</sup> As a boy he had been a poacher, and the experience he thus gained of being both hunter and hunted stood him in good stead now. A Tyrolese writer calls him "the Ulysses of the war."

<sup>2</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 133.

<sup>3</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 134.



whole force in support it was met with a hail of bullets from the mountainside. An attempt to get the guns into a position whence their fire might destroy the bridge, was frustrated by a furious charge of the peasants, who many of them armed only with cudgels and flails, dashed upon the troops, surrounded the guns, and hunted the gunners into the river.

Wrede could do nothing but try to make his way to Sterzing where he might unite with the garrison of that town. A force of 3,000 French under General Bisson on its way from Italy met him a little below where the fortress of Franzens-feste now stands. The way from the Pusterthal to the great Northern road passes through a narrow defile, the Brixener Klause or gorge of Brixen, and here the unlucky French and Bavarians were, of course, at the mercy of their furious enemies. Pelted with rocks, tree-stems and bullets by an invisible foe, in momentary fear of being overtaken by the Austrians whose advanced guard actually appeared before they were well out of the defile, they made their way with heavy loss to the plain in which lies the little town of Sterzing. Meanwhile Hofer and his men had dashed over the Jaufen Pass. Major Speicher, the commander of the Sterzing garrison, decided to meet them in the open where discipline might tell. The steady fire checked the onward rush, and the peasant force retired into a hollow road to re-form, while girls and women from the town supplied refreshment. A second rush was similarly checked. Hofer sitting, as one historian of these events remarks, like Moses on a hill above, and watching the fortunes of the fight, espied some loaded hay-waggons doubtless bringing supplies for the garrison from the mountain hay

sheds. A brilliant idea struck him. If these could be brought up they would serve as cover for the sharpshooters, who could then dispose of the enemy's gunners. But at first no man ventured to bring them within range of the deadly fire. Then a girl stepped forward, swung herself on the back of one of the oxen, and regardless of the bullets, urged the team on with whip and voice exhorting her countrymen at the same time "not to be afraid of the Bavarian dump-lings."<sup>1</sup> The guns were soon silenced, the Tyrolese fell on with the butt, and in a few minutes the whole Bavarian force, or so much of it as remained, was disarmed, and before evening safely under lock and key in the neighbouring Castle of Marei, under the guard, as often happened, of the women. All traces of the fight were carefully removed, the victors dispersed among the mountains, and when Bisson and Wrede arrived on the following morning, April 12th, no garrison was to be found, no news of its fate could they extract, no enemy was to be seen. Puzzled and still more alarmed they pursued their march or rather flight, harassed as before, wherever a gorge or defile—of which there are many along this mountain road—gave an opportunity to the Tyrolese for their favourite tactics. But a yet more terrible surprise awaited them. In the early dawn of the 13th, the weary battered army, still numbering nearly 4,000 men, saw the domes of the Innsbruck churches below them in the valley, and hoped for a respite. A mounted officer was sent to announce their approach to the garrison. As he rode through the gates of

<sup>1</sup> *The Liberation of Tyrol and three Captures of Innsbruck* by A. J. Butler.

the town he dropped from his horse, pierced by a bullet.

To explain what had happened we must pass to the Inn valley. Provoked on the 11th by an attempt to levy a fine for resistance to the conscription at the village of Axams, the peasantry had risen, and the whole valley above Innsbruck was ready to march upon the town. Meantime Speckbacher had summoned the lower valley to arms. All night long beacon fires blazed on the mountains which look down into the streets of Innsbruck. But the garrison paid no heed to the seeming antics of the Tyrolers. The morning of the 12th had hardly dawned when Speckbacher was at the gates of Hall, and no sooner had these been opened as usual by the unsuspecting garrison than the Tyrolese rushed in. In a few minutes with the loss of two men Speckbacher had captured 400 Bavarian soldiers. These were marched off to Salzburg, again under the escort of women, for no men could be spared from the task of liberating the country.

Hall is a short eight miles from Innsbruck, and long before noon Speckbacher was with the levies from the upper valley who were attempting to storm the two bridges that here crossed the Inn just outside the walls of Innsbruck. Up to this time they had made little progress for want of leading; but when Speckbacher waving his hat and shouting "Long live the Emperor Francis," placed himself at their head, they wavered no longer. The gunners fell under the terrible clubbed rifles or were thrown into the river, some young mathematical students from Innsbruck University slewed the guns round, and poured volleys into the troops who were hurrying up from the town; the peasants

pressed forward, some with no weapons but their fists; an attempt to break through with cavalry was frustrated by the sharpshooters, who by this time had got into the houses and were dealing death from every window, and success again crowned the patriots' arms. To complete the victory at this moment appeared Major Teimer, with some more or less drilled battalions of "landstrum" from the upper valley.

General Kinkel, the commander of the garrison, thoroughly terrified, wished to capitulate, but his more energetic subordinate, Colonel Dittfurt, declared that he would sooner die than surrender to a rabble of peasants, and made a last desperate effort to rally his men. The words were scarce uttered when two bullets struck him and he fell from his horse. Returning to the firing line he was again wounded, and finally a bullet in the head stretched him senseless, and he was carried to the rear.

He died three days afterwards, thus fulfilling his boast. After his fall the surviving troops surrendered, and Innsbruck was in the hands of the Tyrolese. It was not yet eleven o'clock.

The remainder of the day was passed in rejoicing. Not a Bavarian was ill-treated, and the intervention of the clergy saved even the pillaging Jews from the treatment they had so well merited. The Bavarian colours were taken down and replaced by the Imperial eagles. "Your feathers have grown again, old bird," said a grey-haired man, as with tears flowing down his cheeks he embraced the beloved symbol.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Liberation of Tyrol and three Captures of Innsbruck*, by A. J. Butler.



Men slept that night where they could in streets or gardens. In the earliest dawn the alarm bells rang, and the word went round that the French were upon them. As we know this was the force under Bisson and Wrede ; but those in the town knew nothing of the way in which they had fared on the other side of the mountains. The gates were barricaded, and all preparations made for a street fight. At five o'clock in the morning the head of the column appeared on Berg Isel, a wooded hill to the South of the town, afterwards to become so famous, and by six they were drawn up on the level ground that lies between the south side of the town and the mountains ; Bavarians on the left wing, French on the right. At the same time a strong force of Tyrolese had slipped round to the right and occupied Berg Isel. The French were fairly entrapped. The sharpshooters then opened fire, but after some parley Teimer came himself to meet General Bisson at the suburb of Wilten. The appearance of Teimer in his gorgeous Austrian uniform<sup>1</sup> completed the panic which the bullets of the sharpshooters had begun, and after a feeble attempt at compromise Bisson yielded. The French and Bavarians laid down their arms. After four days fighting the Tyroleans had captured two generals, seventeen staff officers, five hundred minor officers, five thousand nine hundred and ten men, three flags, five cannons and eight hundred horses. Seldom have brave undisciplined men gained such victories in so short a time.

But the struggle had only commenced. The

<sup>1</sup> Teimer was an officer in the landstrum or militia and, therefore, entitled to wear the Austrian uniform.

Austrian troops under General Chasteler arrived next day ; but it was not expected that the Tyrolese would be left long in undisturbed possession of their conquests. Napoleon's fury when he heard how his troops had been served by undisciplined mountaineers knew no bounds. He issued on May 5th, an order of the day in which "a certain Chasteler calling himself a general in the Austrian service" was accused of having caused an insurrection in Tyrol, and allowed some Bavarian conscripts to be massacred ; and it was directed that the said Chasteler whenever captured was to be brought before a military commission and shot in twenty-four hours.<sup>1</sup> To the Tyrolese of course, this mattered little, but it undoubtedly shook Chasteler's nerve, and to some extent prevented the Austrian troops from giving efficient help. On May 1st, a strong force of Bavarians and French under Wrede, now general, and Marshal Lefebvre, the Duke of Dantzic, occupied Salzburg. Wrede marched over the Strub Pass and entered the Inn valley at the little town of Wörgl. The pass was held by Tyrolese and soldiers, 275 in all, with two guns.

Wrede's entire division set out on May 11th to force it, and succeeded in doing so after nine hours' hard fighting, in which the handful of defenders had four times repulsed the assailants. Lefebvre joined him in the neighbourhood of Wörgl.<sup>2</sup> The Bavarians had encountered a stubborn resistance all the way and were infuriated ; village after village was set on fire,

<sup>1</sup> *The Liberation of Tyrol and three Captures of Innsbruck*, by A. J. Butler.

<sup>2</sup> Wörgl is now the junction where the railways from Munich and Vienna meet.

property destroyed, women and children slaughtered.

General Chasteler having failed, through his own inactivity and stupidity, to prevent the junction of the Bavarians with the French, was forced to accept battle at Wörgl, and was utterly routed, only escaping himself by the speed of his horse, after the commission which was to carry out Napoleon's orders had been already selected.

The French and Bavarians marched upon Innsbruck, ravaging and burning as they went. On May the 19th they entered the town. Two days later Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles at the battle of Aspern Essling;<sup>1</sup> but before the news of this could have reached them, Lefebvre and Wrede, believing all opposition was at an end, and wishing to cut off the Archduke John's retreat from Italy, had returned to Salzburg, leaving General Deroy's division to hold Innsbruck.

Marshal Lefebvre was so far right that orders had been received by the Austrian commanders in Tyrol to withdraw their troops; but he reckoned without Hofer and his men. The Sandwirth, having first attempted to rouse Chasteler to action, and finding this worthy bent on retreat, resolved on the daring plan of marching straight on Innsbruck. For this expedition he had at his disposal 6,000 Tyroleans, 800 Austrians, and six small cannons lent him by Chasteler.

Some grumblers there were in the ranks but to all such he replied, "For God, for the constitution, and for our old rulers we must conquer or die."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Napoleon I.*, by J. Holland Rose, M.A., vol. ii., p. 192.

<sup>2</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 161.

The eagle eyes of Speckbacher had already from one of the mountains above Innsbruck carefully estimated the strength of the enemy, and found that they had not more than 18,000 men to deal with. On the evening of the 24th of May the little Tyrolean army camped three hours' march from Innsbruck on the height of Schaenberg, near the monastery of that name. At Hofer's request one of the monks addressed some brave words to the peasants, and then in a loud voice gave them absolution. All were still kneeling when their chief standing with raised hand promised to God if he should give them victory, to celebrate as a national holiday the Feast-day of the Sacred Heart, to whom he consecrated again the land of Tyrol. The peasants repeated his vow together, and their shouts were re-echoed by the mountains in the silence of the night.<sup>1</sup>

On the next morning, May 25th, Hofer took up his position at Berg Isel, while Speckbacher, with the men from the lower Inn valley, held the right wing as far as Hall. Some isolated fights ensued that day; more than once the Bavarians attempted to storm the position, and were repulsed. In the evening heavy rain came on and fighting was suspended. For three days Hofer remained inactive. General Deroy, a kind-hearted old man, used the interval to issue a proclamation recommending submission which naturally produced little effect, unless that of impressing the peasants with the idea that he was wavering.

On the morning of the 29th, at four o'clock, Hofer gave battle. The fight began on the

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 162.



wings. Speckbacher took the bridge of Volders and attacked Hall. On the left Father Haspinger led the men from Meran by way of the villages of Mutters and Natters into the marshy tract just above the town on the right. He was soon at hand-grips with the enemy.

A Bavarian soldier was delivering a thrust at him with his bayonet, when a bullet laid the assailant low—fired over the Capuchin's shoulder, and so close that the famous red beard was singed. Only staying now and again to hear the confession of a dying man, he pressed forward at the head of his peasants who, slowly but surely, drove the Bavarians before them. The fighting went on till noon with no definite results. An attempt of the Bavarians to storm Berg Isel, the centre of the Tyrolese position, was successful for a time, but was repulsed with the aid of Colonel Ertel's troops, though not till the right had been turned by the foe.

Hofer surveying the whole field from the heights of Schaenberg, where his headquarters were, cast anxious glances towards the left to see if any sign of Teimer and his men were visible. Soon afterwards he appeared at the head of his column on the other side of the river, but they came up slowly and ammunition was failing. To gain time Hofer sent a flag of truce to Deroy with proposals for the Bavarians' surrender. This was refused, but Deroy asked for a twenty-four hours' armistice which Hofer equally declined. However, it was now too late in the day to resume fighting, and under cover of the night General Deroy managed to evacuate the town unobserved, the wheels of the guns and the hoofs of the horses being all muffled, and to march away

never halting till the Bavarian frontier was reached.<sup>1</sup>

By seven o'clock next morning the Tyrolese were once more masters of Innsbruck. Hofer entered the town at the head of his men from Passeyer. The inhabitants remained in their houses listening to the triumphant songs of the fierce looking mountaineers; great was their astonishment when the tumult ceased and profound silence reigned, the bells of the churches were ringing out the Angelus, and the victors prayed kneeling in the streets, their rifles in their hands.

The following day, the first of June, was the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the processions wended their way along the mountains and down the valleys, but, alas! in many parishes the triumphal arches were raised over ruined homes, the divine ceremonies were celebrated in devastated churches, and the faithful people who sang with their brave priests the *Te Deum*, turned from the altar to recite over the freshly made graves the solemn and stately canticles of the *De Profundis*. So did the Tyrol, a second time liberated, give its thanks to God.<sup>2</sup>

The Austrian Commissioner, Baron d'Hormayr, treated Hofer and his brave peasants with complete indifference. He did not put in an appearance till they were victorious, and disappeared again when the least danger showed itself. Hofer, whose abiding principle was his country's welfare and not his own, resolved to retire once more to Passeyer, but before starting he wished to fulfil the vow made at Schaenberg. The

<sup>1</sup> Owing to a mistake made by one of the Tyrolese leaders his passage across the mountains was unmolested.

<sup>2</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 174.

Feast of the Sacred Heart was ordained by official pronouncement to be henceforth recognized as a national holiday in commemoration of the second deliverance of the Tyrol, as it is even to this day. The next month passed in tranquillity. After his defeat at Aspern, Napoleon remained for several weeks on the island of Lobau, in the Danube, making his preparations to retrieve lost ground.<sup>1</sup> For reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained, the Archduke took no steps to do more than watch his foe.

On July 5th, Napoleon again crossed the Danube, and on that and the following day inflicted on the Austrians the decisive defeat of Wagram. An armistice quickly followed, and again in spite of the Emperor Francis's promises to the contrary all Austrian troops were ordered to evacuate the Tyrol. In vain Hofer appealed against this desertion of a people that had deserved so well of Austria; General Buol could do nothing but withdraw, after issuing a proclamation in which the peasants were exhorted to tranquillity and resignation. Seldom has the loyalty of one nation to another been worse repaid or more sorely tried.

The imminence of danger at once placed Hofer again at the head of affairs; d'Hormayr<sup>2</sup> having slunk back across the frontier. The Sandwirth did not waste time, and the call to arms once more echoed throughout the land. "Place all your hope in God," he wrote, "we have already astonished our enemies, not through ourselves, but through the aid we received from on High.

<sup>1</sup> *Napoleon I.*, by J. Holland Rose, M.A., vol. ii., p. 195.

<sup>2</sup> This individual proved absolutely worthless in the hour of danger.

Virtue makes the weak strong, and changes them into heroes. It is not only our lives that are in danger, it is our holy religion. As we have commenced this great work we must finish it. To do half is to do nothing. Stand to arms, brothers and neighbours, against the enemy of our land and of our God."

On July the 30th, Marshal Lefebvre re-entered Innsbruck, and ordered that all weapons should be given up within forty-eight hours, and that the leaders should surrender at once. Hofer remained with his companions organizing his forces in the mountains, and not a rifle was surrendered. In vain did Lefebvre seek to discover his whereabouts, even his messages were signed "Andreas Hofer where I am," and the answers "To Andreas Hofer where he is."<sup>2</sup>

Lefebvre sent a force over the Brenner Pass, another up the valley of the Inn. On August 2nd, a body of peasants under Father Haspinger took up a position in the valley of the Eisach, a little higher up than the spot where Bisson and Wrede had been roughly treated in April. They secured the Peisser Bridge. Speckbacher with the Pusterthal men joined them, and all was made ready to receive the first enemy that should appear. General Rouyer's division had reached Sterzing on August 3rd. At 7 a.m. on the 4th the leading column—a Saxon regiment, over 2,000 strong—entered the narrow gorge below Mauls. A barricade brought them to a halt during which they afforded an excellent mark for Speckbacher's sharpshooters. A torrent of stones fell on them from above. Still they moved forward as far

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 185.

<sup>2</sup> His whereabouts were known to every peasant, but not one proved traitor.



as Mittelevald where artillery had to be used to clear the road. Fully 800 marksmen were in front and on both sides of them, and they were losing heavily. As they reached the bridge a voice rang out overhead, "Stephen, shall I cut away?" "Not yet" came the reply.

The column halted, and an orderly was sent to report the matter to General Rouyer. He ordered the advance to be continued, but it is said retired himself to the rear of the column. Then the voice was heard again, "Now cut, John, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity." With a roar like thunder the terrible "stone-battery" burst out. Rocks, larches, huge fragments of the mountain side crashed down upon the luckless Saxons and Bavarians, overwhelming hundreds and cutting the column in two.<sup>1</sup>

The losses of the force by the day's end amounted to 1,300 men. In the night Rouyer withdrew his rear guard to Sterzing. The Saxons were surrounded, and after a gallant defence compelled to surrender. Hofer, meanwhile, had again crossed the Jaufen, and lay a couple of hours' march to the west of Sterzing, in a position where he could join hands with Haspinger on the right and Speckbacher on the left, who with his usual rapidity had marched to the north of Sterzing.

Marshal Lefebvre, maddened at these reverses, marched forward with 7,000 men and ten guns, and entered Sterzing at noon on the 6th August. Meeting some Saxon soldiers flying from the enemy, he vehemently abused them "for being beaten by these stupid peasants."<sup>2</sup> But when

<sup>1</sup> *The Liberation of Tyrol and three Captures of Innsbruck*, by A. J. Butler.

<sup>2</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 196.

on the following day he marched forward to Mault, he took the precaution of donning the uniform of a private soldier.

The Tyrolese gave way at first, and then boldly advanced. Lefebvre was beaten back, escaping narrowly with his life, and the evening found him back at Sterzing vainly trying to rally his beaten men. But the Tyrolese gave him no rest, and on the 10th he ordered a general retreat.

The column which was trying to make its way round by Landeck had no better luck. At the ill-omened bridge of Pontlatz they fared just as their countrymen had fared one hundred and six years before. The "stone batteries" played so effectively on them that most had to surrender, and only a third of the whole number got back to Landeck. On the 10th they were again at Innsbruck with a loss of twenty-two officers and over 1,000 men. Lefebvre arrived on the following day, but he had not been allowed to reach the capital unmolested.

"The finest hunt I ever had in my life,"<sup>1</sup> said Speckbacher, who led the pursuit, and stuck so close to the heels of the enemy, that he himself dragged a Bavarian officer from his horse, and like one of Homer's heroes carried off his sword and spear as a trophy.

Some of the German officers seem to have found a little consolation in the thought that the French had now had a taste of the Tyrolese. Both sides rested on the 12th. The 13th was a Sunday. In the early morning Father Haspinger said Mass in the Church of Schaenberg. Afterwards Hofer made one of his short speeches.

<sup>1</sup> *The Liberation of Tyrol and three Captures of Innsbruck*, by A. J. Butler.

"Are you all there, Tyrolese? Then we will advance. You have heard Mass and received absolution. In the name of God then!" The numbers were about the same, some 20,000 on either side, the Bavarians, Saxons, and French having perhaps slightly the advantage.

The tactics were very much as in May. Father Haspinger again led the right wing, Speckbacher the left. The Marshal, however, in order to keep his retreat open, had detached a force under Count Arco to hold Schwatz. It was a wise precaution. The levies from the upper Inn valley were on the opposite side of the river, but they were unable to do much more than give employment to part of the enemy's force. At 2 p.m. the Marshal ordered an advance. Covered by artillery fire two regiments stormed Berg Isel, while others attacked Ambras on the further side of the river Sill, which breaks down in foam from the wooded heights below Berg Isel. Every foot of the ground was stubbornly contested. The men of Passeyer were forced to give way. Speckbacher was driven from his positions. Only Haspinger on the left hurled the attacking columns back into the plain. The Bavarians began to set fire to the houses round Berg Isel. It was the worst move they could have made, as it only served to infuriate the Tyrolese. Rallying under cover of the trees, they burst out again, and after one volley charged home with clubbed guns—the French "rallied, staggered, fled."

All the positions were recovered, and though Lefebvre ordered five more assaults, the assailants reeled back each time with broken heads.

The struggle only ended with daylight. The

French and Bavarians had lost 2,000 men. Count Arco had fallen like his ancestor, to a Tyrolese bullet, but the road to Bavaria was open, nor was Hofer desirous to drive the enemy to extremities. So long as the land was freed from his presence it was enough. On the evening of the 14th the Marshal Duke of Dantzic crept away in the dusk with his whole force. That night he entrenched himself at Schwatz, but he soon found that the neighbourhood of Speckbacher and Father Haspinger made this position undesirable, and on the 19th he retreated to Salzburg.<sup>1</sup> When he presented himself before the Emperor his salutation was, "Well, Sir, have the Tyrolese succeeded in teaching you the elements of tactics?"<sup>2</sup> the crestfallen Marshal could not reply. So were the "stupid mountaineers" avenged, and so for the third time in four months the bravery and skill of Hofer and his brother-in-arms freed Tyrol.

By the unanimous consent of the nation the Sandwirth took over the civil and military government of the country. It was only with some difficulty, however, that they succeeded in persuading him to take up his residence in the Palace of Innsbruck. He chose for himself in this imperial residence the smallest and most unpretentious room, and placed in the dining hall a large crucifix and a statue of the Blessed Virgin. He would not relinquish his peasant's dress, and appeared at all functions clad in the green jacket, red vest, black leather knee breeches, and a large black hat of his valley. In place of

<sup>1</sup> At Rattemberg he was nearly captured by the peasants while eating his breakfast.

<sup>2</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 204.



decorations he wore a copper crucifix and medal of St. George. Neither would he change his pious habits. Morning and evening he visited the parish church to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, and after supper, in presence of his retainers he recited the Rosary. All his guests had to take part in these devotions, for Hofer believed in the maxim, "Who eats with me, shall pray with me." An historian tells us that, in the evenings when his companions smoked, played cards or drank, he would often sit apart at the window of the Palace chanting some old Tyrolese folk-song.<sup>1</sup> His life during these days was not, however, one of ease. His time was continually taken up with affairs of State or in giving audiences. He was accessible to everyone, on one condition, that they should not call him "Excellency," and lord and peasant, priest and soldier thronged his ante-chamber. Such was the grand simplicity of this man who had just claim to the title given him by his peasants as "The Father of Tyrol." He governed the country with economy, like his house, the people with kindness, like his family.

His first act as Commandant was to confirm all established authorities in their positions, and to create a legislative council elected by the people which was to assist him in his work. He then addressed an appeal for help to the Austrian Emperor, and established security and peace throughout the country. All these acts were based on the broad principle which he had made his text, namely, that "the true stability of society is founded on order, and that the first

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 208.

necessity to maintain order, is an authority capable of protecting the citizen."

But it was particularly in all that concerned religion that he showed his zeal. What he laid stress on in all his proclamations was that by a holy life, and love of one's neighbour, the nation would obtain the favour of God, and the help of the Blessed Virgin who had so often protected Tyrol.<sup>1</sup> No great branch of the public services escaped this peasant, not even education. He gave back to the Bishop of Brixen his seminary which the Bavarians had turned into offices, to the Benedictines, charge of the school at Meran, to the Franciscans the college at Bozen from which they had been expelled, and he devoted much time and care to re-placing the re-organization of the University of Innsbruck in proper hands.

All his actions were guided by a praiseworthy moderation and a refusal to be brow-beaten by rash councillors, who thought nothing right save extreme measures. An exalted personage who proposed to him that all the books of the public library at Innsbruck should be submitted to a severe examination, and that those which were heretical or dangerous should be burnt received this reply: "The Government of Bavaria had not time to send us books, and the Austrian Government would not provide us with bad ones,"<sup>2</sup> which was rough but sound logic.

Such was Hofer's life during the month he was Commandant of Tyrol. On the evening of September the 29th, there arrived at Innsbruck

<sup>1</sup> Proclamation dated Innsbruck, 25th August, 1809.

<sup>2</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 214.

two of his compatriots, Lieutenant Eisensteken and Major Sieberer, who came from Austria as bearers of a message from the Emperor Francis. The Emperor praised his conduct, confirmed him in the position which he had earned by his merit and the confidence of the people, and promised him prompt help in case of need. With the message they brought for him a great medal of gold suspended from a chain of the same metal.

Some days later—on the 4th of October—the Emperor's birthday, a great thanksgiving service was held in the Hofkirche. The Bishop of Wilten received Hofer and his councillors at the entrance to the Church, and conducted them to a place of honour before the high altar. An old Jesuit preached, taking as his text that they owed their victory entirely to God. "It was not your bullets," he said, "but the beads of your Rosaries that put the enemy to flight."<sup>1</sup> Then after the *Te Deum* had been sung, and the Bishop had placed the chain of gold on the neck of their humble leader, they returned solemnly to the Palace amidst the ringing of Church bells and the cheers of the assembled people.

Alas! the grand thanksgiving was but the prelude to the last and saddest chapter in this history of a people. The same evening Hofer received the dire tidings that the South Tyrol was once more invaded by the French, and the North by the Bavarians. Peace had been made between Austria and France, and the Tyrolese abandoned to their fate by the Emperor they had so loyally fought for.<sup>2</sup> The peasant levies gathered together once more in Innsbruck,

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 217.

<sup>2</sup> *Napoleon I.*, by J. Holland Rose, M.A., vol. ii., p. 201.

and Hofer, taking up his position on Berg Isel, called around him the brave defenders of the country for a last appeal to arms. The enemy determined to open negotiations with him, as they seem to have had no desire at first to again test his military powers. Hofer on his part seeing the hopeless state of the country, surrounded on all sides by overwhelming forces of the enemy, thought it best to obtain the most lenient terms on which to make peace. However, the result of such negotiations might have fallen short of what was their due, it would have been better than the result of the fighting that followed, and left to his own instinct Hofer seemed anxious to make peace. Having directed operations hitherto he knew the state of affairs, the opposition he would have to meet, and the materials he could count on to meet it with, better than anybody else.

He was actually preparing to set out for the enemy's camp to hold parley with them in response to their invitation when Father Haspinger appeared on the scene. He took Hofer aside, told him the peace with Austria was a myth, that the Emperor Francis would not betray them, and begged of him for the sake of their common country to still hold the field.

Hofer listened stupefied. At last his love for Austria, his horror for the Bavarian government, and his respect for the sacred character of Haspinger carried the day despite the opposition of his cooler friends, and he set out for Matrey with the ardent Franciscan. But there was no more co-operation amongst the leaders, no more unity amongst the people. From that day all was lost and the Tyroleans conquered without a battle. Once more Hofer advanced to attack



Innsbruck. The assault on Berg Isel was delayed owing to the drunken habits of one Firler<sup>1</sup> in command of the left wing, and the Bavarians warned in time repelled all attacks. The peasants fell back disorganized and disheartened. Hofer now opened negotiations with the enemy, and proposed to General Drouet D'Erlon that he would disband the peasants if the troops ceased to advance till the peasants had reached their homes. The General published this offer as an act of submission pure and simple, and threatened to shoot anyone caught with arms in his hands. Hofer retired to Sterzing, despair in his soul. Here his envoys met him on their return from the Bavarian camp with more satisfactory proposals. He dictated a proclamation announcing that the insurrection was at an end, but in a few days his friends persuaded him to revoke it. This act which was afterwards made the excuse for his execution may well be justified. Deserted by Austria, their independence menaced, their homes and churches desecrated, it may indeed have seemed to this brave man and his followers that the only thing left them was to die rifle in hand. Who shall say that they were wrong!

Once more the peasants took up arms in spite of the supplications of their priests, but without organization, and excited more by fury and despair than a desire to conquer. This long struggle for national independence and religious liberty, commenced by the men of Passeyer, was destined soon to end in the place it had begun. Hofer gained his last victory at the little village of St. Leonard, near his own home, where on the 21st of November, he captured 400 of the enemy.

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 226.

General Baraguay d'Hilliers then appeared on the scene with an overwhelming force, and soon the insurrection was completely stifled.<sup>1</sup> The leaders of the peasants were actively pursued. Speckbacher and Father Haspinger fled with difficulty over the mountains into Austria.<sup>2</sup> A ferocious soldiery were let loose upon the land. One peasant was shot in the presence of his ten children; another, an old man, was threatened with immediate death unless his son who was a lieutenant in the Tyrolese forces surrendered. He did so, and the tyrant Broussier having first tortured him in a fiendish manner had him shot at his own door before the eyes of his young wife and father.<sup>3</sup> By such means they boasted they would make the country peaceful for a century.

The story of Hofer's last days is tragic but beautiful. If he had blundered in his final attempts to do what was best for his people his death was to atone for all. When all hope of success had vanished, he placed his young wife and family in safety on the Schneeberg, and ignoring the advice of his friends who implored him to fly into Austria, he made his way over the snow accompanied only by his secretary, Sweth, to the top of the Brantach where he took up his abode in one of the little Alp huts,<sup>4</sup> used for storing forage in the winter. A brave peasant named Pfandler, owner of the cabin, and some other faithful

<sup>1</sup> *Histor. politisch. Blætter*, by Goërres, 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Both lived to see their country free, and Speckbacher's son afterwards became an officer in the Austrian army.

<sup>3</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 242.

<sup>4</sup> These huts are used as dwellings by the herdsmen when they take the cattle to the higher pastures or "Alps" in the summer.



friends visited him every night and brought him provisions and news. General Huart set out to hunt him at the head of 1,500 men, and his family had to flee from the Schneeberg, the wife and son taking refuge with him, the rest of the children being hidden in a house at St. Martin.

Hofer had stood the terrible cold without a murmur; on the arrival of his wife he had to light a fire. One morning a worthless wanderer, by the name of Raffel, in summer a herdsman, in winter a smuggler, who for drink or the means of getting it would have sold his own soul or betrayed his own father, noticing by chance the smoke rising from the hut, climbed up to it and met Hofer. The latter knowing the fellow's character guessed his object. Being the stronger man, and having arms, he could either have shot him or made him prisoner as Speckbacher would certainly have done. But to kindly Hofer, violence was ever repugnant, and take life in cold blood he could not, even to save his own. So he spoke to Raffel courteously and asked him what he wanted.

"I am looking for a lost calf," was the answer. "Well, here is something to drink my health with," said Hofer, offering two crown-thalers. "But swear by the living God that you will tell nobody where I am. In five days I shall go to Vienna."

Raffel took the money and the oath in the words dictated by Hofer, and then went straightway to denounce him to the authorities. At first he would not be believed, and fifteen days elapsed before orders were given for the Sandwirth's arrest. In the meantime his wife and friends besought him to fly. To all their

entreaties he had but one reply. "I shall not leave my country."<sup>1</sup> So formidable an undertaking was his arrest deemed, that as many troops were put in motion as would have sufficed for a reconnaissance in force in a great campaign. The 44th French regiment of the line, thirty gendarmes, and seventy mounted chasseurs marched from Meran on the night of January 27th, 1810, followed at a short interval by a second detachment 2,000 strong.

The first division made for the hut, guided by Raffel; the others remained in the valley to overawe the inhabitants and prevent any attempt at rescue. At four o'clock next morning Sweth, the secretary, hearing the crunching of footsteps on the snow, looked out, and seeing soldiers, awakened his companion, Hofer's little son. The two then ran to the back thinking they might escape that way. But the hut was beset, and they were straightway thrown down and bound. Hearing their cries Hofer stepped outside. "Who speaks German?" he asked in a loud voice. "I do," replied Captain Renouard who commanded the detachment. "Art thou Andreas Hofer?" demanded a gendarme officer. "I am," answered Hofer. "You have come to take me prisoner. Well, do with me what you will; but spare, I pray you, my wife and child and this young man."

This pathetic appeal was greeted with fierce oaths and scornful laughter. Hofer and his wife were bound. The soldiers put a rope round his neck, struck him repeatedly, tore out his beard by handfuls, and so roughly withal that it was saturated with his blood. Though the morning was bitterly cold, Sweth and the

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 248.



boy were not allowed to put on either their coats or shoes, so had to walk over ice and snow with bare feet to St. Martin, a distance of several leagues. Hofer bade them, "Be steadfast and suffer with patience, we shall be able thus to do penance for our sins." Down in the valley there were troops and only troops. All the people at Passierthal had withdrawn to their houses as a sign of mourning. The same at Meran, where the prisoners were freed from their bonds. Questioned by General Huart, Hofer replied with frankness that he had acted in the name of the Emperor of Austria, but that when the latter had made peace, he had continued the struggle by the advice and at the earnest request of his friends. The following day he arrived at Bozen, where General Baraguay d'Hilliers treated him with great kindness, released his wife and son, and expressed the greatest indignation at the barbarous treatment he had received. Shortly afterwards he was conducted in a carriage, and under a strong escort, to Mantua in Italy. It was on this sad journey that he was seen at Ala by an Italian writer<sup>1</sup> who thus described the scene. "Hofer dismounted at the residence of the Governor, and entering the dining-room where dinner was ready, was invited to take his seat with the officers of the escort. But it was Friday, and seeing meat on the table, he made his excuses with perfect courtesy, explaining that he would partake later on of a little bread and cheese. The officers looked surprised, and sat down to their meal. The Sandwirth taking his seat by the stove, the cold being great, took out his

<sup>1</sup> *Letters on the Tyrol*, by P. Bresciani.

beads, and with joined hands began to say the Rosary."

At another place the house in which they were spending the night caught fire, and Hofer helped bravely in extinguishing the flames without making any attempt to fly in the confusion.<sup>1</sup> The capture of the Sandwirth created widespread sorrow throughout Tyrol, the Judas who had betrayed him had to fly, and ended his miserable life shortly afterwards at Munich. On his arrival at Mantua Hofer was imprisoned in one of the casements of the fort, and received numerous visits, some prompted by curiosity, others by pity. On the night of the 19th of February he was placed on his trial by a court-martial presided over by his former foe, General Bisson. There was not a majority in favour of the death-sentence, and they sent to Milan for instructions. They had not long to wait for a reply. The order came for Hofer to be shot in twenty-four hours.<sup>2</sup> Napoleon could not forget the reverses inflicted on his troops by this peasant, and it was not the first time that he stooped to what may be well termed political assassination.<sup>3</sup>

On the next morning, calm and resigned, Hofer listened to the sentence which gave as its justification the fact that he had taken up arms after the 12th of November, and that they had found in his cabin, a sword and two pistols—the pistols and sword of honour given him

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809*, p. 257.

<sup>2</sup> This order came from Napoleon himself. See letter of February 10th, 1810, quoted by Lanfrey. See, too, the *Memoirs of Prince Eugène*, vol. vi., p. 277.

<sup>3</sup> Strange to say Napoleon was then at the height of his power. From that out his Empire began to decline. See *Napoleon I.*, by J. Holland Rose, M.A., vol. ii., p. 208.

by the Austrian General, Chasteler. He might even then have saved his life, for, as his secretary relates, Bisson shortly after the trial came into the cell which the prisoners occupied in common, and Satan-like offered him a free pardon if he would fall down and worship Napoleon—that is to say enter the service of France. The Sandwirth replied, “I will for ever be true to the house of Austria and good Kaiser Franz.”

The few hours that remained to him of life he spent in writing to his wife and an old friend. The letter to his friend will perhaps better than all else show the man as he was. In English we cannot render the accent of the original or its quaint dialect, but we can make every honest heart understand how bravely the man of Tyrol felt and wrote a few hours before his end. This is the translation:—

“MY GOOD SIR BROTHER,—The dear Lord in His divine wisdom has so ordained it that I must pass from this present life here in Mantua into the everlasting life beyond. But thank God for the great mercy He has granted me, in that He has made it a little hard for me, that were it so to happen that I came elsewhere than into heaven, the Lord will have granted that even until the last minute in which I may live, my soul has rejoiced in its comfort, and is at peace with the rest of the world. So that it may ever hereafter be glad therefor. Wheresoever my soul may be, I shall pray to God for all those to whom I may be owing and for you, and for your dear wife, not only because of the little Book, but also because of the many kind deeds you have done; and also all my good friends that are yet living in this world, you must pray for me, and help me out of the hot flames, if it

be so destined that I must suffer for my sin in the hell-fire of Purgatory. And the funeral service my dear wife or the hostess at St. Martin shall direct. By the red blood of Christ, prayers in both parishes, and to all the friends you shall provide soup and meat with half a bottle of wine at the lower tavern. And as to the money I had by me I have given it all to the poor, and as to such money as you may find in the house, take what you may need and arrange it all with Hans Mayr. He will make out my accounts with the folk, and arrange about the alms for the poor, and so that I may have no punishment to suffer, dear Herr Pickler, go down for my sake to the Unterwirth in St. Martin and, explain the matter to him, so that he attend to all the arrangements, and they shall give you fifty florins above all expenses.

“And to all of you that live in this world, farewell! until we meet yonder to praise God together unto the end! All you people of Passeyer, and you that know me, think of me and remember me in your sacred prayers, and tell the hostess, my wife, not to grieve too much, for I shall pray God to be kind unto you all. My beautiful hard world, farewell! It is so easy to die that my eyes are not even wet. Written at five in the morning, and at nine, with the help of all the Saints, I start on my journey towards God.

“Your,

“ANDREAS HOFER.

“The Sandwirth of Passeyer whom you loved in this life in the name of the Lord, and by the will of God, now going to begin my journey up to Him.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Copied from the original at Passeyer.



In the Inn at Passeyer—once his home—the original of this last letter on a sheet yellow and time-stained, pathetically misspelled yet beautifully written is still preserved. There also can be seen the flag he raised for the freedom of his country, while hanging from the spear of it is the gold chain and medal the Emperor had sent him at Innsbruck, and in a glass-case the broad leather belt stitched with the bones of peacocks' feathers, the wide-brimmed hat and all the other clothes he wore on his last journey.

Having written these letters he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. He gave all his money to the priest, and asked him to distribute it amongst the other poor Tyrolese prisoners, and to ask for their prayers on his behalf. At eleven o'clock the drums beat to arms, and he was led to the place of execution holding a crucifix in his hands, and accompanied by his confessor. As the procession passed the barracks on the Porta Molina, the Tyrolese prisoners who were confined there threw themselves on their knees, praying and weeping as they asked Hofer for his blessing. On reaching a broad bastion near the Ceresa gate, the procession halted, and the grenadiers of the escort formed a square open at the rear, into which at a sign from the commanding officer Hofer advanced. The firing party, twelve men and a corporal drew up twenty paces in front of him. The corporal would have bound his eyes, but Hofer refused, saying he did not fear to look death in the face, and when asked to kneel said he would give back his soul standing to Him from whom he had received it. After exclaiming "Long life to the Emperor Francis," he raised his hands and prayed earnestly for several

minutes. Then he made a gesture as though he would call his executioners to attention, and in a loud clear voice gave the order "Fire." Six muskets went off, and Hofer sank on one knee and one hand. Six more muskets went off, Hofer fell prone, but still he moved, making convulsive efforts to rise. The corporal came forward and shot him through the head.<sup>1</sup>

So perished Andreas Hofer, the hero and martyr of Tyrol. He did not die in vain. The story of his life and death strengthened still further that hatred of the tyrant Napoleon, that resolve to throw off his yoke, which already filled every German heart, and led to the revolt which three years later shattered his power at the battle of Leipsic, and gave back to Tyrol the national government and religion for which it had bled and suffered so much.

On the summit of Berg Isel, where so often he triumphed, there stands to-day a national monument to Andreas Hofer. It consists of his effigy standing erect with the banner of his country grasped in his left hand, while beneath on either side is the red eagle, the national emblem of Tyrol, and in front these simple words, so often on his lips, "For God, Emperor, and Fatherland."

But of the many memorials to him the most glorious and the most touching—as was just—is that erected by the peasants of Passeyer. They have not raised a statue to him, but remembering that, though he was the defender of his country, it was religion above all he wished to defend, that after all his victories he gave thanks to God alone, and that at his death it was in his faith and in the love of his Saviour

<sup>1</sup> *André Hofer et l'insurrection du Tyrol en 1809.* p. 264.

that he found peace and courage, they have erected to his memory in the heart of his native valley a chapel of the Sacred Heart.

As one stands beside his statue on Berg Isel, and looks out over the beautiful town of Innsbruck to the snow-clad mountains beyond, one may see rising between the trees the domes of the Hofkirche where his remains rest, with those of Haspinger on his right and those of Speckbacher on his left, beside him in death as in life.

There he sleeps, but his spirit still lives, the story of his life has given courage and example to many a weary soldier in fights for religion and independence, and his memory will be cherished through all time in the little mountain land for which he died.

# GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO,

## PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

"Liberty for everyone and for everything, save for evil and evil-doers."—*Garcia Moreno.*

THE history of the people of Ecuador goes back to the very first centuries of our era. But in the fifteenth, the Incas of Peru conquered the country, established themselves at Quito, and reigned undisturbed for forty years. Then came the discovery of America by Columbus and the Spanish occupation. At first the Spanish kings acquitted themselves faithfully of their great mission.

They sent in every ship, bishops, priests, and members of religious orders who evangelized by degrees the whole country, so that civilization and religion went hand in hand. But in the following century all this was changed. The advice given by Columbus to the Kings of Spain was disregarded, and the poor natives were enslaved by a multitude of grasping speculators and greedy place hunters—in spite of the remonstrances of the Church and of all honest men—who, having decimated the inhabitants by their



cruelties, imported blacks from Africa to do their work, and thus established the slave trade which it has taken three centuries to abolish. The abolition of the missions, the expulsion of the Jesuits, and other religious Orders followed, and the people were reduced to desperation.

Such government could not stand the test of time, and one by one the Spaniards lost the whole of their South American colonies. Bolivar raised the standard of revolt in 1810, and seven years afterwards drove the Spaniards from the country.

But though he had freed this part of South America from the tyranny of Spain, a worse tyranny had replaced it, that of the revolutionaries, which he was unable to stem, and which finally broke his heart. He died on the 17th of December, 1830, being only forty-seven years of age. The total dismemberment of Columbia followed, and each State set up for itself and became an independent Republic. One of these was Ecuador, twice the size of France, having Columbia to the North, Peru to the South, Brazil and Peru to the East, and the Pacific Ocean to the West.

Torn to pieces by internal revolutions it was left to Garcia Moreno to make it, what Leo XIII. called it, "The model of a Christian State." He was born at Guayaquil on the 24th of December, 1821, and belonged to an old family as distinguished for its nobility as for its merits. His father, Don Gabriel Garcia Gomez was a native of Villaverde in Old Castile, his mother, a daughter of Don Manuel Ignatius Moreno, Knight of the Order of Charles III. and perpetual Director of the Chapter of Guayaquil. Both were pious and of a gentle and amiable disposition. God rewarded

their virtues by a noble family of children, the youngest of whom will be their eternal glory. Gabriel Garcia Moreno was the last of eight children, five boys and three girls. Shortly after his birth his father suffered a terrible reverse of fortune. The elder children had been educated and launched in their careers, but the youngest had yet to be provided for. His mother determined to undertake his education herself. The boy responded eagerly to her tender care.<sup>1</sup> A fresh sorrow soon added to the desolation of mother and child. Garcia Gomez died suddenly at the very moment when his exertions were the most needed for the support of his family. The young Gabriel had just begun to attend college, but the widow could no longer afford to send him there. At this juncture a friendly monk, Father Betancourt, undertook his education, and found him an eager intelligent pupil. The time came when he should attend the University. A sister of Father Betancourt's living at Quito offered Gabriel a room in her house from which he could attend its classes, and in the month of September, 1836, he set out to commence his scholastic career. His first year at the University acquired for him the esteem and respect of his masters and the friendship of his companions. Soon he became intimately acquainted with the best and noblest amongst them. He took up a course comprising philosophy, mathematics, and natural sciences, and showed such superiority that the Government placed a free Bursar at his disposal on condition that he should continue the professorship of

<sup>1</sup> Strange to say, this boy, who hereafter was to amaze the world by his courage, was extremely timid by nature. His father cured him of his timidity by the severest methods.

grammar while still following the course of philosophy. What struck everyone most was his extraordinary piety. He assisted at every religious exercise, went to weekly Communion, and was always keenly interested in everything which might contribute to the glory of God and His Church. At this time he fancied that God called him to the ecclesiastical state, and went so far as to receive the tonsure and minor orders. This act crowned his first year of philosophy which had been marked by the most triumphant success. Already his pious mother congratulated him on his determination, and his eldest brother, a distinguished ecclesiastic, offered to pay all expenses, when an all absorbing passion for science took the place of his ecclesiastical preoccupation, and captivated his whole soul. He determined to learn everything. We shall understand all the better from this extraordinary determination in one so young, how later on he could be at the same time a wonderful orator, a profound historian, a first-rate linguist, a fascinating poet, an incomparable statesman, and still more strange possess an extraordinary knowledge of chemistry and mathematics. He lived the life of a student and a recluse. For him there were no holidays. His only relaxation was the study of modern languages, French and English especially. The result of this excessive application was a loss of sight and failure of health. Fortunately this occurred at the end of his University career, and he was persuaded to take a rest. But his name had already become famous in Quito. He was now twenty years of age and had to choose a profession. Though no less pious than before his best friends advised him to abandon the ecclesiastical state, declaring that

he could serve God more effectively outside, and that he could be "A bishop in the world." Garcia Moreno had no idea of the mission to which he was destined, but he determined to study law, both as necessary to his advancement in public life, and as a means of satisfying his passion for justice. He felt that to become an impartial judge, he must be a Bayard, without fear and without reproach, determined to brave all opposition to arrive at the triumph of the truth. At twenty-three years of age he had obtained the rank of Doctor, and was called to the Bar.<sup>1</sup> He did not practice long at his profession, as public affairs soon engrossed his attention: but he never refused to plead the cause of the poor, for charity was one of his favourite virtues. His pleading was remarkable for its clearness and brevity. He never would undertake a bad or suspicious case. On one occasion the presiding judge, having asked him to undertake the defence of a notorious assassin, he refused point blank, with the exclamation, "It would be easier for me to become a murderer than to defend one." Before we come to his political career we must say a few words on an event which had great influence on his private life. In the year 1846, he married Dona Rosa Ascasubi, a young lady of noble birth, whose ancestors had fought in the struggle for independence. She was a woman full of talent, sweetness, and dignity, and of a nature in entire conformity with the ideas and character of her husband. Never was there a happier union,

<sup>1</sup> About this time he explored the great volcano of Pic-hincha with Dr. Wyse, a French engineer, and wrote an account of it for the Academy of Science, which was communicated on July 6th 1846.



although the storms of public life too often troubled their home joys. In fact Garcia Moreno's history will henceforth be mingled with that of his country. When asked one day by an intimate friend to write a history of Ecuador, he replied, smiling, "It would be better to make one." To understand what induced him to come forward into the political arena, let us survey briefly the history of Ecuador from its constitution as an independent state, to the first political revolution in which Garcia Moreno took part.

On the establishment of the Republic, General Flores, a soldier of high standing, was elected President.<sup>1</sup> He was succeeded by a political adventurer named Rocafuerte. Flores resumed the Presidential chair when the term of Rocafuerte's office had expired, but then determined to make a *coup d'état*, and become an absolute ruler, with a new Constitution giving him supreme power. Even this the people might have accepted if Flores, hating the supremacy of the Church, and in league with the Freemasons, had not shown a marked intolerance against the Catholic religion and its ministers. The country rose *en masse* against the new Constitution. Patriotic societies were formed in every town and village to organize resistance against the new laws. In such a crisis Garcia Moreno could not remain a passive looker-on. He was then only twenty-three, but by his eloquence, ability, and high character, he quickly gathered around him a group of young men of the best families, and prepared them for active resistance. The protest of the clergy against their exclusion from the

<sup>1</sup> He was one of Bolivar's leading officers.

legislative chambers was treated with contempt. The Government issued a ukase, insisting on every one taking an oath to the Constitution. Then civil war broke out in reality. The revolutionists seized Guayaquil, under General Elizalde, and a Provisional Government was formed consisting of Olmedo, Roca, Noboa and other eminent personages which pronounced sentence of banishment on the President. Flores at first stood his ground at Elvira with his troops, but every day brought him bad news, communications intercepted, troops in revolt, so that not being able to struggle against both the army and the nation he at last capitulated on condition that he should lose none of his dignities or property, and that he should go into exile for two years. Garcia Moreno had been one of the principal actors in this political and religious drama. Struck with the ascendancy which he exercised over all he came in contact with, the Government of his country confided to him the difficult and delicate mission of levying a special tax to pay the troops as the Treasury was empty. He was entirely successful and showed his disinterestedness in the most remarkable way, refusing all payment for his services, and counting all personal sacrifices as nothing provided his country could be rescued from the apparently inextricable difficulties into which the despotism of her late rulers had plunged her. But the country was not yet out of its troubles. The Convention had to decide between two candidates for the vacant Presidentship. One the poet Olmedo, the other, a merchant named Roca. The latter was a cunning and vindictive man of an unscrupulous character and mulatto blood. The Patriotic League unanimously chose

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Olmedo, a statesman of incorruptible character, and a great national poet. But Roca, by bribes and promises of office obtained the requisite majority of votes. A cry of indignation arose throughout the country at this election, but no one felt it more bitterly than Garcia Moreno. He was warned not to incur the enmity of the new Government, but he could not resist the temptation to expose the corruption and rascality of the ministers, and so started a humorous paper called *El Zurriago* ("The Whip"), of which the first number appeared in the month of April, 1846. After having been eagerly read in the capital, this little sheet was sent to every province in the country, and all were enchanted with its original and powerful satires, and delighted to find anyone with the courage to proclaim what everyone was saying under their breath. The rage of the Government at being thus shown up week by week to the ridicule and indignation of the country, knew no bounds. Garcia Moreno had determined to scourge the vampires who sucked the blood of his countrymen, while pretending to look after their interests, and whose only delight was to gamble on the Stock Exchange, and to use their ministerial knowledge to fill their coffers and drain the unhappy merchants and peasant proprietors whose bankruptcy had become universal. "No," he wrote, ironically; "Ecuador is not stationary as people imagine. On the contrary, it is marching towards entire demoralization. Generations to come will have no villainy to commit. Such are the fruits of the tree of liberty, not true liberty, but that of which these wretches lower the name to satisfy their own cupidity." The discontent hourly increased, when a sudden re-appearance of Flores gave

Garcia Moreno an opportunity to undertake a fresh political campaign. General Flores had quitted Ecuador, humiliated but not resigned. After a time he determined to equip a body of mercenary troops, and try and reconquer the country. He was supported and financed by Spain. The news of these preparations reached Ecuador, and alarmed the whole of South America which had only so recently thrown off the Spanish yoke. Whilst others were lamenting, Garcia Moreno felt the time had come to act, to sacrifice all party spirit, and to unite as one man in defence of the country. He offered his services to President Roca, who was only too glad to accept them.

He started a new paper called the *Avenger*, which called the people to arms in ringing tones. It appealed not only to Ecuador, but to all South America. "There is no doubt," he wrote, "that we must fortify Guayaquil, which is the key of our position: but Peru is equally obliged to fortify Callao, and to equip an army to defend Lima. A squadron composed of the vessels belonging to the four great Republics of the Pacific, stationed in the waters of Guayaquil, would be able to defeat the whole expeditionary force. Let us close our ports to all Spanish vessels, and persuade all the American States to join us in these preventive measures — then our victory will be secured." This patriotic appeal was met with an outburst of enthusiasm; all the Republics united to repulse the common enemy. So strong and warlike was the league that Lord Palmerston forbade the departure of the ships and men which Flores had made ready to leave England, and the ex-President was forced to relinquish his undertaking. His



followers in Ecuador, however, before the year was out, raised the standard of insurrection. Garcia Moreno was sent to restore law and order in the disaffected district. In eight days he had re-established peace, and annihilated the conspiracy. For this duty he refused again all recompense or reward. He had served Roca's government in a moment of danger from purely patriotic motives, but he would accept nothing from the men whom he despised as stock jobbers, and who looked upon power merely as a means of enriching themselves at the expense of the people. In another paper called *El Diablo* he once more proceeded to lash the cupidity of the Government with merciless severity. "I am neither a ministerialist or a place hunter," he wrote, "never having chosen to sell myself for money, nor am I a soldier boasting of the blows I have given and received. I am simply the friend of an unfortunate people who have no defenders against the devils who oppress them, and I will fight to the death against those who martyrize and betray them." It was about this time that a new figure appeared in the political arena of Ecuador in the person of General Urbina—Socialist and adventurer. He declared war equally on property and religion. He was twice exiled for intriguing against the Government, but finally succeeded in asserting himself owing to the election of Noboa, a creature of his own, to the Presidency in the year 1850.

Moreno had no share in any of these proceedings, for wearied by the political strife of his country, he had sailed for Europe in the year 1849. He travelled through England, France, and Germany, living on his meagre private means, and studying attentively the political state of

these countries, which were all more or less revolutionized by the Republican outburst of 1848. But what struck him most was the return of France to religious ideas as the only possible means of safety. After passing six months in Europe he returned to Ecuador, firmly convinced that Jesus Christ is the sole Saviour of nations, and that a country without religion is inevitably the prey of either autocrats or anarchists.

On arriving at Panama, he met a body of Jesuits who had just been expelled from Grenada, by an irreligious government. He offered them a refuge in his native land. President Noboa gladly welcomed them, but it was not till after a violent discussion that the Chambers ratified his consent. They were enthusiastically received by the people, and installed in their old home at Quito. Urbina at once began to intrigue for their banishment. He inspired the Government of Grenada to demand their withdrawal. This was indignantly refused. The Freemasons then published a furious pamphlet against the Society, accusing them of the grossest crimes. Garcia Moreno replied in a rival pamphlet, entitled *Defenso do los Jesuitas*. Seldom has this great Order had a nobler advocate. In the preface to it he writes: "You pretend to exterminate the Jesuits out of love and for the greater glory of the Catholic Church. Falsehood and lies: you only strike at the Jesuits to attack Catholicism. It is an historical fact that all the enemies of the Church abhor the Society of Jesus.

"Ecuador will hold fast by the faith of our fathers. To defend it the people will not be deceived or yield to apathy and indifference. We will march to the fight under the guidance of

Divine Providence. If like the Hebrews we have to pass through the Red Sea, God will open a path to His chosen people, and on the opposite shore we too shall lift up our voices in a hymn of triumph and deliverance."

This pamphlet silenced the Freemasons, and was read from one end of Ecuador to the other. But Urbina still bided his opportunity, and in the month of July, 1851, seized the poor old President and sent him to sea in a sailing vessel in which he was kept wandering over the ocean for several months. By dint of bribes and military force he then had himself installed as President of the country. From that moment thefts, pillage, sacrilege, and murders became the order of the day.<sup>1</sup> His Tauras or guards went up and down the country armed with daggers attacking men, insulting women, and murdering all who would not submit to be robbed. Urbina himself gave way to every excess, and exhausted the public treasury. One man alone had the courage to defy him. In a poem entitled an *Ode to Fabius*, Garcia Moreno laid bare, with merciless severity, the life and government of this monster. Urbina was furious. A month later Moreno started a weekly paper called *La Nacion*, with the avowed object of exposing Urbina and his followers. Urbina forbade the publication of a second number on pain of the editor's arrest. Moreno published the paper without a moment's hesitation, and patiently awaited the consequences. Two hours later, amidst the tears and indignation of the populace, he was arrested in the public square at Quito. He offered no resistance, and was

<sup>1</sup> One of his first acts was to banish the Jesuits. Garcia Moreno was at the time unhappily laid up, having been wounded by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

at once sent into exile. He was promptly elected in his absence as Senator by the people of Guayaquil, but on returning and taking his seat was arrested—a flagrant breach of the Constitution—and rebanished to Peru. He determined once more to cross the ocean and seek an asylum in France.

In the month of December, 1854, he embarked for Panama, and a month afterwards arrived in Paris. He took a humble little apartment in the Rue de la Vieille Comedie, and set himself assiduously to the study of chemistry and the literary, political, industrial, and military questions which agitated France. Paris was in fact to Garcia Moreno a great school for the highest sciences, but by the grace of God, Who was about to employ this man as an instrument of salvation to his people, it became also the focus of his true Christian life. For several years his early piety had been chilled, and his supernatural life absorbed by his political struggles. A singular incident brought this noble soul to its previous fervour. He had been walking one day with some fellow students in the Luxembourg gardens, when the conversation turned on a man who had died refusing the last Sacraments. Some of the party admired this act, saying that the man had chosen his own line, and had kept it till the last. Garcia Moreno on the contrary argued that if a man had unhappily been irreligious in life, it was monstrous to die in that impious condition. His adversaries then began attacking the doctrines of the Catholic Church. With merciless logic and ardent faith Garcia refuted all their arguments, and spoke of the Church with such ability and enthusiasm that his atheist companion, to cut short the discussion, exclaimed, "You talk



well enough, my good friend, but if your religion be as beautiful as you describe it, it seems to me you are somewhat lax in its practice." This observation struck home, and Garcia Moreno bowed his head for a moment. Then looking his friend full in the face, he said, "You have answered me by personal argument which may be just to-day, but I give you my word of honour that to-morrow it will be worth nothing." And so saying he abruptly left them. That very evening he went to confession, and next morning received Holy Communion, thanking God who had forced him to blush for his coldness and negligence. From that moment he went back to all his old habits of piety, and never again gave them up.

This time of exile and study ripened and enlarged the character of Garcia Moreno in an extraordinary degree. Strong enough to fight against revolution, he was yet humble enough to kneel before the Church, and as a true liberator God was about to open to him once more the gates of his country. Before we follow him in this fearful struggle, we will quote a few lines (written by Louis Veuillot on September 27th, 1875) on this important epoch of his life:—"On a foreign soil, alone, unknown, but sustained by the faith and love of his great heart, Garcia Moreno prepared himself to rule if such were the will of God. With this view alone he prayed and studied. Paris, where Providence had called him, was the real workshop for such an apprentice. Paris, Christian on the one hand, savage on the other, gives the world the spectacle of a fight between two opposing elements. It has schools for priests and martyrs, and others for anti-Christ, idols, and executioners.

The future President and Missioner of Ecuador had before his eyes good and evil. When he returned to his distant home his choice was made. He knew where to find true glory, true strength, and how to become the true workman of God. If we wish to point out the last spot to which he bade adieu, the last links in his heart with France, it would be his dear Church of St. Sulpice, or the humble chapel of the Foreign Missionary College, where he so constantly came to pray for his country."

Whilst Garcia Moreno was thus preparing himself for the great work which God had destined he should accomplish, his unhappy country was drinking the cup of ruin and degradation to the dregs. Urbina carried on a regular war against priests and clergy, both regular and secular. The convents were turned into barracks, all ecclesiastical establishments were secularized, the primary schools abolished, the University ruined by the fact that students were allowed to take their degrees without study or examination, according to a new law passed by Urbina. Both Chambers were created by Urbina himself, and the election of all honest deputies was at once invalidated. On the expiration of his term as President, his favourite, General Roblez, was elected in his place. At the end of 1865, the friends of Garcia Moreno asked for a safe conduct pass for one who had been so long exiled from his family and country. Roblez granted it, thinking thereby to gain the hearts of the people at Quito. Hardly had the exile set foot once more in his native country than every possible honour was heaped upon him. The Municipality of Quito appointed him their supreme judge, and elected him Rector of the

University. He presented this institution with a magnificent chemical laboratory which he had brought from Paris, and undertook to teach the then almost unknown subject of chemistry. But he never lost sight of the great object he had at heart, namely, the deliverance of his people. He flung himself with all his old energy into the elections of May, 1875, and was returned in spite of armed intimidation and open corruption at the head of a new independent party.

In the first session of the new Congress he intervened in three matters of capital importance. The first was the capitation tax on the Indians, which he succeeded in abolishing; the second, the closing of the Masonic Lodges which had been surreptitiously opened in Guayaquil; and the third, the retraction of the powers previously given to Urbina's Government. This last step incensed Urbina so much that he sent a squadron of his Tauras to arrest Garcia Moreno, in the midst of the senators. Fortunately the plot was discovered, and a large body of young patriots assembled to protect their leader. In the midst of a vehement denunciation of the Government's actions, Garcia Moreno suddenly stopped, and pointing to the Tauras below the bar of the Chamber, denounced in a voice which thrilled through the whole house the plot of Urbina against the national representatives, and also the baseness of these soldiers who had consented to act as assassins. His burning words had such an effect that the abashed Tauras slunk from the Senate trembling and ashamed. Urbina and Roblez had shortly before this declared war on Peru. They now determined to abolish all parliamentary government, and dissolved the Chambers, having first proclaimed themselves

Dictators. They forgot that they could not carry on a foreign war while leaving behind them an infuriated nation. But God blinds those whom He has determined to abandon.

On the 4th of April, 1858, the troops under the direction of General Maldonado declared open war against the Dictators. This revolt was at first checked, but on the 1st of January, 1859, Quito rose against the tyrants, and a provisional government was formed consisting of three members, Garcia Moreno, Carrion, and Gomez de la Torre. On the 3rd of June the forces of the new government under Garcia Moreno crossed swords with Urbina at the battle of Tambucco.<sup>1</sup> Moreno's raw levies were no match for the Dictator's seasoned men, and their defeat was complete. But this reverse, instead of discouraging the people, only increased their patriotism. Garcia Moreno was received on his return to Quito more like a conqueror than a defeated general. The struggle continued throughout the year, and on the 6th of September, General Franco, who commanded the forces of the Dictators, rebelled against them, and proclaimed himself President of Ecuador. Caught between two fires—the patriots of Quito on one side, and the rebels of Franco on the other—nothing remained to these two infamous men but to leave Ecuador as soon as possible. The terrible tyranny they had exercised over their countrymen had lasted for ten years. Garcia Moreno could now devote all his energies to the task of sending the savage Franco to rejoin his colleagues. He had no arms and few troops,

<sup>1</sup> At this battle his life was saved by Colonel Vintimilla, who gave him his horse. Vintimilla was afterwards his successor as President of Ecuador.



but he was not disheartened. He transformed a cotton factory into an arsenal, and drilled his troops from morn to night. He then approached Castilla, the President of Peru, to try and bring about peace, but no terms would suit Castilla unless territory were ceded to him, and Garcia Moreno broke off the negotiations in indignation. On his return journey at the little town of Riobamba a dramatic incident occurred. The place was held by a body of Urbina's troops whom Franco had bribed to revolt and betray their chief. Garcia Moreno arrived there on the 7th of November. At midnight these savage mercenaries surrounded the house, and arrested him, informing him that unless he resigned his office as head of the Provisional Government that the morrow would be his last day on earth. Having placed him in the prison they gave themselves up to every form of debauchery and excess. One sentinel alone was left in charge of Garcia Moreno. After a few moments prayer and reflection, he approached this man and telling him who he was demanded his liberty. The soldier, struck with compunction, threw himself on his knees and asked his pardon. Accompanied by a faithful general who procured horses Garcia Moreno galloped off to Calpi, and having gathered some loyal troops around him returned to Riobamba. The would-be assassins were all drunk or asleep, and fell easy prisoners. The ringleaders were brought before a council of war, and being found guilty, were promptly shot. Thus ended this terrible episode in Garcia Moreno's life which but for the Providence of God might have had a most disastrous termination. Exhausted with fatigue, and broken-hearted at the condition of his country, he returned to

Quito, there to organize the preparations for a new campaign, which had become inevitable, against Franco and his followers. Whilst Garcia Moreno was disarming the rebels of Riobamba, Castilla, President of Peru, made his appearance at the mouth of the Guayas with 6,000 men, whom Franco permitted to disembark, and thus gave the key of his country to Peru. Further, he had the audacity to open negotiations with the invader for the cession of territory. Garcia Moreno took the field against him once more, and by a series of brilliant manœuvres swept the country of his troops and left him only in possession of the province of Guayaquil which he held by the assistance of Castilla and his Peruvian levies. Moreno now decided to return to his headquarters at Guaranda, and from thence descend the Cordilleras and fight a decisive battle with Franco and Castilla, feeling sure that a real and lasting peace could only be signed in the city of Guayaquil. The news that Franco had actually signed the infamous treaty ceding a large portion of Ecuador to Castilla precipitated matters. Before, however, risking a last appeal to arms, Moreno made another attempt to save the blood of his people, and wrote a beautiful letter to Franco, suggesting that to terminate this hideous and evil war both of them should resign their commands and retire into exile, leaving the country in the hands of the Provisional Government. Despite the efforts of the diplomatic body, Franco refused to even listen to this generous and patriotic proposal. Castilla soon after withdrew his forces but remained himself with a portion of his fleet to watch events at Guayaquil. The forces of the two parties having become more equal, Garcia Moreno received a reinforcement

as precious as it was unexpected by the arrival in the camp at Guaranda of old General Flores. In this moment of danger to his country he forgot his past misfortunes and resentments. Listening only to the voice of honour, he offered his sword to Garcia Moreno, and it was gladly accepted. Flores arrived at the very moment when his military talents and experience were most needed. A month later Franco decided to march into the interior, but Flores at once forestalled him by advancing on Guayaquil. The difficulties attending this move were many, the precipitous Cordilleras had to be crossed, an army superior in numbers in cavalry and artillery had to be overcome, and finally Guayaquil had to be besieged. By a series of rapid flanking movements Flores drove Franco's advance guard before him, and by means of a forced march through unknown forest paths, surprised and utterly routed Franco at the little town of Babahoyo, situated at the foot of the Cordilleras. Franco retired upon Guayaquil, and proclaimed it a free town under the protectorate of Peru. A month afterwards Garcia Moreno and Flores arrived before it with their army. Facing towards the sea, protected on the right by the river Guayas, on the left by a marsh, and in the centre by a strongly fortified hill, the town of Guayaquil was indeed a terrible position to assail. For several days Flores ostensibly prepared a regular assault of the hill and fort which adjoined the "Estero Salado" or salt marsh, while Franco on his side disposed his batteries so as to annihilate them on the first attack. On the evening of the 22nd of September, everyone went to rest convinced that the assault would be made on the morrow. But in the middle of the night

while the fires brightened up the camp as usual, the whole of Flores' army, save a regiment of lancers and a battery of artillery, who were left to defend the general's headquarters in case of attack, moved off to the borders of the fatal marsh, determined to cross it and fall upon Guayaquil from the only side where Franco would never expect them.

The ruse succeeded admirably. After a terrible struggle, all mud covered and weary, with bleeding legs and feet, their uniforms in rags, and suffering terribly from thirst, the army reached the other side, Moreno and Flores themselves working to make a passage for the artillery like common soldiers. After a slight rest their leaders gave the signal for a general attack at four o'clock. With no retreat possible and thirsting for revenge on the betrayer of their country, Garcia Moreno's men fought like lions. The enemy soon fled in the greatest confusion to the shelter of their batteries, and at nine o'clock Franco flying from his conquerors on board a Peruvian ship, left behind him 400 men, most of his officers, twenty-six guns, and all his arms and ammunition. The victory was signal and complete.

But as an earnest and devout Christian, Garcia Moreno did not forget that success must be attributed less to man's genius than to the intervention of God's Providence. The taking of Guayaquil having taken place on September the 24th, 1860, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, he decreed that in gratitude to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer, and to deserve her assistance in future, the army of the Republic should be placed henceforth under her special protection, and that at each anniversary both the Government and the army should assist officially at the



great solemnities of the Church. For fifteen years Garcia Moreno, as patriot and leader of the Opposition, had struggled to deliver his country from the tyrants who oppressed her, he was now to govern the people he had saved. Peace having been once more restored, the National Parliament met on January 10th, 1861, and the Provisional Government in resigning their powers gave an account of their proceedings during the civil war. It was at once decreed that they had deserved well of their country. Then by a unanimous vote Garcia Moreno was elected President. At first he refused the honour on account of the insufficient powers accorded to the Government by the new Constitution. He yielded, however, to the entreaties of his friends, and the deputies to prove their goodwill gave him power to enter into a Concordat with the Pope, without waiting for the ratification of a future Congress. They also decreed the reorganization of the treasury, of the army, and of public education. The new President at once set himself to carry out this programme, which had been suggested and inspired by himself.

His first care was the revision of the country's financial affairs, which were in a hopeless state of chaos. No accounts had been kept, no attempt made to control the expenditure. He created a board of Financial Control, and having discovered how the country stood, instituted a clear account of imports and exports. He made honesty a necessary qualification for all public officials, and himself gave a noble example of disinterestedness by remitting one half of his salary to the exchequer, and the other half to public charities. The army next claimed his attention, and he restored to it, by stringent

regulations, the discipline which it sadly lacked. Once in possession of this triple element of action—a body of devoted and honourable officials as his colleagues—the finances of the country, placed on a sound basis, and the army sufficiently disciplined to maintain peace at home and abroad, he determined to establish that Christian civilization which he rightly considered to be the essential condition of true progress, whether material, intellectual, or moral. Education became one of his first concerns in striving to attain this object. Bands of Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity hastened from France in answer to an appeal from him to open primary schools and educational establishments in all the great centres of Ecuador.

He also entered at once into negotiations<sup>1</sup> with Pius IX. concerning the Concordat he had been empowered to make, and on April 22nd, 1863, it was solemnly promulgated in the capital and all the towns of Ecuador.

Its chief articles were :—

Education in every branch will be modelled on the principles of the Catholic Church.

The Church will exercise without let or hindrance full power to possess and administer her property.

The Sovereign Pontiff will have power to communicate with his bishops, and the faithful, without State interference.

The Church grants to the President of the Republic the right of presentation to vacant bishoprics.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These negotiations were carried on by a young priest, Father Ignazio Ordóñez, an intimate friend of the President. He afterwards became Bishop of Riobamba and Archbishop of Quito.

<sup>2</sup> The full text of the Concordat is given in *El Nacional* of April 22nd, 1863.

By this act of Christian policy, an act without parallel in the history of modern nations, Garcia Moreno raised himself above all statesmen since the days of St. Louis, and restored true liberty to his country by placing her once more under the government of God.

But the Masonic and revolutionary element detested all these reforms, and under the leadership of the miserable exile Urbina, once more sought to overthrow all religion and order. Having failed in an attempt to create a war between Peru and Ecuador, they appealed to Mosquera, the new President of Granada, who hated Garcia Moreno and the Church, having been excommunicated by Pius IX. for divers criminal and sacrilegious acts. This despot wished to amalgamate the three Republics, New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador into one, over which he was to preside. On making overtures with this object in view to Garcia Moreno he was indignantly repulsed, and he determined to bide his time. The meeting of the Parliament of Ecuador in 1863 gave him his opportunity.

This body was now composed of men, most of whom were opposed to the Concordat. Garcia Moreno's presidential message bore the character of an ultimatum. In it he enumerated the different works he had undertaken and successfully carried out during the previous two years, and then having fully justified the necessity of the Concordat to restore the Church to her true liberty, he wound up his speech with the words: "If the majority of this house should censure the acts of my administration, I will immediately resign my powers, praying Divine Providence to

replace me by a magistrate fortunate enough to ensure the repose and the future well-being of the Republic." The Parliament vigorously attacked the Concordat, but when things had reached a crisis, Mosquera declared war on Ecuador, and turned the eyes of all to their only leader, Garcia Moreno. The Concordat was saved: the very deputies who had clamoured most against it, now in this time of national peril sank their private opinions in order to support the President. The war opened badly for Ecuador. General Flores was defeated by Mosquera at the battle of Cuaspud, and consternation spread throughout the country. Garcia Moreno, in a stirring proclamation, called the nation to arms. "People of Ecuador," he wrote, "to-day more than ever great efforts are wanting to save religion and our country. To-day more than ever we must oppose to our unjust aggressor the barrier of heroic courage and invincible constancy. To arms, then, sons of Ecuador: fly to the frontier to fill up the ranks in our little army. Let us first implore the mercy of the Most High, and strong in His support, we shall obtain victory and peace." The answer to this appeal was immediate. A new army of 8,000 men was quickly organized, all determined to fight to the death in defence of their faith, their homes, and their country. At the sight of this universal rising Mosquera lost heart. He requested an armistice, and shortly afterwards made peace. In the meantime an attempt by Urbina to raise an insurrection had been nipped in the bud. Mosquera returned to New Granada, from whence he was soon after chased into exile by his indignant fellow citizens. And so the Christian



Moreno triumphed over the excommunicated Mosquera.

At the beginning of 1864, Garcia Moreno began to ask himself if it were possible to continue the struggle against all the revolutionary elements within and without. So hopeless did things seem that on the 10th of January he announced his intention of retiring into private life, but such were the protests and entreaties made him that he had to give up the idea. Scarcely had he done so when he had to face a public crisis brought about by a scandalous decision of the High Court of Justice. The conspirators who had attempted to aid Mosquera by fomenting rebellion in Ecuador were adjudged not guilty of treason. Justly indignant Garcia Moreno sent in his resignation to Congress declaring, "That after the Court had trampled all law and justice under foot by declaring known traitors to be innocent, he could only give up the task of government." Then he outlined his plan for the revision of the Constitution, and ended with the words, "Patriotism and honour compelled me to remain at my post when our country was menaced by the enemy. Now that peace is established, you cannot prevent me seeking a little rest in the calm of private life. If I have committed any faults in the exercise of my powers you will be my judges. If you feel that I have not neglected anything which would develop the prosperity of the Republic, the satisfaction of having fulfilled my duty will remain to me, and it is the only one which I seek." These noble words produced an extraordinary effect. The Congress unanimously refused to accept his resignation, and instantly voted the changes he wished in the Con-

stitution. Ecuador would not hear of a change of President. Failing all other means the Masonic and Socialist coterie resolved to assassinate this man whom they could not politically vanquish. A plot was formed for this purpose. The ring-leader was General Thomas Maldonado. But the President heard of their machinations, came in person to Guayaquil, and fearlessly arrested the whole body. The judges this time did not fail to condemn these assassins, but Garcia Moreno perhaps imprudently pardoned them, having first exacted an oath of fidelity for the future. Three months afterwards these same wretches again plotted his destruction. On the very day they were to execute their plans one of their number, seized with remorse, revealed to the President all the details of the conspiracy. The plot was discovered, but Maldonado escaped. The revolutionists more enraged than ever, now poured into the country from every side. Urbina with some Peruvian vessels landed at Payta, and ravaged the sea coast.

In the midst of this fearful storm Garcia Moreno remained as calm as a rock beaten by the waves, raising troops, organizing defences, and determined rather to die with his people than to yield to the anti-Christian and revolutionary horde. At last on the 24th of August, Maldonado was captured and brought in chains to Quito. This time he was not to escape his well merited punishment. He was hung six days afterwards, having first made his peace with God at the urgent entreaty of the man he had plotted to assassinate. The President now turned his attention to Urbina who, with four or five hundred banditti occupied the town of Machala, and quickly drove him back to Peru

whence he had come.<sup>1</sup> Thus this horrible and dramatic struggle of four years was at last ended by the courage of one man, against all the efforts of the Freemasons and Socialists, not only in his own country but throughout South America. The Concordat was established, social reforms had been carried out, material progress was in full development, religious education ensured, the army restored to a state of discipline, and all this in spite of the treason of Maldonada, the invasions of Urbina, the treachery of Castilla, and the fury of Mosquera. Seeking only for God and His justice, Garcia Moreno had triumphed over all.

But the last and most dramatic incident of his fight with Urbina had yet to come. On the 15th of May, 1865, the election of the new President who was to come into office the following year took place. The Government candidate, Don Jeronimo Carrion of Cuenca, was elected by a majority of 15,000 votes, Garcia Moreno not being eligible under the Constitution. At this moment, when everything seemed peaceful, and thanksgiving was general throughout the land, news of a startling character reached the capital. On the 31st of May, towards evening, fifteen of Urbina's followers, armed to the teeth, and led by a brigand called Jose Marcos, hid themselves in a little island in the river Guayas, not far from Camborroddon. There they boarded the steamer "Washington," which Urbina had commissioned for them. When night came on they steamed

<sup>1</sup> It was during these hostilities that brave old General Flores died. He perished on the field of battle with the words, "My Jesus mercy" on his lips. The President and the whole country mourned him as a great patriot, who had redeemed the faults of his youth by his services to his country.

quietly down the river to Guayaquil, and under cover of darkness ran alongside the "Guayas" (the only man-of-war belonging to Ecuador), boarded her, murdered her captain and crew, and having cut her moorings steamed seawards with their prey. The next morning it was found that the "Washington" and "Guayas," with a third vessel, the "Bernardino," had anchored in the roadstead of Jambeli seven or eight miles from Guayaquil, and that Urbina and Franco, with several hundred Peruvians, were at the head of the expedition. Three days later Garcia Moreno received the news at his hacienda, called Chillo, where he had gone for a few days' rest. Quick as lightning he set out for the scene of action. In three days he had traversed the eighty leagues which separated Guayaquil from Quito, and arrived like a thunderbolt in the midst of his foes. His next move was to drive his enemies from the sea. To do so he required vessels. The arrival of the English steamer "Talca" supplied the want. He promptly bought her for the immense sum of £50,000, and armed her with five large guns and ammunition. He then chose two hundred and seventy determined men, and taking command himself set out from Guayaquil on the evening of June the 25th. Next morning the enemy came in sight. They greeted the little "Talca" with a tremendous fire. The brave crew steamed straight ahead, and only opening fire when close up, ran alongside the "Guayas," and boarding her quickly drove the filibusters from off her decks. The "Bernardino" and the schooner seeing the fate of the "Guayas" yielded without much resistance, being seriously damaged by the "Talca's" guns. There remained the "Washing-



ton," on board of which were Urbina and Roblez, who with their officers and men were all in a semi-drunken condition. She was anchored near the shore, and the surprise and fear of her commanders and crew were so great that they all dashed overboard, headed by the valiant Urbina, and took refuge in the woods. Three days later the last of this band of brigands had fled across the Peruvian frontier. The dramatic incident of Jambeli was their last crusade during the life-time of Moreno.

The return of the President to Quito was a real triumph. He himself gave to the Congress an account of his stewardship with the greatest calmness and dignity. He simply said, "I have saved my country in spite of your Congress." Having laid down his office he requested that they should give him the leave necessary for an ex-President to depart from the country within the year after holding office, but so strong was popular feeling against his departure that the deputies voted by an immense majority a prohibition against his leaving the country, describing him as "a man necessary to the safety of the Republic." They could scarcely have paid a greater tribute to his valour and statesmanship.

At the beginning of 1866, danger arose of a war between Spain and the South American Republics. Garcia Moreno was implored to take command of the army of Ecuador. This idea exasperated the Radicals to such a degree that the new President, hoping to steer a middle course between the opposing parties, decided to send him as Minister to Chili, in order to conclude a commercial treaty with that country. Once more his desperate enemies determined to take his life. He left Guayaquil, accompanied

only by his secretary, Herrera, and Don Ignazio de Alcazar, a member of the Legation. Herrera had his son with him, a little boy of fourteen, and Garcia Moreno, a little niece of eight years old. That was all his escort. They reached Lima by train on the 2nd of July. Alcazar was the first to leave the carriage, Garcia Moreno followed him, and then turned round to help his little niece to get down to the platform. At that moment a man named Viteri, a relation of Urbina, dashed up to him, calling him "a robber and an assassin" and fired two balls at his head. The balls pierced his hat, and quick as lightning Moreno sprang upon the assassin, and thus turned away the third ball. The would-be murderer was seized at once by the onlookers and handed over to the police, and the news of this dastardly attack flew throughout the town. The President of Chili hastened to send his own carriage, with orders to bring Garcia Moreno to the palace, for he had been wounded slightly in the forehead and hand. He traversed the capital amidst a crowd of sympathisers. In spite of this terrible experience his mission was wonderfully successful.<sup>1</sup> Treaties of alliance and commerce were signed between Chili and Ecuador, and Moreno met and impressed all the most illustrious men of the country by his learning and noble character.

Shortly after his return to Ecuador, President Carrion's government became very unpopular, and he was compelled to resign in favour of Don Xavier Espinoza, a lawyer and an excellent Catholic, esteemed by all for his love of justice.

Garcia Moreno retired to his hacienda at Guachala, with the intention of cultivating it

<sup>1</sup> See *Verdadera Situacion Politica*. Lima, 1875, p. 8.

himself. It was to be the means of restoring his health which had been greatly broken by the tremendous agitations and fatigues of his political career, and by the more intimate sorrows and trials of his domestic life. His charming wife, Rosa Ascasubi, had died, and he had married a second time Dona Mariana de Alcazar. When he first proposed this alliance to her mother, she wept and replied that she could not give him her child as she dreaded that her life would be shortened like that of his first wife by anxious days and nights. But Mariana loved him, he married her, and they were intensely happy though from that moment her anxieties never ceased. The attempted assassination at Lima and later the illness and death of their little girl, initiated the poor young wife into her married life. He now brought her to this country home, surrounded with beautiful woods and meadows, quite determined to enjoy the peaceful home life it could afford them. But it seemed as if God would not permit this man, the visible instrument of His Providence, to have a moment's peace. On August 13th, 1868, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes convulsed the whole province of Ibarra. Houses and churches fell, men, women and children were buried in the ruins. More than half the population were killed, the rest left homeless by the roadside. Brigands and half-savage Indians soon appeared upon the scene, and pillaged, murdered, and robbed. The Government instantly sent for Moreno, and appointed him military and civil governor of Ibarra. He set himself at once to work in this good cause. He appealed to the charity of the whole country and, poor as he was, put himself down for a

thousand piastres. He superintended the distribution of food and the maintenance of the law. Soon order reigned once more in the province. The birds of prey disappeared, the population who remained were placed in tents. The pioneer traced the plans of a new city which was soon to rise from the ruins of the old, and everywhere confidence and hope were restored. When all was finished the people came in a body to wish him good-bye as if he had been their father.<sup>1</sup>

Having been thanked by the Government for his services he returned once more for a brief space to his quiet country home. But the year 1868 was closing and the new Presidential election was to take place the following year. The Conservative party unanimously called on Garcia Moreno to take office once more. The Socialists nominated as his opponent, Francisco Aguirre, a man utterly without character or talent. Garcia Moreno at first remained silent, but after some consideration agreed to go forward, and issued his election address setting out his policy if elected. Having laid stress on his firm adhesion to the Church, to religious education, and to a sound commercial and industrial programme he summed up in one famous sentence his aims and hopes, "Liberty for everyone and everything, save for evil and evil-doers." Having published this manifesto he remained quietly at Guachala, occupied with his flocks and herds. He desired to leave the political battle to his friends, but when he discovered that Urbina was once more meditating a *coup d'état* by force of arms, he had to come forward from his

<sup>1</sup> See *Un Sentimiento di Gratiud*, Quito, September, 1868.



retirement. The President Espinoza, who had taken no steps to check Urbina, was called upon to resign by the people, and Garcia Moreno was appointed temporarily in his place to subdue all attempts at rebellion. Garcia stated publicly that owing to his taking temporary office he would not now go forward for the Presidency, but would resign immediately the Convention assembled. He at once frustrated the conspirators, plans, and rallied the army to the support of the Government. From one end of Ecuador to the other men rejoiced that this counter revolution had been effected without shedding a drop of blood or firing a shot, thanks to the energy of this brave man, who for ten years had appeared in every crisis as the invincible defender of religion and society.

This fresh attempt at insurrection made people think seriously of forcing Garcia Moreno to take back his word and consent once more to being elected President. But he remained inflexible, and on the 16th of May, he appeared before the deputies to give an account of his short administration. On his return home he instantly sent in his resignation.

On the 29th of July the Convention met in the Jesuit church, where, after a solemn Mass, they proceeded to the election of President. By an unanimous vote Garcia Moreno was elected. People hoped he would at once yield to this solemn manifestation of the national will. But they were mistaken. He implored the Convention to consider the motives he had already alleged, and to accept his renunciation of the honour. But the deputies flatly refused to listen to his excuses, "considering that his services were absolutely indispensable to consolidate order and

peace, and to place the Republic on a safe and constitutional basis."

The next day, the 30th of July, surrounded by all the civil and military authorities, he came to the Cathedral and took the oath as President of the Republic. His old friend, Carvajal, became the interpreter of the whole nation in his speech of congratulation. "Eight years ago," he exclaimed, "you took the same oath on the same spot, and nobly did you keep your word. But to-day the obstacles which met you then at every turn have virtually disappeared. You have now full power to carry out the reforms required by the Constitution. You are at the head of a faithful army, and can reckon on the patriotism and morality of a people who, having confided to you their destinies for the second time, have eloquently proved to you their gratitude and appreciation. Above all you can reckon upon the help of that all-powerful God, who is always ready to grant the petition of one who has no other aim than the good of religion and his country." Thus ended the memorable struggle between the people of Ecuador and the man they had chosen to govern them. History has rarely shown such an instance, especially in these days of egotism and self-seeking, of a man obstinately refusing for six months the honours thrust upon him by a whole nation.

Once elected he entered into his duties with energy and zeal. His first and perhaps most daring work was to give his Christian people a Christian Constitution.<sup>1</sup> Its chief provisions were as follows. The Catholic religion was to be the

<sup>1</sup> See the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the *Constitutione civitatum christina*.

religion of the State to the exclusion of all others. This did not mean intolerance, because no other religion has any followers in Ecuador. Secret societies were forbidden. A power of vetoing dangerous laws was given to the Government, and they were empowered to place any province in which rebellion arose in a state of siege. The President was to be assisted by a Council of State, without whose consent he could not take any important step; he was to hold office for six years and to be eligible for re-election once after holding office. Such was the outline of Garcia Moreno's new Constitution, one in which divine and human authority worked hand in hand to ensure the eternal and temporal happiness of the people. It was almost unanimously ratified by the votes of the nation. The enemies of the President determined to once more attempt his assassination, but on the 14th of December, when everything was prepared, one of the initiated Sanchez, smitten with remorse, revealed the whole plot to the President. The would-be assassins were condemned to death, but pardoned by Garcia Moreno at the intercession of a friend and their sentence reduced to one of eight years' banishment. But no sooner had their ringleader Cornejo crossed the frontier than he published an infamous pamphlet against the man who had given him back his life, declaring, "That the assassination of such a monster was only an act of legitimate defence." The President's only fault was that he pardoned such scoundrels. A complete calm fell once more upon the country, and Garcia Moreno was able to devote himself entirely to works of civilization. He reduced the strength of the army, but made it more efficient by continual manœuvres and by estab-

lishing a school for cadets. He also provided every regiment with a chaplain, who, besides saying Mass, gave the men religious instruction and advice. He had the criminal code thoroughly revised and made more stringent; and removed any judge or magistrate from the bench who acted corruptly. Nothing could have been worse than the state of education on his entering office. In 1871, he brought forward a new Education Bill which made education compulsory on all children from eight years old, and imposed a fine on such parents as neglected to send their children to school. Secondary education received equal attention from him, and he built a magnificent college at Quito for the Jesuit Fathers, from which professors were sent to open schools throughout the different provinces. He re-opened the University at Quito, and filled it with the latest instruments and machines from Europe for the purpose of scientific instruction. Schools for the study of medicine, and for the fine arts were established within its walls, and instructed by specialists of European fame.<sup>1</sup> Lastly, he established near Quito a magnificent observatory,<sup>2</sup> which he justly believed from its position ought to become one of the first in the world. In half a century the Revolutionaries and Freemasons had created nothing in Ecuador; in six years the Catholic Garcia Moreno had raised his country from a state of complete ignorance to one of advanced progress in every species of learning and science. He set himself also to reform the prison system on more charit-

<sup>1</sup> These were chiefly German Jesuits. Fathers Kolberg, Wenzel, Epping, Brugier, Elbart, and Terenziani were amongst the best known.

<sup>2</sup> The revolutionists closed it after his death.



able and humane lines, and in 1875 had the joy of announcing to the Chambers that only fifty condemned prisoners remained in gaol. His charity was ubiquitous, and was specially bestowed on those who hid their misery and had known better days. When the revenue of the State improved, and there was a sufficient sum in the Treasury for the public service, he accepted his proper salary, but continued to live in the most simple and humble fashion. People imagined that he must be saving money, and no one blamed him, for they knew him to be almost without private fortune. After his death, however, the administrator of his affairs gave a detailed account of his receipts and expenditure, and it was found that the President had consecrated the whole of his official income to works of charity. Even the wife of Urbina, his mortal enemy, had received a monthly pension from Garcia Moreno. Who would not be touched at a charity so grand and yet so humble and hidden? The greatest public work of his Presidency was the carriage road from Quito to Guayaquil, the chief port of the Republic. It took ten years to build, and was open to traffic in 1873. Four other roads were opened simultaneously in the Northern and Southern provinces. Agriculture and commerce, finding these openings for their produce, at once devoted themselves to production.<sup>1</sup>

He completely transformed the town of Quito by laying down well paved streets and restoring the public buildings. Where, then, did he get the money for all these improvements? He found the public treasury completely exhausted,

<sup>1</sup> These works were carried out by his friend, Dr. Wyse, a distinguished engineer.

and yet he borrowed no money, and levied no new taxes. A great economist has said, "Be wise in your politics, and your finances will be in good order." This was the secret of his success. Ecuador had been ruined by successive revolutions. During the second presidency of Garcia Moreno, the public peace was not once disturbed. Good government and honest administrators were the means he employed to double the revenue of the State.

Before proceeding to narrate the tragic end of this great life, it may be fitting to the proper understanding of it, that we should endeavour to describe more closely the man himself. Nature had given him all the eminent qualities that form the man of action. Tall and upright, with a robust constitution, a noble and dignified carriage, a quiet yet firm step, everything revealed a man of untiring energy.

His fine head, his white hair, broad forehead, and large eyes gave him a look of distinction and power. Every feature denoted an inexorable will. In spite of his naturally imperious character, and his extraordinary talents, he always remained humble. This man who was accused by his enemies of pride and ambition, never coveted power for his own sake, but that he might defeat the wicked and establish the Kingdom of God. He accepted the Presidency in 1861 unwillingly, in 1865 it was literally forced upon him. When the revolutionary papers overwhelmed him with calumnies and lies, he would read them calmly, and say, "He was too happy to be treated like Jesus Christ and His Church."

Self-indulgence of any sort was entirely unknown to him. His whole life was one of uniform and regular labour. Up at five o'clock every

morning, he was always at church by six, when he heard Mass and made his meditation. At seven o'clock he would visit the hospital, and then shut himself up in his room to work hard until ten o'clock. Then after a short and frugal breakfast he would set out for the Government House, where he worked till three. He dined at four and then paid any necessary visits, inspected public works, or settled any disputes submitted to him. At six o'clock he came home and spent the evening with his family. When nine struck, and others went to take some rest or amusement, he would go back to his library to finish his correspondence and work on till eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Such was his daily life when things went smoothly. But when storms arose and his presence was needed elsewhere, he was on horseback from morning till night, looking upon nothing as impossible, while his iron constitution resisted all fatigue. In his inspections or campaigns his only rest was taken wrapped in his cloak on the bare ground. No less remarkable than his courage was his sense of justice. No amount of pressure or menace would induce him to give places to unworthy men. "A man should be chosen," he said, "for his fitness for the charge, not the charge for the man." But this passion for justice was tempered with mercy and tenderness as his repeated forgiveness of those who sought his life makes evident. It was especially in the bosom of his own family that he showed all the tenderness of his loving nature. He never was so happy as when quite alone with them, although so often compelled by political events to leave them. His little girl was taken away from him by God when she was quite young,

and his love then centred in his boy. His mother, of whom he was passionately fond, lived to the age of ninety-four. She died in 1873, on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. To a letter of condolence on that occasion he replied like a true Christian: "You should rather congratulate me—my mother lived for nearly a century. She was a saint. She died on the feast of Carmel. I feel sure she is in heaven." Piety in a great statesman would seem a singular thing in these days of political agitation and so called modern "progress." Garcia Moreno knew this well, but triumphed over this prejudice as over every other. He was not only a man of faith, but of that earnest and living kind we so rarely meet with. He devoted half an hour each day to meditation on the divine mysteries. The *Imitation of Christ* was his constant companion on his journeys as well as at home. After his death a worn copy was found in his pocket, given him by a devoted friend on the 24th of September, 1860, the day of the taking of Guayaquil. On the last page, written by his own hand, was the rule he had laid down for his daily life. It will give some idea of his intimate union with God, and his simple faith.

"Every morning when saying my prayers I will ask specially for the virtue of humility. Every day I will hear Mass, say the Rosary, and read, besides a chapter of the *Imitation*, this rule and the annexed instructions. I will take care to keep myself as much as possible in the presence of God, especially in conversation, so as not to speak useless words. I will constantly offer my heart to God, and principally before beginning any action. I will say to myself continually: 'I am worse than a demon, and



deserve that hell should be my dwelling place.' When I am tempted I will add, 'What shall I think of this in the hour of my last agony.' In my room never to pray sitting when I can do so on my knees or standing. Practise daily little acts of humility, like kissing the ground for example. Desire all kinds of humiliations, while taking care at the same time not to deserve them. To rejoice when my actions or person are abused or censured. Never to speak of myself unless it be to own my defects or faults. To make every effort by the thought of Jesus and Mary, to restrain my impatience and contradict my natural inclinations. To be patient and amiable even with people who bore me: never to speak evil of my enemies.

"Every morning before beginning my work, I will write down what I have to do, being very careful to distribute my time well, to give myself only to useful and necessary business, and to continue it with zeal and perseverance. I will scrupulously observe the law of justice and truth, and have no intention in all my actions save the greater glory of God. I will make a particular examination twice a day on my exercise of different virtues and a general examination every morning. I will go to confession every week. I will avoid all familiarities even the most innocent as prudence requires. I will never pass more than an hour in any amusement, and in general, never before eight o'clock in the evening."

This rule of life unveils the soul of Garcia Moreno. Those who knew him best bear witness to with what conscientiousness and even scrupulous fidelity he acted up to it. To all objections, difficulties, and impossibilities he would answer

invariably with his favourite words, "God never dies. God is—and that is enough. What is impossible to God?"

What ruler ever inserted a paragraph such as follows in a message to his parliament: "Among the great blessings which God, in His ineffable mercy, has bestowed upon our country, I reckon that of being once more reassembled under His protection, and under the shadow of that peace which He has preserved for us, who are nothing, who can do nothing, and who but too often repay His paternal goodness with monstrous ingratitude"? On great feast days he would attend the Cathedral officially in uniform, surrounded by his ministers and all the civil and military dignitaries, and in the Corpus Christi procession he would walk bare headed in the tropical sun carrying the canopy over the Sacred Host. On one occasion he had invited some Irish labourers from the United States to manage certain large saw-mills he had set up. On his first visit, having carefully examined their work, he invited them to an open-air dinner, and then questioned his guests about the religious customs of their country, ending by asking them if they knew any hymns to Our Lady. These poor emigrants sang some with a will, delighted to find such a listener. "You love the Blessed Virgin then in your country?" asked the President. "Oh! yes, with all our hearts." "Well, then, let us kneel down all together and say her Rosary, that you may persevere in loving and serving God," which was done, amidst the tears of the poor fellows who never forgot his kindness and condescension.

In 1873, he added one more act to perpetuate the reign of God in his country, and that was to

consecrate Ecuador by an official decree to the Sacred Heart. The Chambers gave their assent unanimously. The President attended at the solemn ceremony of consecration in the Cathedral of Quito, and after the Archbishop had pronounced the Act of Consecration in the name of the Church, Garcia Moreno repeated it in the name of the State. His beloved Ecuador had become the Republic of the Sacred Heart. In the year 1871, he issued an energetic protest against the invasion of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, which made his name as famous in Europe as it had already been in South America. It found an echo throughout the whole Catholic world, but no other ruler had the courage to do likewise. On reading this energetic condemnation of the sacrilegious acts of the Piedmontese Government, Pius IX. exclaimed, "Ah! if he were but the king of a powerful nation the Pope would have some one to support him in this world"; and on March 21st, 1871, he sent him a Brief of congratulation and of gratitude. Two years later the Congress of Ecuador, at their President's suggestion, unanimously voted the sum of 10,000 piastres (about £2,080) to the Holy Father as a national gift towards the support of the Church now deprived of its states and revenue.

Such were the relations between Pius IX. and Garcia Moreno, both as one in their love of truth. Pius IX. preached it as the great Bishop within the Church, Garcia Moreno as the Statesman Bishop without, was ever at hand to help him, and to offer him, if necessary, the sacrifice of his life. When the year 1874 drew towards its close, the great question of the new Presidential elections began to agitate men's minds. There was no

doubt that Garcia Moreno, the idol and benefactor of the people, would obtain an immense majority of votes over any other candidate. This exasperated the extreme Radical party, who, beaten in 1869, hoped to have their revenge in 1875.

They chose for their candidate the Liberal Catholic Borrero, and had recourse to every trick and calumny to ensure his return. Garcia Moreno, who had long wished to retire into private life, viewed these manœuvres with indifference, and only consented to be nominated if such were the absolute will of the nation, forbidding at the same time his subordinates to make any efforts in favour of his candidature. The people, however, were not to be gainsaid, and determined to re-elect him, so that Borrero withdrew his candidature before the election. The voting took place in May with the most perfect quiet. Without promises or menaces, or any excitement, 23,000 electors spontaneously and joyfully gave their votes for the man whom they justly called the saviour of their country. Once more his enemies prepared to take his life.

The plots for his assassination became so notorious that many people implored him to take extra precautions, and not to expose so precious a life needlessly. But he would not listen. The inhabitants of Quito, however, watched with increasing anxiety nightly meetings in the house of the Peruvian Minister, of men who were well-known enemies of the President. No one could disguise the imminence of the danger. It was under these sad circumstances that he wrote his last letter to the Sovereign Pontiff which breathes throughout the piety of a saint and the



courage of a martyr. "I implore your benediction, most Holy Father, having without any merit on my part been again elected President of this Catholic Republic. The new Presidential era only begins on the 30th of August, when I shall have to take the oath to the Constitution, and when it will be my duty to give official notice of it to your Holiness. But I wished to let you know it to-day so as to obtain from heaven the light and strength which I need now, more than at any other time, to remain the devoted son of our Holy Redeemer and the loyal and obedient servant of His Vicar." Then after mentioning the Masonic influence which was assailing him, he went on in words which were so soon to become prophetic: "What greater happiness can be awarded to me, most Holy Father, than to see myself detested and calumniated for the love of our Divine Redeemer? But what still greater happiness would it be if your benediction could obtain from heaven the grace to shed my blood for Him, Who, being God, has deigned to shed every drop of His at the pillar and upon the cross."

Still more wonderful were the words he used in a letter to his old college friend, Juan Aguirre, on the 4th of August, "I am about to be assassinated, but I am happy to die for my faith. We shall meet one another in heaven." Too soon indeed were these words to become true. On the 6th of August, the feast of the Transfiguration, he heard Mass as usual, and being the first Friday in the month received Holy Communion. He prolonged his thanksgiving and prayer till eight o'clock. The conspirators had been watching him all the morning. They meant to attack him coming out of church, but were deterred by

the number of people present. He, therefore, came back safely to his home, spent some time with his wife and son, and then went to his room to put the final touches to the message he was to communicate that day to his ministers. Towards one o'clock, with his manuscript in his hand, he went with his aide-de-camp towards the Palace, stopping on his way at a relation of his wife's, whose house was on the Plaza Major. As the heat was extreme he took some cooling drink, which put him in a perspiration, and obliged him to button up his coat on going out, an insignificant act which nevertheless had fatal consequences. The conspirators were in a café on the square, watching the movements of their victim. They now came out and hid behind the columns of the peristyle. The President, before going to the Palace, wished to adore the Blessed Sacrament, which that day was exposed in the Cathedral.<sup>1</sup> For a long time he remained kneeling on the floor of the church absorbed in reflection and prayer. One of the assassins, Rayo, impatient of a delay which might prove fatal to their plans, sent a messenger to the President to say that he was wanted for some pressing business. Garcia Moreno rose at once, left the Cathedral, and had already made three or four steps towards the Palace, when Rayo, drawing a huge cutlass from under his cloak, inflicted a terrible wound on his shoulder. "Vile assassins," cried the President, trying in vain to seize his revolver in his buttoned-up coat, while Rayo inflicted a fresh wound on his head, and the other conspirators fired at him with their revolvers. At that moment, a young man sprang upon

<sup>1</sup> The Cathedral and the Palace or Government House form one of the angles of the Plaza Major.

Rayo, and tried to disarm him, but was wounded himself, and had to let go his hold. Pierced with balls and with his head bleeding, the heroic victim still tried to defend himself and disengage his revolver, when Rayo, with a double blow of his cutlass, severed his left arm and cut off his right hand. A second discharge threw the martyr to the bottom of the steps, where stretched on the ground and covered with blood, he remained motionless, when the ferocious Rayo again assailed him, and crying out, "Die, destroyer of liberty." "God never dies," murmured for the last time the Christian hero.

All this was the work of a moment. The noise of the firing quickly brought people rushing to the scene, and the conspirators fled. The dying man was carried into the Cathedral and laid at the feet of our Lady of the Seven Dolours. A surgeon tried to stop the gaping wounds, but it was useless. The President's livid and discoloured lips showed the end was approaching. A priest asked him to forgive his murderers, his dying look answered that he had done so. The pardon of God descended upon him with the absolution. Extreme Unction was administered to him in the midst of his weeping friends, and a quarter of an hour later his brave soul had gone to its Creator. An official examination of the poor mangled body showed that he had received seven or eight mortal wounds. On his breast was a relic of the True Cross, the scapular of the Passion and that of the Sacred Heart. Round his neck they found his rosary. In his pocket was a little memoranda in pencil written that very day, "My Saviour Jesus Christ give me greater love for Thee, and profound humility, and teach me what I

should do this day for Thy greater glory and service."

From one end of Ecuador to the other, the country was plunged into grief and mourning. From the whole American Continent, from the Catholic States of Europe, and from Pius IX., messages of sympathy and sorrow were conveyed to his bereaved people. His body lay in state for three days in the Cathedral where he had breathed his last, dressed in his general's uniform, a happy calm upon the dead face. Men, women, and children came to pray and weep before it, crying out, "We have lost our father." "He has shed his blood for us." At the great funeral service, Don Vincent Cuesta<sup>1</sup> addressing the dead body in his oration said: "Garcia Moreno! Your eyes do not see our tears: your ears cannot hear the lamentations of your people: your noble heart no longer beats in your breast, but your soul understands us. Ah! from that happy region to which your heroic virtue has brought you, look down in pity on your children. Do not abandon your country to anarchy and ruin. Ask God to raise up a man worthy to succeed you, one who will carry on your great work, and will know how to say with you, *Adveniat regnum tuum.*"

It looks as if the prayer were heard. Ecuador, with some slight lapses under Masonic governments, has since kept her place as a strong Catholic country, the Republic of the Sacred Heart. Under wise rulers she has moved slowly but surely along the path of sound Christian government which Garcia Moreno marked out for her. His statue stands in the square at

<sup>1</sup> Dean of the Cathedral of Riobamba, and Senator.



Quito, inscribed "To Garcia Moreno, the noblest of the sons of Ecuador, dying for religion and his country, a grateful Republic." His blood-stained message to Congress is treasured in the archives of the Vatican, and the example of his life will be for his people a beacon star amongst the quicksands and rocks of irreligion and political crime.

Some lessons we too may gather from it. His life may seem to many an unrealized search for that ideal government, so impossible to achieve amidst the evil and baseness of this "work-a-day world," but if his ideal was not attained, sufficient was achieved in the pursuit of it to justify his struggles and reward his labour. Tragic and dramatic beyond even the worst of history many parts of it may appear, but we must not forget that the course of government in South America seldom runs with that smoothness which is possible amongst less excitable people in other lands. Of the support and help his religion and faith were to him throughout his whole life we need scarcely write; they are apparent to anyone who has read this short account of his life's work. Public spirited above all, ready to sacrifice his leisure and happiness for the common good, ready to take his life in his hands, and to suffer without complaint the plot of the assassin and the taunt of the paid calumniator, where religion and liberty were at stake, the life of Garcia Moreno teaches us a noble lesson in those virtues of sacrifice and bravery that make up the character of a true and dauntless patriot.

God gave Garcia Moreno the strength and courage which belong to heroes. His natural energy had been developed by unheard of acts

of bravery. The sang many fights in which he had been engaged, the constant revolutions, the daily plots of his enemies against his life, all these made him look upon death as an event which he must expect at any moment. From the patriotic love he had for his country he was quite willing to accept the sacrifice. Not only did he not fear death, but like the martyrs he desired it for the love of God. Leo XIII. on receiving the blood-stained autograph message to Congress which he bore in his hands on the day of his assassination beautifully said, "We shall religiously preserve it as a touching remembrance of a man who was the champion of the Catholic Faith, and to whom may be justly applied the words made use of by the Church to celebrate the memory of the holy martyrs, St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Stanislas of Poland: *Pro Ecclesia gladiis impiorum occubuit.*" After his duty to God came that to the people. No amount of pressure or menace would induce him to give places to unworthy persons. "The great evil of this country," he would say, "is not to know when to say 'No.' Men intrigue for such and such a place, for such and such a man, whereas another is justly entitled to it. A man should be chosen for his fitness for the charge, not the charge for the man."

Before concluding we must say a few words of his Apostolic spirit. Had he been a priest, he would have been another St. Francis Xavier; but even as a layman his burning thirst for souls was visible in every act of his life. The reign of God in the souls of men—that was his fixed idea, the one ambition of his noble heart, the motive of all his public and private labours.

If we ask ourselves why God permitted that

the blood of one whom He had created expressly, as it seemed, for the regeneration of his country and the triumph of the Church should be shed by vile assassins, we can only answer, that it pleases God to glorify in a special manner those who have the most bravely confessed His truth. As the blood of the martyr was the seed of the Church, so the blood of Garcia Moreno will produce, not only in Ecuador, but in other nations, true champions of the people and of God's Church. A man dies but God does not—*Dios no Muere.*

# FREDERIC OZANAM,

FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF ST.  
VINCENT DE PAUL.

"It is the doctrine of progress by Christianity that I attempt to bring back in these restless days."

—*Civilization in the Fifth Century* by Frederic Ozanam.

ON a May evening in the year 1833, eight young men met together in the dingy back office of a Parisian newspaper. At the head of the table around which they sat was one older than themselves, all hung upon his words. "If you intend the work to be really efficacious," he said, "if you are in earnest about serving the poor as well as yourselves, you must not let it be a mere doling out of alms, bringing each your pittance of money or food; you must make it a medium of moral assistance; you must give them the alms of good advice."

The speaker was M. Bailly, the editor of the paper. On his right sat a young man, his blue eyes alight, his irregular expressive features quivering with sympathy. He it was who had brought them together. The meeting was the first conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.



"Show us your works," had taunted the infidel students of the University to their Christian colleagues, and this was the answer. Ozanam twenty years afterwards thus described the incident: "We were just then invaded by a deluge of heterodox and philosophical doctrines that were clashing all round us, and we felt the need of strengthening our faith in the midst of the assaults made upon it by the various systems of false science. Some of our fellow students were Materialists, others Simonians, others Fourierists, others Deists. When we Catholics sought to call the attention of these wandering brothers to the marvels of Christianity, they said to us: 'Yes, you have a right to speak of the past. In bygone days Christianity did indeed work wonders, but to-day Christianity is dead. And you, who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? What works can you show which prove your faith, and can claim to make us respect and acknowledge it?' And they were right; the reproach was but too well merited. Then it was that we said to one another, 'Let us to the front! Let our deeds be in accordance with our faith.' But what were we to do? What could we do to prove ourselves true Catholics except that which pleases God most? Succour our neighbour, as Jesus Christ did, and place our faith under the safeguard of charity. Eight of us united in this idea, and at first, as if jealous of our new found treasure, we would not open the door of our little assembly to anyone else. But God had other views with respect to us. The association of a few intimate friends became in His designs the nucleus of an immense family of brothers who were to spread over a great part of Europe. You see that we cannot with truth

take the title of founders, for it was God who willed and who founded our Society. I remember that in the beginning one of my own friends, for a moment misled by the theories of the St. Simonians, said to me with a sort of pity, 'But what do you hope to do? You are only eight poor young fellows, and you expect to relieve the misery that swarms in a city like Paris! Why, if you counted any number of members you could do but comparatively nothing. We, on the contrary, are elaborating ideas and a new system which will reform the world and banish misery from it altogether! We shall do for humanity in a moment what you could not accomplish in several centuries.'"<sup>1</sup>

Nearly a quarter of a century had gone by when Ozanam related this; the St. Simonians had died away, and with them the transcendental theories which were to transfigure the world, while the "eight poor fellows" whom they despised as lunatics had increased to two thousand in Paris alone, where they visited five thousand poor families, or an average of twenty thousand individuals, which represented one-fourth of the poor of that vast city. The conferences in France numbered five hundred, and there were others established in England, Belgium, Spain, America, so far off even as Jerusalem. To-day they are found in every country of the civilized world. Thus has the grain of mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds, sprung up into a great tree, beneath whose branches a multitude of wayfarers find comfort and shade.

The Ozanams would seem to be one of those

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam: His Life and Labours*, by Kathleen O'Meara, pp. 83, 84.

families where virtue and science are an entailed inheritance. For more than three centuries every generation produced some distinguished man of science, and invariably counted one, frequently several, members in the service of the sanctuary. They were of Jewish origin, but in the seventh century became Christians. Such is the story of Frederic's remote ancestors. Antoine, his father, fought with distinction in Napoleon's army of Italy, and when the Italian wars terminated returned to Lyons, his native place, where he married the daughter of a rich merchant, Mademoiselle Nantas. Soon after his marriage a reverse of fortune, brought about by his generosity in helping a friend, almost ruined him, and he retired to Milan. It was here in the little street of San Pietro a l'Orto, that Frederic Ozanam was born on the 13th of April, 1813. While at Milan his father went through the necessary studies and became a doctor. The re-entrance of the Austrians into Milan decided Dr. Ozanam to leave that city, it being repugnant to him to remain under a rule that was no longer French. He returned once more to Lyons, where the fame of his medical skill had already travelled, so as to secure him soon after his arrival a sufficiently large practice. But although his practice increased rapidly, and placed him for many years at the head of his profession, Dr. Ozanam never became a rich man. Wealth was never his first aim; he looked upon the medical profession as a sort of priesthood, and divided his labours almost equally between the rich and the poor. His wife for seventeen years seconded him nobly in this apostolate of charity. They were both to be found continually in the garrets of the poor.

It was in coming from one of those abodes of poverty that he eventually met his end. Familiar as he was with the perils of the dark, broken stairs, he made a false step and fell, injuring himself so severely that he died the next day. What wonder that such a man should be the father of the greatest apostle of charity which the nineteenth century has produced.

Frederic's childhood passed without striking incidents. He was not a specially good boy nor a specially bad one. His one salient trait was an excessive sensibility to the sufferings of others. He showed no talent at school, and was not, by his own account, even a diligent scholar. The one incident that is told of him is that he was so self-willed that when in schoolboy games his playmates wished to make him confess that he was beaten, he would stamp his foot and tell them he "would rather die than say it." He was by his own account "obstinate, passionate and disobedient," and "lazy to the last degree"—till the passion of emulation and the pride of success persuaded him to work. At eleven years old he made his first Communion. "Oh, glad and blessed day!" he writes, "may my right hand wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever forget thee!"<sup>1</sup> From that time forward his temper and his whole conduct underwent a change for the better. At fourteen he entered the class of higher studies, and this was to be the signal of a new and painful experience, which left its mark on the boy's whole after life. Up to this period he had never known what it was to doubt; his faith

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 8.



had been as placid and trusting as that of a child ; but the moment had come when he was to pay for the precocious maturity of his mind and the lofty flights of his imagination ; the intellectual activity which had so quickened his mental powers, suddenly kindled a flame within him that stirred vital questions, and evoked the demon of doubt, that torment of noble and active souls who hunger to believe, and cannot rest until reason has justified belief. One day when the temptation was at its worst, clutching him almost like a physical pain, a sudden impulse drove him towards a church, near which he happened to be walking ; he quickened his steps, entered, and falling on his knees, prayed with all his soul to be delivered from the trial, promising that if God gave him light to see the truth he would for ever after devote himself to its defence. The prayer was not unheard, nor the vow forgotten. One who was both a philosopher and a priest saved him. This was his tutor, the Abbé Noirot. Lacordaire tells us how the master loved to take his favourite scholar as the companion of his walks, and how in their rambles over the steep and lonely roads outside Lyons, the mature philosopher and the boy would forget the lapse of time while they discoursed on deep and lofty themes—God and his dealings with men being the one they delighted most to dwell over—till the shades of night overtook them as they hurried homewards.

His studies finished, his father shrank from sending him at once to Paris, and placed him as a clerk in the office of a local attorney. Do what he would, however, Frederic could not find pleasure in the work, and in his leisure

intervals he devoted himself to the study of English, German, Hebrew, and even Sanscrit. He also found leisure to write a treatise against the St. Simonians, which may be said to have struck the keynote of his future literary career. This sect was born of the moral and social disorganization which followed after the Revolution of 1830. Its chief tenet was that Christianity was a dying and worn-out creed: Ozanam's work which logically expounded the Catholic case dealt this new sect a heavy blow. M. de Lamartine, on reading it, wrote at once to congratulate him, observing that his admiration for the talent of the author was heightened by his astonishment at his age.

At the close of 1831 he set out for Paris to begin his legal studies. He was just eighteen years old. It was a strange and unfamiliar world in which he found himself. To call it godless would be moderate. The storm which had swept over France a generation earlier had, on its way, abolished religion. Napoleon, the cynic of statecraft, had affected to reinstate the Church, only that he might the better check its real growth. The Restoration, fanatical and misdirected, had produced, beyond the narrow circle of its sincere reactionaries, little but hypocrisy on the one hand and exasperation on the other. And the tumults of 1830 had brought back chaos. The churches were open but they were deserted. The splendid hierarchy of France sat in the high places, as of old, but met with scant consideration; perhaps because it was itself afraid. Outside the clientele of the ecclesiastical establishments, practically no educated men and few of the uneducated even called themselves by the Christian name. When

Ozanam entered the Ecole de Droit he found that there were only three other law students who proclaimed themselves Christians. Amongst such associates he could make no friends, he felt himself utterly alone. What wonder that writing to his mother on the 7th of November, 1831, he should thus express himself: "Here I am alone without any amusements or any sort of consolation. I, so used to fireside talks, who took such pleasure in seeing every day around me those dear ones who love me; I, so terribly in need of advice and encouragement, behold me cast unprotected, without a rallying point of any sort, into this great capital of egotism, this vortex of human passions and errors! The few young men who I know are too far off for me to see them often. I have no one to pour out my heart to but you, my dearest mother, you and God; but these two are all in all to me."<sup>1</sup> But an unforeseen piece of good fortune awaited him. Happening to call upon the great mathematician, M. Ampère, whom he had met at Lyons. He told him of his loneliness and misery. The old man, touched by the recital, at once offered to take him into his home as a boarder, and Frederic with his father's consent, joyfully accepted. Andre Marie Ampère was a great man and a good Catholic, and the young student was soon happy and comfortable. Here he met all the great savants of the day, and not least amongst them Chateaubriand. The poet asked him if he had been to the theatres. Frederic hesitated to reply; he had promised his mother not to enter a theatre, but he was afraid to confess it for fear the great man would laugh at him. At

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 24.

last he replied frankly that he had not, and did not intend to do so. Chateaubriand praised his resolve warmly, and added an epigram, which combined, no doubt, a literary and a moral judgment. "You would gain nothing," he said, "and you might lose a great deal."

It is not easy for us to estimate the amount of moral fortitude which was required to enable a lad like Ozanam to preserve "the white flower of a blameless life" in the midst of the dangers of that society. He had his interior enemies. After the religious experience we have noted, he does not seem to have again lost hold of the Catholic faith. But he has to complain sadly of that kind of pride which is discontented "because it expects so much from self and is disappointed." Modest and humble as he was in intention, his natural bent was apparently the reverse. All his life he was liable to these fits of discontent, which in a man less prayerful or less dutiful, would have embittered his existence. But his safeguard was, in the first place his sincere devotion; and in the next place, his constant sense that, whether great or small, he had a work to do. His natural impulse was to design great projects, and to plan a life so beautiful and grand that it should contain all imaginable desires. But that, he feels, is mere folly. Our plan will assuredly be misdrawn, for we cannot lift ourselves to any point of view from which we could see the whole design. And why should we strain after it? The will of God, which is our work, is accomplished from day to day. Unless we can see some clear and permanent vocation that we needs must follow, let us think of ourselves as workmen who are told each hour the task they have to perform



during the hour ahead. If we so follow the orders of the great Architect in trust and faithfulness, we shall accomplish our building as well as if we had the whole plan before us from the first. Indeed, his train of thought at this time is singularly like that which inspired Newman when he wrote his best known hymn.<sup>1</sup> "The greatest," said Ozanam, "are they who do not plan their destinies, but let themselves be taken by the hand and led." All this, of course, might have sunk into a feeble impotence, except that he is conscious at every moment of the call of the Master's work. He felt Christianity, to use his own expression, not merely as a sphere of thought and of worship, but as a sphere of action, of will, of conduct. He was indeed conscious of a certain strain of irresolution in himself, and he set himself to conquer it. What place God meant him to fill in the life of the time, he waited to be told. But the present duty was to prepare himself, first by the diligent pursuit of his work as a student, and then by taking advantage of such opportunities to help his neighbours as Providence might open out.<sup>2</sup> He soon found work to do in the University. At the Collège de France, he discovered that the professors were accustomed to court a cheap popularity by attacks on Revelation, or Christianity, or the Church. Ozanam gathered around him a few hundred souls and led the way in organizing a series of protests and set answers from the Catholic students. The results were astonishingly rapid, for the fashionable scepticism was an arrant

<sup>1</sup> "Lead, Kindly Light."

<sup>2</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

intellectual sham. Of one of their first protests Ozanam writes: "Our answers were publicly read, and produced the best effect, both as to the professor, who as good as retracted his words, and as to the audience, who applauded. The most useful result of all this is that it enables us to show the students of the present day that one may be a Catholic, and have common sense, that one may love liberty and religion at the same time; also it stirs them up from their fatal religious indifference, and accustoms them to grave and earnest discussion."<sup>1</sup> From this time forward a notable change was observed in the tone of the professors of the Sorbonne; their teaching continued as radically anti-Christian as before, but they were more guarded in their language, more considerate for the feelings of the Christian portion of their audience. At this time Ozanam suffered much from "depression and decouragement,"<sup>2</sup> but the example of M. Ampère's strong and simple faith did much to encourage him. Often in the midst of a conversation on some scientific question the old man would break off abruptly in what he was explaining or investigating, and burying his great white head in his hands, cry out like one overpowered by some high presence, "Oh, how great God is, Ozanam! how great God is!" Happily at this very crisis of his life, his holidays took him to Italy. Here his sensitive spirit was brought face to face with the genius of the Christian Church. Many years afterwards he wrote: "When, after accomplishing a pilgrimage long dreamed of, you

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 57.

<sup>2</sup> The word has no exact equivalent in English. "Low spirits" will not do, as a man may be in high spirits and yet *très decouragé*.

visit Rome for the first time and, with a thrill of reverent curiosity ascend the grand staircase of the Vatican, and behold the wonders of every age and country united in the hospitality of that magnificent abode, you come at last to a spot which may be called the sanctuary of Christian art; the chambers of Raphael."<sup>1</sup> There, in presence of that immortal masterpiece, the Dispute on the Blessed Sacrament, he is seized with enthusiastic admiration; but what strikes him first, what impresses him above everything else, is the laurel-crowned figure of Dante. Henceforth the great poet and his work was to become one of the studies of his life. He had realised, too, as few can wholly realize except in Italy, the inevitable force and the sane simplicity of the Catholic tradition.

On his return to Paris he soon found that the young Catholic party at the University had need of a headquarters and a meeting place. He found a ready and willing friend in the person of old M. Bailly, the proprietor of the *Tribune Catholique*,<sup>2</sup> who placed the spacious office<sup>3</sup> of his newspaper at their disposal. Here they met once a week and debated on their work after listening to a lecture from M. Bailly. At first their meetings were informal, and frequented only by the Catholic students; gradually as interest was aroused, the other students of varying degrees of unbelief joined in the discussions. Finally the newspaper office became too small to hold them, and kindly M. Bailly came to their

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 66.

<sup>2</sup> This unique paper appeared three times a week and was sent gratis to anyone who would read it. M. Bailly composed the whole of it himself.

<sup>3</sup> No. 7 Rue du Petit Bourbon, St. Sulpice.

rescue by hiring a spacious hall in the Place de l'Estrapade, where he continued to deliver his lectures. He was a poor man, but whenever there was a service to be rendered to the cause of truth, or to the young, he contrived somehow to find the necessary means. Ozanam, as the recognized leader of the Christian party, took a foremost part in the debate, and displayed here, for the first time in public, that impassioned and pathetic eloquence which was later to win him such triumphs at the Sorbonne. Another meeting place for these young Catholics was found at the soirées of M. de Montalembert, where the illustrious champion of Catholicism discussed with them the topics of the day, and where they met the flower of Catholic society. The debating society grew and prospered, but Ozanam and his devoted little band of fellow Catholics found that they were making little or no impression on their atheistical friends. These it was true admitted the past grandeur of Christianity, but persisted in declaring that it was now a dead tree that bore no fruit. One evening after the usual debate Frederic left the conference hall in company with his two friends, M. Lallier and M. Lamache; they walked on to the Hotel Comille, where the latter resided, discussing as they went what could be done to stir up the Catholic camp to more strenuous efforts. They went up to Lamache's rooms, and held a long consultation on this subject. Ozanam mentioned casually in the course of the conversation that, in discussing the matter with a friend the day before at M. de Montalembert's it had occurred to them that it would be possible to organize a meeting where they would occupy themselves not with discussions,



but with good works, and thus oppose a practical denial to the reproach of the St. Simonians. The suggestion met with no immediate response from his two companions, but it had in reality dropped unawares the seed of the future Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The idea took root in each of their minds, and of one accord a few days later they went off to consult M. Bailly. He saw at a glance the value of the idea, and once more placed the office of the *Tribune Catholique* at their disposal. Here in the month of May, 1833, met, as we have already narrated, the first conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

It was settled at the very first meeting that their work should be the service of God in the persons of the poor, whom they were to visit at their own homes, and assist by every means in their power. The members placed themselves under the protection of St. Vincent de Paul, whose name they adopted, and this done they were fairly afloat. Their rules were simple but stringent. It was forbidden to discuss political or personal concerns at the meetings; these topics were not even to be mentioned indirectly; the Society was never to be made use of as a stepping stone to worldly advancement. It is characteristic of Ozanam that he always repudiated the title of founder of the Society. "We were eight," he would affirm emphatically. Nevertheless, the title and the glory have rightly clung to him whom the others looked upon as their leader, and the animating spirit of their efforts. Beneficial as this new Society soon came to be in blunting the taunts of their enemies, Ozanam quickly saw that to advance the cause of the little Catholic party amongst the students, something more ambitious should be attempted,

and the exponents of Atheism should be met by some one who, through his prestige and knowledge of theology, could meet and vanquish them in the domain of the intellect. It was at the very time that these thoughts were running in his mind that Providence led him one evening to be present at a service in the little chapel of the Collège Stanislaus. The preacher was young, almost unknown, save for his connexion with Montalembert and the ill-fated *L'Avenir*<sup>1</sup>—he was none other than the Abbé Lacordaire. "There is the man we want to confound Jouffroy<sup>2</sup> and his school," Ozanam cried, on issuing from this discourse. Here was the man he had dreamed of and longed for as the champion of the Gospel against the infidels and sophists of the Sorbonne. And immediately the thought occurred to him that if they could obtain from the Archbishop of Paris a series, not of sermons, but of conferences at Notre Dame by the Abbé Lacordaire, it would be a glorious gain. At once the impetuous lad conferred with his friends, and they agreed to go next day and petition the Archbishop to send for Lacordaire and ask him to preach a series of "conferences" at Notre Dame. It was hardly wonderful that the Archbishop did not at once accept the startling suggestion of the unknown law student from Lyons, though he received the deputation with all kindness and gave them his blessing on their work. Lacordaire knew nothing either of Ozanam or

<sup>1</sup> This paper had ended its stormy career a short time before.

<sup>2</sup> One of the leading professors, and strongest exponents of Atheism and unbelief. He died a Catholic and almost his last words were, "All the systems put together are not worth one page of the Catechism."

his scheme. Undaunted by the refusal, Ozanam rallied his faithful comrades, got up a big petition, and went back to the Archbishop. They found that he had determined to do something—namely, to have a course of sermons by the best preachers of the day, and he proceeded to introduce the students to some eloquent divines whom he had assembled to meet them. The audacious young spokesman, thus cornered, endeavoured to set forth what he and his friends understood to be the needs of the time. The old clerics were very gracious but did not understand. In accordance with the Archbishop's wishes, however, they duly preached a series of sermons, and they were a failure.

The very public, however, whom they were intended to reach, were meanwhile crowding into the little college chapel, where the Abbé Lacordaire was pouring out his improvised addresses every Sunday, and Ozanam and all his cohort thronged to hear him. It was what they longed that all the world should hear—the old truths in the language of the new time. There were one hundred free seats in the chapel, but after a week the audience was so great that the attendance of strangers alone numbered six hundred. Amongst them were some of the most illustrious names in France, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Sainte Beuve.<sup>1</sup> The church dignitaries were alarmed. They tried to persuade the Archbishop to silence the preacher; not in the least for any fault of orthodoxy, but because in their timid conservatism, they feared all novelty. But the young men

<sup>1</sup> Berryer, the great advocate, arriving late one day, found the doors closed. He promptly sent for a ladder and got in through a window.

agitated more and more boldly, and the Archbishop at last sent Lacordaire to Notre Dame. What the result was all the world knows. It was like the preaching of the Apostles after Pentecost. The young men of St. Vincent de Paul gathered with their devoted leader like a bodyguard round the pulpit. But the flippant sceptics, the careless boulevardiers, and the frivolous ladies of society, came too in their thousands; and for the first time since 1798, Paris witnessed a real revival of religion. The Archbishop as the last conference closed, publicly thanked the preacher, and named him Canon of the Cathedral. Looking back on those glorious days when the young ranks of St. Vincent de Paul closed like the advance guards of a victorious army, round the pulpit of Notre Dame, Lacordaire exclaimed in a fine outbreak of emotion, "Ah, Ozanam is an ancestor."<sup>1</sup>

The time had now arrived for Ozanam to decide on his future career. He terminated his legal studies by the usual examination and with such success, that he determined to take out the degree of Doctor of Law. The bar was now open to him, but he felt a strong distaste for the legal profession. "The moment of choosing our destiny is a solemn one, and everything that is solemn is sad," he writes Lallier. "I am suffering from this absence of a vocation which shows me the dust and stones of every road, and the flowers of none. The one to which I am nearest just now, the bar, strikes me as specially uninviting."<sup>2</sup> Recognizing, how-

<sup>1</sup> This expression is hard to translate accurately. It means of course that to Ozanam was due the great good achieved by these Conferences, and by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

<sup>2</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 132.



ever, the sacrifices his father had made to obtain for him his profession, he conquered all his personal antipathies, and bravely entered on his duties as a barrister. The briefs were rare and the few that came were not followed by any brilliant results.

In the April of this year, 1837, he was recalled suddenly from Paris by the death of his father. "You did not know him," he wrote to a friend, to whom he is announcing his loss, "but if ever your indulgence found anything in me worthy of esteem or love, attribute it to my father,<sup>1</sup> to his esteem and example." This idea was not the result of present sorrow, it was a conviction which he retained all his life.

The added dignity of Doctor of Law which the young barrister had acquired this year, does not seem to have attached him more closely to the profession, which, so far, yielded but slight encouragement. Clients continued scarce, and during the following year he made but little head against the difficulties of a beginner.<sup>2</sup> Towards the close of 1838, he went up for his degree of Doctor of Letters. His Latin thesis was on the descent of the heroes into hell, a study from the ancient poets. Dante was the subject of the French one. The success of the first was marked, but that of the latter surpassed the highest hopes of his most admiring friends. It was more than a success, it was a revelation. Frenchmen had hitherto known the great Florentine poet almost exclusively as the singer of Francesca de Rimini's

<sup>1</sup> When he looked into his father's accounts, he found that one-third of his visits had been made without remuneration to the poor, recognized as such.

<sup>2</sup> "My clients," he writes, "leave me large leisure."

woes, and of the ghastly tragedy of the Hunger Tower of Ugolino; they had not discovered that he was a theologian as well as a poet, and that his influence had been as fertile and enduring on the religious feeling of his countrymen as upon their art. Ozanam had studied the character and the genius of Dante until he had come to love him with something of religious enthusiasm. In revealing the unsuspected beauties of the pathetic, mysterious, figure, he rose to heights of inspiration which it is seldom given to human eloquence to reach, and never except when it is the inspired messenger of the soul. He evoked the spirit of the dead poet, and bid the living look upon him. As at the voice of a magician, the clouds rolled away, and the luminous figure stood revealed against the background of the thirteenth century, crowned with the triple halo of patriot, poet and theologian. The audience, spellbound with admiration, listened in breathless silence. M. Cousin, one of the examiners, and a qualified judge of eloquence, bore it while he could; but at last like one beside himself, he cried out: "Ozanam, how is it possible to be so eloquent?"<sup>1</sup> Tears flowed on every side, and choked applause, until the orator, himself overcome with emotion, descended from that tribune which he had conquered as the pedestal of his future glory; then the entire hall rose with an irrepressible shout of applause. This thesis so long and laboriously prepared, was the kernel of a volume published later, under the title of *Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au Treizième Siècle*.

His friends now sought for him the appointment

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by Bernard Faulquier, p. 39.

of Professor of Commercial Law at Lyons—his native city ; and though he could have attained to greater distinction elsewhere, his mother's rapidly declining health made him anxious to obtain the appointment. On the 21st of February, 1839, the Municipal Council of Lyons appointed him to the position by a large majority, and he returned to his native town. All these personal matters did not make him relax his active interest in the progress of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Already it was commencing to spread throughout France, and he was in constant communication with his friends, Lallier and M. Bailly, about the needs and the work of the young organization. In connexion with the conference at Lyons he organized without prejudice to the work of visiting the poor, a library and school among the soldiers, which carried a little Christian instruction into the unpromising corners of the barrack room. But he and his friends had their trials. The Catholic party in a French provincial town was not, in those days, remarkable either for courage or wisdom. A section of the good people of Lyons, to whom, as he said, "their personal opinion on politics was an extra article of the creed," attacked these new crusaders, and the clergy were not always friendly.

Personally he was just entering the most agitated period of his life. His mother's health had reached that point when all that could be hoped for was, that the end, which was swiftly drawing near, might be peaceful, and free from severe suffering. Added to this anxiety, he found himself face to face with the grave problem of his future. His chief reason for accepting the Professorship at Lyons was to be near his

mother and surround her declining years with greater comforts. Now that she was dying he began to consider the desirability of resigning his position and entering the priesthood. This idea had for some time been dominant in his mind. There was nothing, except his present duty to his mother, to indicate that he was not called to the sacerdotal life, and there were many inward voices, attractions, aptitudes, antipathies, which whispered to him sometimes loudly, sometimes more faintly, that he was. His ardent desire to serve the cause of truth, to do something for God and humanity, to lead a life of self-forgetfulness, labour and sacrifice, was as strong as ever, while his repugnance to marriage continued insurmountable. Just at this time, too, Lacordaire passed through Lyons on his way to Rome, where he was going to enter the Dominican Order. Ozanam gathered together the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to hear once more that eloquent voice which had so endeared itself to the youth of France. It was a solemn and tender meeting. On the one hand the young priest full of zeal setting out to bring back the great Order of St. Dominic to France,<sup>1</sup> on the other, the young lawyer seeking anxiously for the call which would determine his mission in the world. Lacordaire himself was deeply moved, and his emotion inspired him with one of those sudden, soul-stirring bursts of eloquence which a large gathering of young men seldom failed to call forth from him. It had a profound effect on Ozanam, and we find him soon afterwards writing to the young Dominican, giving him full particulars of his state of mind, and asking for information con-

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards succeeded in his object.



cerning the rules of his Order. But for the moment all his plans were put aside by the death of his mother. It had been long expected but was sudden at last. Writing to his dear friend Lallier, he thus expresses himself: "Happy the man to whom God gives a holy mother! This dear memory will never forsake us. Often in my solitude now, in the midst of the anguish that weighs down my soul, the remembrance of that august scene<sup>1</sup> returns to sustain and uplift me. I think of how short life is, how soon we shall be re-united with those from whom death has parted us, and then I feel all temptations of self-love, all the unworthy instincts of my nature fade away and my desires are concentrated in the single one of dying like my mother."<sup>2</sup> Seldom did the virtues of the dead justify more fully the tender and passionate panegyric in which the first outburst of sorrow expresses itself. It was no wild rhapsody of grief, but the result of his life's deepest and most sacred experience to which Frederic gave utterance when he said of his mother that she had been "the living image of the Church, and the most perfect revelation of Providence to her children."

His mother's death plunged him into loneliness and sorrow. Even the success of his lectures on commercial law to the students of Lyons—which he had just begun—brought him little consolation. Again the doubt and uncertainty concerning his vocation in life assailed him with redoubled force. Yet as we watch the tenderness of his nature unconsciously revealing itself, we can scarcely fail to recognize certain

<sup>1</sup> His mother's death.

<sup>2</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 169.

premonitory symptoms which might fairly be interpreted as signposts to his future path in life. There is no ascetic note in the following joyous sympathy with the happiness of a young father: "If the responsibilities of paternity alarm you, the hour is yet distant when they will be difficult, and meanwhile it is not a burden that God has given you, but a little angel, whose presence will sanctify your hearth, making virtue appear more lovely, and the path of life brighter."<sup>1</sup> Yet it is certain, that while entering with poetic sympathy into the pure joys he describes, Frederic's heart continued as yet far from any conscious desire to share them. Matrimonial traps were laid for him on every side. Some of his benevolent friends actually secured for him an increase of salary, that he might be better worth the capturing. But the young professor had still no thought save for the memory of his mother<sup>2</sup> and his work. In the Easter holidays he made a journey to Paris. He found the young Society of St. Vincent de Paul making rapid progress, and it filled him with joy and hope. "I saw assembled," he writes to a friend, "in the amphitheatre where it holds its sessions, more than six hundred members which does not make the total of its body in Paris. The majority was composed of poor students, but set off, as it were, by a few persons of the very highest social position. I elbowed a peer of France, a councillor of state, several generals and distinguished writers. I counted twenty-five pupils

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 175.

<sup>2</sup> When he heard of the increase in salary, he only said, "Oh, why is my mother not here to make one glad of it."

of the École Normale (out of seventy-five that it numbers), ten of the Polytechnique, one or two of the École d'État Major. That morning one hundred and fifty members had gone to the altar together. Letters were received from more than fifteen towns in France where conferences are in full operation ; a similar number have been set on foot this year. We are now nearly two thousand young men enrolled in this peaceful crusade of charity."<sup>1</sup>

It was during this visit that M. Cousin informed him that he intended nominating him in the following year for a Professorship at the University of Paris, provided he competed in the meantime for the "Agrégation de Littérature."<sup>2</sup> Ozanam, once fairly embarked as a competitor, threw all his energy into the necessary preparation. Now, as on the occasion of his nomination to the Chair of Law, he resolved to accept the issue as the final indication of his destiny. Lacordaire wrote him enthusiastic letters from Rome, giving him a radiant description of his life in the novitiate, but Ozanam felt no attraction now to follow in his footsteps. His old friend the Abbé Noirot, who knew him better than anyone, had but one advice to give, "*Mariez-vous, mon cher, mariez-vous.*"<sup>3</sup> The Abbé had always remained unshaken in his opinion that Ozanam had no vocation for the monastic life, that there was in him a need of tenderness, and sympathy, and encouragement which made it desirable for him to marry. He had, moreover, settled in his own mind the wife that would

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 179.

<sup>2</sup> A general examination in Literature, which all candidates for professorships had to undergo.

<sup>3</sup> "Get married, my dear fellow, get married."

best suit him out of all the young ladies in Lyons. But the old philosopher was far too good a judge of human nature to mention this, or even to make any attempt to bring about a meeting, shrewdly suspecting that Ozanam's perverse indifference and systematic habit of flying from those decoy birds, whom he classed in a body as *ces demoiselles*, would frustrate the opportunity. Providence, however, who loves the pure of heart, and takes their destiny in hand, was gently leading Ozanam on to his. He went one day to pay a visit to M. Soulacroix, the rector of the Lyons Academy. In passing through the drawing-room to his host's study, he stopped to present his compliments to Madame Soulacroix, and, while doing so, noted seated in the window a fair young girl, who was too busy attending to an invalid brother to pay any particular attention to the stranger to whom her mother was speaking. The stranger passed on, but while discoursing on philosophy and other lofty matters with the learned host, his eyes involuntarily wandered through the open door to the group in the window where the bright fair face was bending over the young brother, caressing and amusing him. "How sweet it would be to have a sister like that to love me!" sighed poor lonely Ozanam, as he watched the two; and, though he did not then suspect it, from that hour he was a lost man.

At the end of September he went to Paris to pass the most formidable examination he had yet encountered. It covered the whole ground of literature, and was a severe trial on his powers. In one subject he thought he was weak. What happened let himself describe. "Despair of myself prompted me to make an act of faith



in God, such as I never made before ; never either was I so rewarded. In short your friend held forth on the scholiasts<sup>1</sup> during seven quarters of an hour, with a freedom, an assurance, that astounded himself ; he succeeded not alone in interesting, but in moving and captivating both the judges and the audience, and withdrew with all the honours of war, having brought over the laughers to his side." The result of an examination entered on in such a spirit could not be doubtful. Ozanam's was the first name on the list, and he was immediately offered the position of Assistant Professor in the Chair of Foreign Literature by M. Fauriel. The position was a precarious one, as it was only to be held during M. Fauriel's ill-health, and the salary not quite a hundred pounds a year. The duties were, however, such as Ozanam felt especially qualified to fill, and the offer, coming immediately upon his extraordinary and unlooked for success, seemed like a direct invitation from Providence. The subject, which he was to treat during the coming year, was the literature of Germany in the Middle Ages, and to satisfy what he calls his "literary conscience" he set out for a short tour in Germany. He revels for one day amidst the bewildering beauty of the churches of Cologne, once "the Rome of the Rhine." The weird, grandiose and poetic landscape of the Rhine country surprises and enchants him ; it is unlike anything he has seen elsewhere, in France, in Italy, or in Switzerland ; the fantastic lines of the mountains as they rise and fall, and sally in and out, by the banks of the

<sup>1</sup> The theme given him was "The History of the Greek and Latin Scholiasts."

broad, deep, limpid stream, whose waters do not strike him as "blue," but as a "beautiful sea green," fill Ozanam with enthusiasm. He is quite prepared to accept the marvellous legends that echo through those solemn and airy hills. "Here is the rock of the dragon, where a German maiden, the Christian Andromeda, crucifix in hand, confounded the infernal serpent to which her idolatrous countrymen had exposed her; opposite rises the great stone of Roland; the hero came hither to mourn for his fiancée and die. The Nieblungen, the Carolingian epic, and the cycle of the Holy Grail, are there face to face. Myths still more ancient peopled the hills of Lurlei and the caves of Kedrich with elves and dwarfs. But above myths and popular tradition, arise the grave realities of history."<sup>1</sup> He touches with a light and accurate finger the prominent events that pass before his historical eye,—the Königs Stuhl, where the electors of the Empire held council in days of trouble and alarm; the Castle of Rheinstein, where the freebooting barons, who made the terror of the Rhine, and sat as portraits for so many of its gigantic myths, used to assemble to divide their plunder, and cut each other's throats when they could not agree about their respective share in it; the ruins of the monastery where St. Hildegard wrote her visions; the chapels founded by St. Helen, the bridge of Drusus, "the soil, where, for the first time, the Roman eagle was planted, and where for fifteen years ours too reigned; the battlefield of our exploits of yesterday, and—who knows—perhaps of to-morrow."

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 189.

On his return from this flying expedition he found himself face to face with one of those elections, which leave a man no alternative, but to renounce his ideal, or cleave to it with a fidelity little short of heroic. That passing interview which had moved his gentle envy of the brother who had "such a sweet sister to love him" had been followed up by others, and soon the friendship had ripened into love. He offered himself to M. Soulacroix as a candidate for his daughter's hand and was accepted. Ozanam's pecuniary position was fair enough, seeing that he was not yet seven and twenty, and that his talent was steadily raising him to fame. But all this was compromised now. The recent triumph in Paris, by inviting him to the Sorbonne, left him no choice, if he accepted, but to throw up his position at Lyons and embark on his new life with a precarious salary of £100 a year, and the possibility of losing this any day by the death of M. Fauriel. When he came to consider the matter by the prosaic light of pecuniary considerations, it was not satisfactory to a man about to take charge of a wife. What would the wife herself say to it? Above all, what would her father say? Ozanam, with a stroke of policy worthy of Talleyrand, determined to appeal to his fiancée, shrewdly suspecting that if he won her consent the day was gained. He laid the state of things frankly before her. If they remained at Lyons, he could offer her comfort, security for the future, and the happiness which both of them valued, of remaining amongst their own people, but by doing this he would forfeit what he believed to be the noblest part of his service, that which involved sacrifice and self-renunciation. In going to Paris they would

have to face poverty ; but he would have a wide field for usefulness, and all the conditions of a noble mission. Had she sufficient trust in herself and in him to choose the higher and harder part ? He had not long to wait for a reply. Amelie placed her hand in his and said, " I will trust you." <sup>1</sup> And so they went forth together rich in mutual confidence, in love and faith, yet poor enough in the goods of this world.

The marriage took place on the 23rd of June, in the sunny month of the roses. " Last Wednesday," he informs Lallier <sup>2</sup> a week after the event, " at ten o'clock in the morning, in the church of St. Nizier, your friend was on his knees ; at the altar his eldest brother lifted up his sacerdotal hands, while the younger one made the liturgical responses. At his side you would have seen a young girl dressed in white and veiled, pious as an angel, and already—she gives me leave to say it—tender and affectionate as a friend. Happier than I, she was surrounded by her parents ; all that heaven has left me of a family here below was there ; and my old comrades, my friends of St. Vincent de Paul, with numerous acquaintances, filled the choir and peopled the nave. It was beautiful. The strangers who had strayed in by chance were deeply moved. As to me, I did not know where I was. I could scarcely restrain my tears, big delicious tears, as I felt the divine blessing descending on us with the consecrated words." <sup>3</sup> No wonder he was happy, entering as he did on the married life with such pure aspirations, such a lofty idea of

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 193.

<sup>2</sup> His old friend and fellow-student who had helped him to found the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

<sup>3</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 194.



its duties and privileges. We cannot forbear quoting from one of his books his description of what a Christian marriage should be. "In marriage there is not only a contract, there is, above all, a sacrifice, a two-fold sacrifice. The woman sacrifices that which God has given her, and which is irreparable, that which was the object of her mother's anxious care,—her fresh young beauty, often her health, and that faculty of loving which women have but once. The man in his turn sacrifices the liberty of his youth, those incomparable years which never return, that power of devoting himself to her he loves, which is only to be found at the outset of his life, and that effort of a first love to secure to her a proud and happy lot. This is what a man can do but once, between the age of twenty and thirty,—a little sooner, a little later, perhaps never. This is why I say that Christian marriage is a double sacrifice. It is two cups; one filled with virtue, purity, innocence; the other with an untainted love, self-devotion, the immortal consecration of the man to her who is weaker than himself, who was unknown to him yesterday, and with whom to-day he is content to spend the remainder of his life; and these two cups must both be full to the brim, in order that the union may be holy, and that heaven may bless it." <sup>1</sup>

After spending a month in the Dauphine, the young married couple set out on a tour through Italy. To defray the expenses of the journey they had to spend part of the money set aside to furnish their house. It was a little rash,

<sup>1</sup> *Les Femmes Chrétiennes*, vide *Civilization au 5me siècle*, vol. ii., p. 97.

perhaps, but they were both young, and overflowing with trust in the future and in one another. The ten days which the travellers passed in Rome were the crowning joy of their expedition. Everything was as fresh a wonder to Ozanam as if it had been his, as well as his young bride's, first glimpse of the Eternal City. They go up to the neighbouring hills to watch the sun setting behind the basilica of St. Peter's, and it appears to Ozanam as "the emblem of that institution which we behold ever erect and immovable while we are passing on the waves of time, and on which the last sun of humanity will set."<sup>1</sup>

The new position in which he found himself on his return to Paris was not an easy one. It was nearly half a century since the voice of a Christian teacher, a teacher identified with the Christian faith, had been heard within the Sorbonne, while, on the other hand, its walls had echoed successively to every false and fantastic doctrine of the Voltarian and Rationalistic schools. But now a new era had begun. At the age of twenty-seven Ozanam took his seat amongst the veterans of the proud old University, and electrified young and old by the splendour of his gifts and the burning ardour of his faith. It was a rash experiment on his part. The State controlled the University, and the State looked with an evil eye upon the Church.<sup>2</sup> But he did not stop to calculate risks, and fortune, who sides mostly with the brave, stood by the young champion of the Gospel. He was no sophist, no subtle philosopher striving to palliate

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 199.

<sup>2</sup> It was at this time that Montalembert began his struggle in the House of Peers for free religious education.

hard sayings, or smooth down unpalatable propositions, but a dauntless knight, who rode into the lists with his drawn sword flashing in the sunlight, and, flinging down his gauntlet, dared all comers to pick it up. He dealt in no compromise, he made no concessions to the hostile susceptibilities of his hearers. And this brave truth-speaking had its effect. One day on coming home from the Sorbonne, the following note was handed to him: "It is impossible that anyone could speak with so much fervour and heart without believing what he affirms; if it be any satisfaction, I will even say happiness, to you to know it, enjoy it to the full, and learn that before hearing you I did not believe. What a great number of sermons failed to do for me you have done in an hour; you have made me a Christian." <sup>1</sup>

Such triumphs as this well repaid him for his courageous action. His lectures were excellent, his manner of lecturing full of charm. He dispensed his vast erudition with the simplicity of a boy, and every one of his discourses was a book condensed into a chapter. His pupils were interested and enchanted even before they were convinced. They loved him almost to idolatry. When he appeared amongst them for the first time he said: "I shall never punish you; I mean to treat you as men, to do my best for you, and to trust to your doing the same." <sup>2</sup> They took him at his word. During the eighteen months that he remained their professor, he never had so much as to call one of the boys to order. His course and his literary work were not the only

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 208.

calls upon his time and energy. He responded generously to all appeals on his time when they were made on behalf of Catholic charities, or literary societies. It was no vain flourish of rhetoric, but the sincere promptings of his heart, that dictated the following words, addressed one evening to an assembly of young men at the Cercle Catholique: "Every day our friends, our brothers, are killed as soldiers or missionaries on the soil of Africa, or before the palaces of the mandarins. What are we doing meanwhile? Seriously, do you imagine that God has appointed for some to die in the service of civilization and the Church, while others walk about with their hands in their pockets or lie down on roses? Oh! gentlemen, you, toilers of science, and you, Christian men of letters, let us prove one and all that we are not cowardly enough to believe in a division which would be an accusation against God who would have made it, and an ignominy on us who would accept it. Let us be ready to prove that we too have our battlefields, and that, if need be, we can die on them."<sup>1</sup> He did prove it when the time came.

The Cercle Catholique where he spoke these eloquent words was founded in the year 1843; its object was to create a centre for the Catholic students, whose work led them to reside in Paris. A library was formed, lectures, literary and scientific, given, discussions held. Ozanam presided over the literary conference and spoke himself. Here also came Père Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Père de Ravignan to instruct and counsel the coming Catholics of France. Above all the philosophy of history interested these

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 218.



young minds and especially that of the Middle Ages. Ozanam was of great assistance to them in their studies. Often a young man who had spent a week at the Royal Library wading through venerable folios for information on some obscure point, or about some comparatively unknown painter or sculptor, was astonished to hear the President to whom he applied for an opinion, sum up, in a few rapid sentences, ten times the information he had obtained in his week's digging. At about this time a fresh ally entered the ranks of the Catholic party. He was no other than M. Lenormant, the Assistant Professor of History at the Sorbonne. For three years he had been undergoing a fierce inward struggle, between scepticism and Catholicity. At last a day came when the battle was over, and victory declared itself on the side of faith. M. Lenormant at once followed up his conversion to Christianity by publicly vindicating and exalting what he had formerly denounced, and denouncing what he had exalted. This conduct, as was to be expected, provoked general hostility amongst the anti-Christian majority of the students, and his lectures became the scene of hostile and riotous demonstrations. This was towards the close of the University session. When the lectures re-opened the hostility had gathered new force and direction fanned by older and cooler heads who hated Christianity and this revival of Catholicism. Ozanam had attended the lectures of his colleague whenever possible and was present at the re-opening. M. Lenormant's appearance was the signal for hisses, yells and other unseemly manifestations of dislike. He began to speak, but his voice was drowned in hootings and blasphemous cries.

Ozanam, unable to contain his indignation, leaped up beside the lecturer and stood for a moment surveying the tumult with proud defiance. This courageous action drew forth a salvo of applause ; but Ozanam, with a scornful gesture commanded silence, and proceeded to tell the assembly what he thought of their behaviour, and what value he set on their plaudits. He spoke with a fiery vehemence that startled all into attention ; he adjured them in the name of liberty, which they so loudly invoked, to respect liberty in others, and to allow every man freedom of his conscience. The effect of his words was magical ; the tumult ceased and M. Lenormant continued, or rather began his lecture and finished it without interruption. The next day, however, the course was closed by order of the Government ; authority thus yielding to violence, where by a little firmness it might so easily have taken the upper hand, and constituted itself the guardian of social peace and the bulwark of social principles. This cowardly and cruel precedent did not daunt Ozanam or induce him to abate one jot of his independence ; he continued his lectures without lessening in the slightest degree the out and out Christian tone of his teaching, and even his bitterest opponents could scarcely help respecting him for it.

The service of the poor occupies such a prominent position in Ozanam's life that it becomes of interest and value to know how he performed it. It was essentially a service of love. His manner towards the poor was as considerate and deferential as towards his equals. He invariably took off his hat on entering their abodes, he never preached to them, and after giving whatever he

had to give he would sit and chat on any subject likely to cheer or interest them. When they came to see him they were not kept in the hall, but were shown into his study, where he would draw forward a comfortable chair, and behave in every way as towards visitors he was glad to honour. At Christmas he always took them some little present, a book, a picture, or some little trifle he knew they fancied. His biographer relates <sup>1</sup> how on one New Year's day he could not help thinking of a poor family who were in reduced circumstances, and had had to pledge some of their furniture, and that when he saw his little girl surrounded with presents he would not rest happy till he had redeemed the furniture and returned it to its owners. On returning from Holy Communion he would frequently visit the baker's shop on his way and purchase bread to distribute among the poor. He had great order in his almsgiving. The budget of his charities was regulated beforehand every year as strictly as any of his personal expenses; and rose in proportion to the increase of his income; he advised all his friends to adopt his plan and thus save themselves the annoyance of never knowing exactly how they stood with regard to this duty, and from saying sometimes "I cannot afford it," without being sure whether they really could or not. Ozanam was thoroughly happy, engrossed with his literary work, and fairly secure for the future, when an event occurred which suddenly plunged him into a precarious and uncertain position. This was the death of M. Fauriel for whom he had been acting as substitute in the Sorbonne. He was now without

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 237.

any official position or claim on the University save that to which the merit of his work entitled him. "What they are going to do with me, God alone knows,"<sup>1</sup> he writes to a friend and asks him to remember him in his prayers. His friends indeed were not wanting to him both in active and spiritual help. It was not, however, till after several months of delay and uncertainty that he was appointed to the vacant chair and nominated Professor of the Sorbonne for life, with the increased salary belonging to the position. His joy knew no bounds. "I was so happy,"<sup>2</sup> he writes, "to see this dear life,<sup>3</sup> superadded to my own, henceforth sheltered as far as it humanly can be, from those cares and necessities which wear out the noblest hearts; to see an honourable position, and one worthy of her, secured to her, and at the same time to feel myself in a position of independence which will permit me to do my duty without incurring mortifying suspicions and threatening interpretations! Then the congratulations of our friends followed quickly on these first emotions, and added to their sweetness, till we can scarcely tell what has given us most pleasure, our own success, or the pleasure it has given so many kind, excellent, and devoted persons. I knew well already, God having taught it me by experience, that we need our friends in sorrow, but I had yet to learn how much we want them in happiness."

But his cup of happiness was not yet full, a joy was yet in store for him that put the crown on all those that went before. In the August

<sup>1</sup> Letter to M. Foisset, July 29th, 1844.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to M. Ampère, 23rd November, 1844.

<sup>3</sup> His wife.



of 1845, he became a father, a little daughter was born to him. "We have called her Marie," he writes, "which is her mother's name, as well as that of the powerful protectress to whose intercession we attribute this happy birth. The mother is now nearly well again, and is able to nurse her child. Thus we shall not lose the first smiles of our little angel. We shall begin her education early, and at the same time, she will begin ours; for I perceive that Heaven has sent her to us to teach us a great deal, and to make us better. I cannot look upon that sweet little face, so full of innocence and purity, without seeing there, less obliterated than in us, the sacred impress of the Creator. I cannot think of this imperishable soul, of which I shall have to render an account, without feeling myself more penetrated with my duties. How could I dare teach her lessons that I did not practice? Could God have found a kinder way of instructing me, of correcting me, and setting my feet on the road to Heaven."<sup>1</sup> The holidays brought rest to Ozanam only in the shape of a change of work. This year they were employed in finishing what he calls his "interminable volume." In the garden of a quiet country house near Vincennes, his wife plucked up her strength rapidly, and working at his books under the trees he watched his child, as he tells us "opening out like a little flower." On his return to Paris he continued to work as if he had a second life in reserve to supplant the one he drew upon so pitilessly. His health was giving way, but he did not, or would not see it. Often after his arduous work he would rush off to give an

<sup>1</sup> Letter to M. Foisset, 7th August, 1845.

evening lecture to an assembly of working men, putting forth on their behalf all his talents, as earnestly as if he were addressing the most learned audience.

“My friends,” he said to them on one occasion, “we have each of us our trade in this life ; my trade is to wade through old books ; well, I can assure you that under the dust of these old folios I come upon lessons which the past has bequeathed to us under the most fascinating form. Let me tell you one of these old stories that charmed away the long evenings for our forefathers.”<sup>1</sup> And with a grace and eloquence which the Sorbonne might have envied, he went on to relate to them one of those beautiful legends that Ireland would seem to have stolen from the East, and transfigured with her Christian touch. On another occasion he alluded in the following beautiful language to the beneficent power of labour. “Where shall we find a grander image of labour than those broad trees that seem born to do nothing, like the sons of the ancient kings ? They must, nevertheless, come down from their heights and go and serve the peasant, who will make them uphold the roof of his cabin, or the navigator, who will use them as ribs for his ships. What is freer than the torrent ? and yet labour has come and seized it in its bed, and imprisoned it, and bound it like a slave to the mill. Say not that these manufactories are a blot upon the wild beauty of the desert ; the ring of the hammer and the smoke of the forge proclaim to you that creation obeys man, and man God.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 256.

<sup>2</sup> *Etudes Germaniques*, vol. ii., p. 649.

The examinations for the Baccalaureat<sup>1</sup> came round, and brought their usual increase of work to the Professor, who describes himself in the sultry August heat "sitting for eight or ten hours a day at that blessed green table," and trying to write a hurried line to a friend between Greek and mathematics, "surrounded by yawning colleagues and trembling candidates," and pining inexpressibly for a breath of fresh country air. This stress of work could have but one result. Before the end of the examination he fell ill of a malignant fever, and it was only after a long struggle that he rallied to his normal state. The doctors declared that his only chance was to take a year's complete rest. Even if pecuniary difficulties had not intervened this was a difficult prescription for Ozanam. How was that ardent mind with its sleepless activity to be kept idle for a whole year? There was but one way of doing it; this was to spend the interval in travelling. The Minister of Public Instruction hearing of the circumstances, hastened to facilitate things, by sending him on a literary mission to Italy. He did not foresee that Ozanam's extreme conscientiousness would turn this period of relaxation into a change of fatigue. Starting in November, 1846, Ozanam and his wife made a tour in the South of France, and then went by slow stages through Genoa and Florence to Rome, where they were to pass the winter. Under this delightful regime his health rapidly revived, although he did not spare it in the service of his mission. Every journey he produced a book, sometimes two. The result

<sup>1</sup> Corresponds somewhat to our examination for the Bachelor of Arts degree.

of the present one was his volumes entitled *Unpublished documents to serve for the Literary History of Italy from the Eighth to the Thirteenth Century*, and that most charming of all his books, *The Franciscan Poets*. The first he considered his work, the latter was his recreation. But the work had presently to be given up. The fatigue of copying out Latin and Italian MSS. in the libraries and museums all the morning, then classifying and arranging them in the afternoon, began to tell upon his health still far from being restored, and he was compelled to give up altogether by the time he reached Rome.

The first fête that he assisted at was a Low Mass celebrated by the Pope at the church of St. Appollinarus where he and his wife received Holy Communion from Pius IX. He thus describes this beautiful experience: "The sacred procession drew near to us. I beheld that admirable countenance of Pius IX. all illuminated by the torches, aglow with the sanctity of the act, the moment,—nobler, gentler, than ever. I kissed the ring, the ring of the fisherman, which for eighteen centuries has sealed so many immortal deeds. Then I tried to see no more, to forget everything, in order to remember only Him Who is our Master, and before Whom Pontiffs are but dust."<sup>1</sup> At Easter he was present at High Mass in St. Peter's, and afterwards saw the Pope bless the people from the balcony. He describes their attitude as "the grandest act of faith I ever witnessed in my life."<sup>2</sup> Shortly afterwards he was received in private audience by the Holy Father, and was much impressed

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 264.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to M. Prosper Degas, Easter Sunday, 1847.



by his noble simplicity. Immediately after Easter, Ozanam started off alone to Monte Cassino<sup>1</sup> to make some researches in the fine library of the monks. The hurried expedition, the strain of the long day spent deciphering and copying from old parchments, together with the intense cold of the monastery, brought on a return of the feverish attack he had suffered from at Florence. Happily it only lasted a short time, and on his return to Rome he was able to again see the Pope before he left that city. One last delight was in reserve for the travellers. On the 21st of April, Rome celebrated with banquets and rejoicing the 2,600th year of her foundation. Next day a circular letter was published in which the Pope decreed the establishment of a consultative assembly to aid him in the government of the Papal States.<sup>2</sup> The rejoicing was universal, and when night came a great torchlight procession, carrying aloft the edict printed on white linen, wended its way through the city towards the Papal Palace. Ozanam and his wife were delighted spectators of this unique demonstration. "Presently," he writes, "we beheld the torch bearers approaching; the closely packed crowd opened to make way for them, and allowed them to form themselves into a square in front of the Papal palace. In the centre of the square was the edict hoisted like a banner, and the music. A few pieces were played, and then there was a great shout; lights were seen passing behind the windows of the Palace, they advanced

<sup>1</sup> The great Benedictine monastery near Rome.

<sup>2</sup> At this time Victor Emmanuel had not yet laid his robber hands on the Pope's possessions.

slowly to the window of the balcony which opened, and the Sovereign Pontiff came forward accompanied by two prelates and a few servants with torches. He appeared much moved by the gratitude that was being shown to him, and bowed to the right and left with his habitual grace. The liveliest acclamations answered him on every side, women waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats ; there was clapping of hands, and never ending cries of *Viva Pio Nono*. It was not the watchword of a hackneyed official ovation ; they knew well that they must ask that he may live, and that the highest interests of Italy and the world are bound up in his life. But what touched one most of all was this. The Pope made a sign and suddenly you heard the word *zitto*.<sup>1</sup> On every side and in less than a minute, the most profound silence had fallen on the excited multitude. You could hear distinctly the voice of the Pontiff raised to bless his people, and when he stretched forth his hand, and, making the sign of the cross, pronounced the solemn words, one mighty 'Amen' responded from end to end of the vast piazza. There is no grander spectacle on earth than that of a whole city thus praying with its Pontiff in the deep night-time, under the starlight of a heavenly sky. And what shows that the spectators all felt it to be a religious rite, the moment the Pope withdrew from the balcony, the torches were extinguished and the scene was only lighted by the stray rays of blue light from the terraces of the neighbouring palaces."<sup>2</sup> When the procession had passed, and the people

<sup>1</sup> "Hush."

<sup>2</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, pp. 274, 275.

had melted away, Ozanam lingered on in deep and happy meditation at the foot of the obelisk in the centre of the piazza. The sight he had just witnessed was a fulfilment of all his hopes. Here indeed was a revolution, but a revolution consummated, not with barricades and gunpowder, but with flowers and torchlight processions. Liberty and peace marched hand in hand. He lived afterwards to see the failure of the Pontiff's noble and generous efforts, but he never lost faith in their essential rightness and ultimate success. The result shocked and pained him but did not throw him into despair. Even in those sanguine days of the young pontificate, he was prepared for evil times following. He said at a public meeting on his return from Rome, "I believe firmly the future has serious troubles in store for Pius IX., I believe it is for his greater glory. God does not raise up such men for ordinary difficulties. If this great Pontiff had only to cope with the over-enthusiasm, the eagerness of his people—a thing that so few princes have to complain of—his mission would be an easy one; it would fill too small a place in history, his bark would glide over tranquil waters. But let us not fear, like the disciple of little faith: Christ is in the boat, and He is not sleeping; never has He been more watchful than in these present days."<sup>1</sup> Immediately after Holy Week, Ozanam and his wife left Rome, and began a little tour through Italy homewards. They visited several shrines and sanctuaries but none delighted them so much as that of Assisi, all fragrant as it is with the memory of St. Clare and St. Francis. They returned home

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 280.

early in July, passing through Venice, Switzerland and Belgium. Ozanam's health was to all appearances restored, and he looked forward with impatience to the re-commencement of his lectures. In the autumn he again took up this congenial work. Soon after his return from Italy he made a speech at the Cercle Catholique, in which he described his experiences in the Eternal City, the attitude of the Pope, the effect so far of his liberal policy on the Roman population, and the hopes and fears it embodied for Rome and for all the world. The speech which was an enthusiastic eulogy of the pacific revolution which the Papal policy was effecting, ended with the words *Passons aux Barbares ! Suivons Pie IX.*<sup>1</sup>

The press caught up the expression with a hue and cry against Ozanam, and a hot controversy ensued between his party and the newspapers. He took no part in it, but contented himself with explaining privately to a few friends the real meaning of the contested sentence, which was, that he considered Pius IX. was now accomplishing that for which the liberal party all over the world had been working and waiting for nearly a quarter of a century, and that it behoved Catholics to join in the movement, and follow the Pope, passing over with him to the barbarians, that is to say, "leaving the narrow camp of monarchs and statesmen, and going forward to the people, in order to draw them into the Church."

Shortly after this incident his own country was in the throes of a political upheaval. In France revolutions are like death, no matter how

<sup>1</sup> " Let us pass to the barbarians, let us follow Pius IX."



long they are watched for, when they come they are sudden and unexpected. Such was this revolution of 1848. Amidst the uproar and universal confusion which followed, Ozanam did not lose faith in his cherished theories or in his work. He quietly put on the uniform of a National Guard and took his turn of duty at the post of peril with all good citizens. His name was proposed on several lists as candidate for the forthcoming elections, but he declined the honour. He was, he told his friends, no politician. This was true in the ordinary meaning given to the word, but nevertheless he was a true politician, inasmuch that he judged politics like a Christian philosopher, who held a solid grasp of the great moral principles on which governments and politics should be conducted. He saw clearly that at the root of all revolutions lay the social question, not the political. His policy was to avert such outbreaks by charity, by the extension of Catholic ideas, by the drawing together of the classes, by breaking down the barriers that separated them, and which by separation breed mutual mistrust, ignorance, envy, and resentment. This was what he had in view from the beginning of the foundation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. "It is a social question," he writes, "do away with misery, Christianise the people, and you will make an end of revolutions." And here indeed his philosophy was greater than that of many statesmen. But if he could not see his way to enter the political arena he nevertheless did effective work as a journalist for the Catholic cause. He started, with the co-operation of Père Lacordaire, a newspaper called the *Ère Nouvelle*, a democratic Catholic organ whose

mission it was to reconcile Catholics with the Republic. The eloquent Dominican had just been returned as a deputy, and accepted the Republic as a plank in the shipwreck of constitutional monarchy.<sup>1</sup> In the columns of the new paper Ozanam found a platform from which he could address his countrymen on the social problems which beset them. He was not afraid to write the truth. He pointed out to priests, and to laymen, to rich and poor, their duties to their fellow-citizens, and their God. He it was who asked Monseigneur Affre to act as mediator between the insurgents and the Government, and though the good Archbishop was shot by accident at the barricades whilst discharging his mission of peace, his death ended the revolutionary struggles.<sup>2</sup> In spite of his duties as a professor and a journalist, Ozanam never let a day pass without going to visit the poor, whom the want of work had reduced to misery and starvation. "It is not enough to save France once or several times ;" he writes in his paper, "a great country wants to be saved every day. You go and come from one end of the city to the other now in peace and security, but the danger which you flatter yourselves has disappeared from the streets is hid away in the garrets of the houses on either side. You have crushed the insurrection ; you have now to deal with an enemy with which you are not acquainted, which you dislike hearing spoken of, and about which we are determined to speak to you to-day—misery ! Two months have now elapsed since

<sup>1</sup> Ozanam on the contrary hailed the Republic as the probable and only possible salvation of the country.

<sup>2</sup> His dying words were, "May my blood be the last shed." God granted his prayer.

trade has been in the enjoyment of that peace which was to restore it to life, and yet in Paris alone the number of individuals out of work amounts to two hundred and sixty-seven thousand.”<sup>1</sup> The *Ère Nouvelle* was, however, short-lived. There is something almost pathetic in the story of the enterprise, born, as it was, of an impulse of hope and patriotism, in an hour of national shipwreck, and killed, not by the Revolution or the Government, but by the apathy and discord of the very party whom its mission was to serve and to enlighten. The *Ère Nouvelle* gave a voice to the party of hope, and held out a beacon to those Catholics who, instead of despairing amidst the perils that surrounded them, endeavoured to secure the triumph of the Church in the triumph of democracy. But it was misunderstood by some, and attacked by the other journals of the party, until at last, seeing that its mission had become impossible, and that it could exist only by fighting, not for or with, but against its own, it withdrew from the lists, leaving behind it, in a few intelligent and grateful minds, the memory of a brave career and the echo of a voice that had faithfully spoken the truth irrespective of parties. In the Autumn of 1850, Ozanam made a tour in Brittany with his wife and child. His health was again a source of serious alarm, and he was forbidden to touch a pen during the holidays. But no prohibition could reduce him to complete idleness. When his brother reprimands him for writing long letters he writes in reply, “I cannot see a beautiful landscape without longing to pass on my enjoyment to

<sup>1</sup> *Extraits de l'Ère Nouvelle*, p. 265.

those I love." And again he urges as his excuse, "I feel a pang when I lie down at night and think that I have done nothing all day; a scrap of a letter looks like something, and keeps up the delusion that I am still capable of stringing a few words together."<sup>1</sup>

The faith and piety, the quaint customs, the simple lives of the Breton peasants delighted him beyond measure. He was received with patriarchal hospitality in the old manors, and witnessed as he tells us, "domestic virtue and traditions of honour, too rare in France, nowadays, unfortunately." This year was a peaceful and happy one to Ozanam, although his health was still a source of suffering and anxiety, and rendered his professional duties oftentimes a burden beyond his strength. He had taken a country-house at Sceaux near Paris, and here he sought rest for his worn-out frame. Sometimes his friend Ampère<sup>2</sup> would spend a few days with him, and in the little garden the two friends worked and read to each other. In the summer of 1851, Ampère persuaded him to visit London where the famous exhibition of the Crystal Palace had just opened. The great city astounded and overpowered him. His poetic mind which had been inspired by the legends of St. Francis, and the wild beauties of the Umbrian hills found little to awaken his enthusiasm in the wealth and prosperity of this modern Babylon. He describes it as "the most imposing city in the world, when, through the mist which envelopes and magnifies it, you first catch sight of the semicircle on the banks of the Thames, with

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 345.

<sup>2</sup> The son of the great mathematician, and his lifelong friend.



its forest of steeples, columns, porticoes, and, towering above them all, the dome of St. Paul's. But when you come nearer and examine these monuments all black and disproportionate, you find they are nothing but a failure, the failure of riches to procure what gold cannot buy, to transplant to an ungrateful soil the inspirations of Italy and France." The pauperism and misery existing side by side with wealth and magnificence shocked his sensitive soul. "But why then," he asks, "do they insult so derisively the mendicity of Catholic countries? Never in the streets of Rome did I see anything approaching to those women in rags who hold out their hands to you along the Strand; to those little girls that we saw in frocks tattered up to their waists, with their naked feet in the cold black mud."<sup>1</sup> The homes of the poor had a stronger attraction for Ozanam than any other sight in London, and he constantly visited them in company with the English Brothers of his own Society. "Better than I," says M. Ampère, "he would leave me, return alone to the Crystal Palace, that he might have more time to visit the cellars and garrets inhabited by the poor of Catholic Ireland; he would come away from them with his heart full, and always I expect a little poorer than he went." To Westminster Abbey he was naturally drawn, though he said of it truly, that Protestantism "having banished God out of His house, and being unable to fill it with a living people, has imagined the expedient of cumbering it with the dead." Before the tomb of St. Edward he knelt in silent prayer, "for that people that no longer knows

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 361.

its saints," to the great amazement of the lookers on, who took him for an idolater, if not a madman. The journey to England, did not, on the whole, produce any decided improvement in the traveller's health. It rested and amused him, but he returned to his little country home at Sceaux no better, radically, than when he had left it. The belief that his health was vitally impaired was now close upon him, but he met it with courage and resignation ; his only regret, so far as he considered himself personally, was that he had achieved so little, and was likely to be called away when the labours of his life might have been rendered useful in some worthier and more permanent form. Before the advent of the month of April, 1852, he was once more dangerously ill. He had given his lectures through the winter without interruption, and with the usual success, but towards Easter his strength broke down. He was seized with a pleurisy which placed his life in immediate danger. The enforced inactivity of illness was a grievous trial to him. He had continued his lectures at the Sorbonne long after he should have ceased in sheer mercy to himself ; but to the medical men and friends who entreated him to give it up, he would reply : *Il faut faire ma journée*.<sup>1</sup> But the day was spent now and the faithful labourer was soon to receive his reward. He was slowly recovering from this fresh attack when one day he heard that the public were accusing him of self-indulgence and neglect of duty in being so long absent from his course of lectures when he was paid by the state for giving it. The news stung him to the quick. "I will

<sup>1</sup> "I must do my day's work."

show them it is not true. I will do honour to my profession," he cried. Despite the tears of his wife and the entreaties of his medical attendants, he had himself dressed and drove straight to the Sorbonne, where he found the crowd still collected outside his class-room. When the professor, leaning on the arm of a friend, pale, worn, more like a spectre than a living man, advanced through their midst those who had criticised him were smitten with horror and remorse; as he ascended the chair that had witnessed so many of his triumphs, and that he was never to ascend again, their applause broke forth; rising and falling like waves around him. He stood for some minutes gazing in silence on the thoughtless crowd, his blue eyes shining with the terrible light of fever, his long hair hanging, his whole appearance that of a man who was nearer to death than to life. When at last the tumult subsided, he spoke. His voice rang out as clear as silver, more piercing from its very weakness, like a spirit imprisoned in a body too frail to bear the shock of its inspiration. "Gentlemen," he said, "our age is accused of being an age of egotism; we Professors, it is said, are tainted with the general epidemic; and yet it is here that we use up our health; it is here that we wear ourselves out. I do not complain of it; our life belongs to you; we owe it to you to our last breath, and you shall have it. For my part if I die it will be in your service."<sup>1</sup> He spoke truly; this last effort helped to kill him. He gave the lecture, speaking with an eloquence and power that startled those who had heard him in his palmiest days. The enthusiasm of

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, pp. 374, 375.

the audience rose at last to a frenzy. As he left the room friends gathered round him in delighted congratulation, and one pressing his hand, exclaimed : " You were wonderful to-day." " Yes," replied Ozanam with a smile, " but now the question is, how to get some sleep to-night." And he got none. The next day his brother, who was a doctor, discovered, to his horror, that there were signs of approaching dissolution in his blood. " He may be dead in ten days," he said in a whisper to his eldest brother. As soon as it was possible for him to be moved he was taken to Eaux Bonnes, in hopes that the waters might arrest, at least for a time, the fatal progress of the disease. But the hope was vain. He rallied somewhat it is true and for a time all went well. In September he proceeded to Biarritz for the sea-bathing. The ocean with all its splendours of colour and sound appealed to him at once. " We have stood here by the seashore," he writes, " and we are never wearied of the grand spectacle it displays to us daily. We all know that the ocean is full of grandeur and majesty, but it is only when we come near to it that we learn how full of grace it is. We have just come back, my wife and I, from witnessing a sunset. The great star was about to disappear behind the hills of Spain, whose bold outlines we can see from hence standing out against a perfectly beautiful sky. The mountains dipped their feet into a luminous golden mist that floats above the sea ; the rays followed one another in changing colours, now green, now azure, sometimes tinted with pink and lilac, then they faded away upon the sandy beach, or else broke against the rocks that are white with foam. The wave, travelling



in from afar, rose against the cliffs and danced over them in sheafs of spray with all the fantastic grace of those artificial waters that play in the gardens of kings. But, here in the domain of God, the play is eternal. Every day it recommences and every day it varies according to the power of the wind, and the fullness of the tide.”

From Biarritz they made a short excursion into Spain. Ozanam had a great desire to visit the tomb of St. James of Compostella, but the cold was so severe that he had to renounce his plan, and, after sojourning a few days at Burgos, retraced his steps to Bayonne. A souvenir of this rapid journey remains to us in that lovely piece of picturesque writing entitled, *A Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid*, in which he described his experiences. On his way back from Spain he paid a visit to the native village of St. Vincent de Paul, who had been the guiding star of his life. He felt much better, and was astonished when an old priest to whom he went to confession, and who knew nothing about him, began at once to exhort him to patience and courage in suffering. A few days after his return the warning began to prove itself prophetic. The intense fatigue came on again, and with it other symptoms, the certain forerunners of the end. His medical advisers despatched him to Italy, where they hoped the warmer climate would revive him for a time. His letters home are one long exultation in the beauty of God’s beautiful world, and the magic of the Italian atmosphere. The glorious traditions of its cities appeal to him just as strongly as when a young man he had travelled this same road with his bride, though now the shadow of death is upon him. At Pisa the unrelenting rain which had spoiled their Spanish

tour came on again, and he spent his days in the great library, happy amidst its sixty thousand volumes. But his heart turns yearningly to his *Alma Mater*. "Ah my poor Sorbonne!" he exclaims with a sigh, "how often do my thoughts go back to the blackened walls, the bleak courtyard, the studious begrimed halls which I have so often seen filled with the generous youth of Paris! Dear friend, next to the infinite consolations which a Catholic finds at the foot of the altar, next to the joys of family life, I know no greater happiness than that of addressing young men who have heart and intelligence." The very thought of being able once more to ascend his chair, and lay his hand on the vibrating crowd around it, stirs him with an inexpressible thrill of delight. He dares not dwell on the hope, but turns aside with a "Fiat! it will be well however it ends for it will be as God wills. *Volo quomodo vis, volo quamdiu vis.*"<sup>1</sup>

The thing which consoled him above all others was the fervent activity of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences which he found established in the various places he passed through. "Tears of joy," he writes, "start to my eyes when at these great distances I meet our little family, always little by the obscurity of its works, but great through the blessing of God upon it. The tongues are different, but it is always the same friendly clasp of the hand, the same brotherly cordiality, and we can recognize each other by the same sign as the early Christians: 'See how they love one another!'"

He settled down for the summer at San Jacopo, a little village on the sea near Leghorn. He had lost almost all hope of his ultimate recovery

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 434.

but his cheerfulness, his unselfish thought for those around him, enabled him to disguise his own hopelessness, in order not to destroy the faint hopes of others. Prayer and meditation on divine things were the fountains from which he drew his serenity and courage. He had loved the Scriptures above every other book all his life; and he generally read the Bible in Greek from an old edition of which he was fond. Now that the end was approaching he remained faithful to the lifelong habit. Every morning when he awoke he would read the Bible for half an hour, and then note down the texts that had struck him that he might meditate on them during the day. He derived such extraordinary comfort and sustenance from this practice that it occurred to him that he might in his helplessness render a last service to other invalids by pointing out to them the passages that had soothed and nourished his own soul in the course of his illness. It was characteristic of the man, the spirit of work and duty predominating till the last. His wife gladly acquiesced in the suggestion, and every morning wrote down some pages from his dictation. These were afterwards published under the title of *Le Livre des Malades*. On the 23rd of April, his birthday and the anniversary of his marriage, he wrote in his own hand, "If Thou shouldst chain me to this sick bed for the days that I have yet to live, they would be too short to thank Thee for the days that I have lived. Ah! if these pages be the last I ever write, may they be a hymn to Thy goodness."<sup>1</sup> Such were the outpourings in which Ozanam's soul sought

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O'Meara, p. 448.

comfort amidst the cruel distress of bodily sufferings. The warmth of the soft Italian summer by the seaside brought a preceptible improvement to his health; he was once more induced to believe himself really better. "I take long walks," he tells M. Ampère, at the end of June; "I pass my morning on the rocks, watching the sea, until I have learned the play of the waves by heart. I am gaining strength very slowly; but if July and August, who pass for being great physicians, treat me well, I shall be cured this autumn." At the end of June they went on to Antignano, also near the sea. Up to the end of July he was able to walk out a little in the evening, and to go to Mass every morning. The church was quite near the little villa where they lived. He had just completed writing an account of his pilgrimage to Spain, but only after a great effort. From the beginning of August he was not able to go beyond the terrace of his house; on the eve of the 15th, however, he declared he would go to the church and hear Mass the next day. He would not drive. "If it is to be my last walk on earth," he said, "let it be to the house of God on the Feast of the Assumption;" and so, leaning on her whom he so truly called his guardian angel, he set out on foot. The old curé was dying also; but when he heard that Ozanam had come to the church, and wished to receive Communion before Mass, he said to those about him, "Get me up; I must give it to him; no one else shall have that privilege." They dressed him and he was assisted down stairs. The church was garlanded with flowers, and brilliantly lighted up in honour of Our Lady's Assumption; chance seemed to have invested



the scene with the grace and glory of a bridal pageant ; but there were tears instead of smiles amongst the spectators when the husband, supported by his young wife, advanced to the altar and knelt down by her side, they two alone, as they had been twelve years before on that other bridal day of which this was the crown and the completion. The dying priest, assisted likewise in his weakness, came forth and administered Holy Communion to them, and then was led away. It was the last time he exercised his priestly office on earth ; he never left his room again, neither was Ozanam ever again present at the Holy Sacrifice. From this forward he grew rapidly worse. He lived almost out of doors stretched on his sofa, which had been wheeled out on to the terrace, and there he would be silent for hours with the Bible open by his side. On the last day of August they left Antignano to return to France. When all was ready for departure his wife and brother assisted him to the terrace, and he stood for a moment gazing at the waves breaking upon the beach ; then baring his head in the sunlight, he lifted up his hands and said aloud :

“ O my God, I thank Thee for the afflictions and the sufferings Thou has sent me in this place ; accept them in expiation of my sins.” Then turning to his wife he said : “ I should like you, too, to give thanks with me for my sufferings.” They prayed in silence for a moment, and then, clasping her in his arms, he cried out, “ And O my Lord ! I bless Thee for the consolations Thou has granted me.” He bore the voyage home without much apparent fatigue, and as the shores of Provence came in sight he burst out into subdued thanksgiving at being permitted to see

France again. His arrival at Marseilles was quickly known, and the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul hastened to his door with every testimony of sorrow and respect. He was too ill to see any of them. With the utmost serenity, without fear or apprehension, he waited for the end. He himself asked for the Last Sacraments, and received them with great fervour and the liveliest consciousness. When the ceremony was over, his brother, remembering how keenly he had feared the Divine judgments, urged him gently to have confidence in the great mercy of God; but Ozanam, as if he understood not the allusion, answered with a look of sweet surprise, "Why shall I fear Him? I love Him so much." On the evening of the 8th of September, the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the summons came. His wife was beside him, and his brothers, and a few near relatives. In the adjoining room, his other Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul knelt in silence, joining in the prayers that were speeding their founder into the presence of his judge. He had fallen into a gentle slumber, waking up at intervals to murmur a blessing, a word of love, an invocation. Suddenly opening his eyes in a wide startled gaze, he lifted up his hands and cried out in a loud voice, "My God! my God! have mercy on me!"

They were his last words. Frederic Ozanam had passed into the light of his Redeemer's presence.

A few months before his death he said one day to his wife, "If anything consoles me for leaving this world, without having accomplished what I wished to do, it is that I have never worked for the praise of men, but always for the service of truth." Like other great souls Ozanam

thought he had lived to no purpose ; that his life had been a failure, because he left his work unfinished. It is always so with such as he. They trace the furrow and scatter the seed, and they pass on, leaving others to come and reap the fruit. Truth and charity, these were the keynotes of his life. The taunts of the infidels, the fear of dismissal, could not prevent his speaking out from his professorial chair the faith that was in him ; the squalid horrors of the foetid garret and dingy staircase, the dangers of disease and contagion, could not prevent him from discharging his duty to the poor. He was a real soldier of Christ ! In the Society of St. Vincent de Paul he gave to the Catholics of to-day an answer to the taunts of the infidel and agnostic, and brought clearly before the world the difference between mere philanthropy and Christian charity. He had thus happily defined that difference in one of his letters : " Philanthropy is a vain woman who likes to deck herself out in her good works, and admire herself in the glass ; whereas charity is a mother whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her beauty in her love." He foresaw, perhaps more clearly than any man of his time the terrible breach which was rapidly widening between the different classes of society, and which has in our day borne the bitter fruit of Socialism and Anarchy. He saw that there was but one remedy, a return to the simple teachings and traditions of Christianity. In 1836, he wrote to his friend Lallier : " The question which agitates the world to-day, is not a question of political forms but a social question ; if it be a struggle of those who have nothing with those who have too much, if it be the violent

shock of opulence and poverty which is making the ground tremble under our feet, our duty, as Christians, is to throw ourselves between these irreconcilable enemies, and to induce one side to give in order to fulfil the law, and the other to receive, as a benefit ; to make one side cease to exact, and the other to refuse ; to render equality as general as it is possible amongst men, to make charity accomplish what justice and law alone can never do." This was his political creed. He believed the nations to be sick because their faith had almost given way under the spiritual, moral, and physical conditions of their life. But he profoundly believed also in the healing power of God through the Church, and the ever renewing health of the generations of man. "Christianise the masses." This was his watchword. But it was not alone in the domain of charity that he did good and noble work. His historical writings are of great and lasting value, especially from a Catholic point of view. In them he traced the literary history of the Middle Ages, from the fifth century to the close of the thirteenth, up to Dante, whose life and work he considered the culmination of that epoch, its epitome and its glory. In the course of this noble scheme, he traced the growth and ennobling influence of Christianity, and showed how it had led the world from darkness into light. "Our ancestors were right," he writes, "to carry the Bible in triumph and cover it with gold. The first of ancient books is likewise the first of modern ones ; it is, so to speak, the author of these very books, for it is from its pages that were to come forth the languages, the eloquence, the poetry, and the civilization of modern times." He brings out the mission of



the Irish race in striking relief. "The monastic people of the barbarous ages, the missionary people destined to carry the light of faith and science into the gathering darkness of the West, are a people whose sufferings are better known to us than their services, and whose marvellous vocation we have not sufficiently studied—the Irish. This virgin island, on whose soil no proconsul had ever set his foot, which had known neither the exactions of Rome, nor its orgies, was also the only spot in the whole world of which the Gospel took possession without resistance and without bloodshed. The first fervours of faith which in other lands drove the Christians to martyrdom, drew the neophyte of Ireland into monasteries, and St. Patrick rejoiced to see the sons and daughters of the chiefs of the clans ranging themselves under the rule of the cloister, in such numbers that he could no longer count them."<sup>1</sup> It may be truly said of his historical works that it is difficult to decide which most commands our admiration, the eloquence of the writer, or the erudition of the historian.

And yet this great writer, this accurate historian, built his faith in his religion on a very simple foundation. He had passed through moments of spiritual anxiety and doubt in his younger days. He emerged with his mind clear, his faith established beyond a doubt. He himself has told us how and why he believed. Writing to a friend who had lost his faith and sought his advice, he thus describes his own position. "For my own part, after experiencing many doubts, after having drenched my pillow many and many a night with tears of despair,

<sup>1</sup> *Etudes Germaniques*, vol. ii., pp. 112, 114.

I rested my faith upon an argument which any mason or coalheaver may take hold of. I said to myself, that since every people have a religion, good or bad, it is clear that religion is an universal, perpetual, and consequently legitimate want of humanity. God, Who created this want, has consequently pledged Himself to sanctify it; there must therefore be a true religion. Now amongst the multitude of creeds that divide the world, without going into the study or discussion of facts, who can doubt but that Christianity is supremely preferable, and the only one that leads man to his moral destiny? But, again, in Christianity there are three Churches: the Protestant, the Greek, and the Catholic—that is to say, anarchy, despotism and order. The choice is not difficult, and the truth of Catholicism requires no other demonstration.”<sup>1</sup>

Ozanam was indeed, a great Christian apologist, and his works will remain as an indestructible monument to the Catholic faith. It is rare to find the eloquence of the writer and the erudition of the historian united in one man. The slow patient research and analysis of the savant are apt to prove fatal to the *élan*, the inspired impulse of the orator; but Ozanam possessed the twofold power of oratory and erudition. “One was as natural to him as the other was,” says Lacordaire a competent judge of both, “he was great when stirring up the dust about him with the miner’s mattock, and great in the full light of day with the direct glance of the mind’s eye. It was this that composed his moral nature—a mixture of solidity with young and ardent enthusiasm.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by K. O’Meara, p. 370.

<sup>2</sup> *Frederic Ozanam*, by Lacordaire, p. 45.

French critics are fond of instituting a comparison between the style of Ozanam and his two celebrated contemporaries, Berryer and Montalembert; yet except in their contrast it is difficult to see what there is to suggest it. The philosopher and historian seldom reaches that triumphant energy that marks the eloquence of the two political orators. His power is of a different order altogether; it is penetrative and convincing rather than dazzling, and lingers on the mind like the glow of sunset long after the meteoric flash of the more brilliant stars has died away.

In a period which produced many good and great Catholics, as the names of Lacordaire and Montalembert testify, his short life consecrated to the glory of God and His Church stands amongst the greatest, as an example and an inspiration to the young Catholics of to-day. And who can doubt that those who read its lessons aright will find the greatest help and consolation in the memory of that brave young law student going forth with his fellows into the slums and lanes of Paris to preach to a vicious and corrupt civilization the truths of Christian Charity, and raising boldly amidst the jeers of the doubters in the class-room of the Sorbonne the sacred banner of Christian Truth.

# MONTALEMBERT

## PEER OF FRANCE.

"For the man of the world, life is but a space to be got over as slowly as possible, by the pleasantest road ; but the Christian does not regard it in such a light. He knows that every man is the vicar of Jesus Christ to labour by the sacrifice of himself, for the redemption of humanity, and that in the plan of this great work each has a place, marked out eternally, which he is free to accept or refuse."—LACORDAIRE.

"No sooner had this green Erin, lying at the end of the then known world, seen the light of Faith arise upon her than she devoted to it that ardent and tender devotion which has become her own life. The course of ages has not interrupted it ; the bloodiest and most implacable persecutions have not shaken it ; the apostacy of all Northern Europe has not carried it away. And that devotion maintains to-day amid the splendours and the miseries of modern civilization and of Anglo-Saxon rule an unquenchable focus ; in which we find along with orthodoxy the most intact, that wonderful purity of morals which neither conqueror nor adversary has ever been able to challenge to match or to corrupt."

—MONTALEMBERT.

It is characteristic of modern Ireland that the name, the personality, and the life of the man we write about, are, to most of us, mere empty marks on the map of history, be they even so much. In other days our country was bound by strong ties of sympathy to France, since the time when Irish monks educated Gaul from the Seine to the Pyrenees, down to more recent days



when Irish sabres were bared in her defence on many a hard fought field: our hopes and our sympathies have often gone out to this great people—our first cousins by blood and brothers by the adoption of battle—a race that has produced a St. Bernard and a Bossuet, but also a Robespierre and a Voltaire.

Of late years much of this feeling and interest has left us, and we are now content to take our views of contemporary France from the leading articles of an English paper, and our knowledge of her history from an inferior English school primer. In fact, we find that our view of France and of French history has begun to come to us solely through English glasses, and this great people, so near to us in blood, so like us in character and tradition, is fast slipping from out our ken.

Is Montalembert a living personality to most young Irishmen? Montalembert the orator, the apostle of liberty, the defender of the faith. We hardly think so; and yet, were it only for his love of Ireland, he should hold a high place in our esteem.

During his first visit to our country he wrote to a friend: "A deep feeling of melancholy predominated over my enjoyment when I remembered this lovely country was not my own." And, on another occasion, he wrote: "I feel honoured to have been the first to point out to the French Catholics the sufferings and the glory of their Irish brethren." The life of such a man ought therefore to interest us, were it only for his veneration and championship of our country. But there is, to our mind, another and perhaps a greater reason—his defence of religion and of liberty.

The Montalemberts came of no common stock. It is easy across the centuries on all the great battlefields of France to follow their history by the blood which they spilled for their country. We read of them in the Crusades under Louis,<sup>1</sup> fighting against the English under Duguesclin, and in the Italian wars, gaining by their bravery the esteem of Bayard and the friendship of Francis I.<sup>2</sup>

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert—the subject of our sketch—was born at Albemarle Street, London, on the 15th of May, 1810. His father—Marc René de Montalembert, peer of France—had followed his king into exile in England, and there had met and married a Miss Forbes, daughter of James Forbes, a famous artist, and descended from the Scotch family of that name. Therefore, on both sides, his ancestors were of Celtic blood. His father had served during his exile with much distinction in an English cavalry regiment, and his brother Arthur became likewise a soldier, and carried, under his country's flag, the Christian courage of his brother.

Charles did not follow in their footsteps.

"I am the first of my blood," he writes, in his introduction to the *Monks of the West*, "who has fought only with the pen, but my pen has become a sword, which has served with honour in the desperate struggle between truth and falsehood."

His early education was received from his maternal grandfather, to whom his parents had

<sup>1</sup> Three of his ancestors took part in these battles for the Holy Sepulchre.

<sup>2</sup> "We are four gentlemen," says that king, "who will fight in the lists against all comers; I, Sansac, Montalembert and Chastaigneraye."

entrusted him, and who fulfilled their trust with a loving care. By a mysterious disposition of Providence, this learned old Protestant Englishman reared the greatest defender of Catholicism which the nineteenth century produced.

At last the Comte de Montalembert became uneasy at the English education which his son was receiving, and, at the age of nine years, he removed him from England. "Charles must be a Frenchman," he wrote to Mr. Forbes. "His destiny is to be a man in France, and if he is not French now he never will be."<sup>1</sup>

The old man set out with his grandson to rejoin the family. But at Aix-la-Chapelle death stopped one of the travellers. Alone, with the servants who accompanied them, little Charles watched through a terrible night and saw his grandfather die.<sup>2</sup> The first distinct period of his young life was thus brought summarily to a close. After some years<sup>3</sup> spent in Germany with his father, who was ambassador at Stuttgart, Montalembert returned to France to enter the College of Sainte Barbe in 1826.<sup>4</sup>

From this time onward his principles began to develop into the convictions which formed the guiding forces of his life. Four great passions, the greatest which can agitate the human heart, dominated him—love of God and the Church, of France and liberty.

<sup>1</sup> Letter from the Count de Montalembert to Mr. Forbes, 5th January, 1819.

<sup>2</sup> This was on the 2nd August, 1819.

<sup>3</sup> His mother became a convert to Catholicity about this time, an event which profoundly impressed him.

<sup>4</sup> Before entering the College he made his first Communion in 1823. He writes in his *Journal* on that day, "For the first time I have understood it might be sweet to die."

Sainte Barbe was not free<sup>1</sup> from the infidelity and impiety which permeated all French society of the period, but he showed the same bold front to all sneers and attacks on his faith, as when he hurled his proud defiance in after years against the infidelity in the House of Peers. "We are the sons of the Crusaders; we do not recoil before the sons of Voltaire."

In 1828, after two strenuous years of university life, he received his Bachelorship of Arts, and shortly afterwards rejoined his father, who had been sent as French ambassador to Sweden. There he gave himself up to the study of philosophy and history, and at the age of eighteen, he was already outlining a "Constitutional History of Europe."<sup>2</sup> His return to France in 1830 was overshadowed by the death of his only sister. France was in a ferment, and during a short visit he made to England in July a revolution took place, and Charles X. fled the country to be replaced on the throne by the more liberal Louis Philippe.

Montalembert at first sided with the Liberals, who had brought about the revolution, but, soon afterwards, he deplored it.

"Now," he wrote, "I see the mournful side of this revolution. Liberty gains nothing by a sudden and unexpected victory. It grows during long and gradual sacrifices followed by slow conquests"<sup>3</sup>—a dictum, indeed, that Edmund Burke need not have been ashamed to have uttered.

<sup>1</sup> There were only twenty boys in the school who professed Christianity. Vide *Des interets Catholiques au XIX siècle*, by Montalembert, p. 58.

<sup>2</sup> *Montalembert; sa Jeunesse*, by R. F. Lecanuet, p. 62.

<sup>3</sup> *Journal*, 3rd August, 1830.



For a long time Montalembert had conceived the idea of writing a history of Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

"It seems to me," he wrote in 1829, "that Ireland has become to me almost a friend. In wishing to write her history I had more than a literary vanity, a puerile ambition. I had a holy and noble cause to defend—a cause which I, alone, in France embraced in a serious manner—a cause which combined all the sacred objects of our ambition, religion and liberty, Catholicism and representative government, a people heroic as the Crusaders, a national eloquence worthy of Demosthenes. Ah, I can well say with Grattan, 'My heart was in my cause.'"<sup>2</sup>

The illness of his sister interfered with this work, and he was obliged to relinquish it, but he did not renounce his hope of visiting our country. On the 3rd of September, 1830, he set out from Liverpool, and the next day he landed in Dublin.

The occasion could not have been more favourable, and we will describe his visit in some detail. O'Connell had been struggling for twenty years to emancipate his fellow-Catholics, and, after forming the Catholic Association, had been elected as Member of Parliament for Clare, and carried the great measure of Catholic Emancipation. The voyage, or rather pilgrimage, of Montalembert lasted for two months. After having spent some time in Dublin he travelled south, visiting Kilkenny, Waterford, Cork, Bantry, Killarney, and Limerick. His journal and his numerous letters to his friends are one long outburst of admiration and happiness.

<sup>1</sup> According to M. Rio the books which influenced him most were the speeches of Grattan and Burke. He had begun reading about Ireland in his grandfather's library.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Lemarcis, 1829.

From the heart of the Wicklow mountains he writes to Cornudet: "Say to yourself that here Grattan passed his infancy, here he meditated his orations by the mountain streams, that one of these castles was given to him by a grateful country, and that here, too, he passed his old age. Consider that all these beautiful hills have been immortalised and sanctified by the rebellion of 1798."

The people charmed him even more than the country. The aristocracy offered to him in their castles a hearty welcome. "If Dante had visited Ireland," he writes, "I do not think he would have sung that the bread of another is bitter, and that it is hard to forever ascend and descend the staircase of a strange house. It seems to me that in Ireland an exile could console himself for his banishment."<sup>1</sup>

But, if he appreciated the hospitality of the landlords, he also loved to study the poor,<sup>2</sup> he entered their cottages and warmed himself at their turf fires, or trudged with them along the country roads. The venerable Archbishop Murray, at that time head of the Irish Church, gave, at Maynooth, a great banquet in his honour.

At the finish of the repast the old Archbishop drank the health of his guest, describing in generous language the hopes which the Church had for his brilliant future. His remarks were received with general applause.

"I was so surprised and confused," says Montalembert, "that I could not say a word. I contented myself with lowering my head to hide

<sup>1</sup> *Montalembert; sa Jeunesse*, by R. P. Lecanuet, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> "I have rarely met peasants more gay and intelligent," *Journal*, 16th September, 1830.

the tears of joy and pride caused by the homage of sympathy and esteem rendered by so many venerable men to me, a layman, a stranger, and almost a child.”<sup>1</sup>

Nothing touched him more than the patriotism of the Irish priests. “Yes, we have fought for our country,” the Bishop of Kildare said to him, “and those of us who could not fight have prayed for her night and day.”<sup>2</sup>

“Ireland, poor, dear Ireland,” he writes, “she is at the bottom of all their thoughts, of all their emotions. If you look at the priest’s seal, it is the broken harp of his country; if you examine his library, by the side of his breviary you will find the patriotic and almost seditious melodies of Moore.”<sup>3</sup>

At Blarney he heard his first Mass in the country, and was astonished at the devotion of the people, and the poverty of the little church. Here is his description of the scene: “I will never forget the first Mass which I heard in a country chapel. I rode to the foot of a hill, the lower part of which was clothed with a thick plantation of oak and fir, and alighted from my horse to ascend it. I had taken only a few steps on my way when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude, and the higher I ascended the greater became the number of these kneeling peasants. At length on reaching the top of the hill I saw a cruciform building, badly built of stone without cement, and covered with thatch.

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, 13th October, 1830.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal*, 18th September, 1830.

<sup>3</sup> *L'Avenir*, January, 1831.

Around it knelt a crowd of robust and vigorous men, all uncovered, though the rain fell in torrents, and the mud quivered beneath them. Profound silence reigned everywhere. It was the Catholic chapel of Blarney, and the priest was saying Mass. I reached the door at the moment of the elevation, and all this pious assembly had prostrated themselves with their faces on the earth. I made an effort to penetrate under the roof of the little chapel thus overflowed by worshippers. There were no seats, no decorations, not even a pavement. The floor was of earth, damp and stony, the roof dilapidated, and tallow candles burnt on the altar in place of tapers. I heard the priest announce in Irish, the language of the Catholic people, that on such a day he would go, in order to save his parishioners the trouble of a long journey, to a certain cabin—which should for the moment be turned into the house of God—there to distribute the Sacraments and to receive the humble offerings with which his flock supported him. When the Holy Sacrifice was ended, the priest mounted his horse and rode away; then each worshipper arose from his knees and went slowly homeward. Many remained for a much longer time in prayer, kneeling in the mud in that silent enclosure chosen by the poor and faithful people in the times of ancient persecutions.”<sup>1</sup>

It was scenes such as this that gave to the fervent young Catholic a consolation beyond words.

But Montalembert desired above everything to meet O’Connell. To him O’Connell meant eloquence, liberty, and a triumphant faith—

<sup>1</sup> *L’Avenir*, January, 1831.



the personification of a heroic people. He rode sixty miles over the mountains to see him, and was his guest at Derrynane, but alas, his ideal was shattered. "I am deceived," he wrote in his journal. "This man is far from being the most interesting personage in Ireland. He has the appearance of a prosperous farmer."<sup>1</sup>

O'Connell mistook Montalembert for a young and light-headed Frenchman who had been led to visit him attracted by his universal renown, and treated him accordingly.

Montalembert returned afterwards to his first and truer judgment of our great countryman, and in his interesting book, *The Political Future of England*, he devoted a special chapter to O'Connell, and described in detail his struggles for the repeal of the Union. When the war-worn Irishman on his last journey to Rome passed through Paris, Montalembert, at the head of a deputation, addressed him as follows: "We are all your children, or rather your pupils. You are our master, our model, and our glorious teacher. Thy glory is not only Irish, it is Catholic. Wherever Catholics begin to practise civic virtues and devote themselves to the conquest of civic rights, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thralldom in which several generations of sophists and logicians have placed it, to you, after God, is religion indebted."

"Gentlemen," said O'Connell in a brief reply in French, "sickness and emotion close my mouth. I would require the eloquence of your President to express to you all my gratitude. But it is impossible for me to say all I feel and know—simply that I regard this demonstration

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, 29th September, 1830.

on your part as one of the most significant events of my life.”<sup>1</sup> These words were destined to be his last public utterance.

Montalembert left Ireland at the end of October, having passed there, to use his own words, “two of the happiest months of my life.” He came to Ireland with his head full of a great many projects, and his destination as yet undecided, ready to be drawn into any generous and highly-aiming movement—loving above all things the good of his country, and seeking above all things the worthiest career—whatever that might be in which to serve her—he left it decided and fixed forever, a Catholic champion—a knight of the faith. All his youthful piety and early resolutions had worked towards this end. But there can be little doubt that it was Ireland that decided his future.<sup>2</sup> He had come to see the Liberator from whose rencontre for the nonce he derived not very much, but, by the way, he had seen a worshipping nation, his imagination had been inspired by the sight, and all his resolutions had burst into flame.

In Ireland he had found the Church poor, but free and loyally loved by the people. In France the situation was, indeed, different. For a long time the Liberal Party had waged against her a relentless war. Papers, pamphlets, songs, theatres, hurled against religion and its ministers the grossest calumnies and the most evil insinuations. Throughout France an impious reaction had spread.<sup>3</sup> In Paris the priests

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, p. 405.

<sup>2</sup> “I have only shared her daily piety,” he writes, “I have but seen in passing her habitual trials and virtue.” *Journal*, September, 1830.

<sup>3</sup> Government officials who made their Easter duties were marked men, just as they are to-day.

were stoned, and had to disguise themselves that they might visit the hospitals and comfort the dying. The new king affected to have no religion, and would not assist at the public ceremonies of the Church. Such was the situation out of which grew the new Catholic movement that took as its guiding principle these words of the Abbé de Lamennais: "You tremble before Liberalism; make it Catholic, and society will be saved."

Lamennais was the leader of this movement; his lieutenants were Montalembert and Lacordaire. He was also the eldest of the three. A priest of Brittany, one of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of his time, he was a man in whom fancy, imagination, self-will, and the intense genius peculiar to a great intellect, were stronger than reason, a man of intense personal influence more than solid weight.

Lacordaire was of Montalembert's own age, and had just thrown up the prospect of a brilliant career at the Bar to enter the priesthood, which he afterwards so well adorned. Such were the two men who came into the life of young Charles de Montalembert; the one like a comet disturbing the atmosphere, bringing brilliant illumination, disorder, pain, and final darkness in its train; the other as a steadfast friendly star full of wise guidance and good influence.

Their first step was to found a paper to which they gave the name of *L'Avenir* ("The Future"), and which took for its motto these words: "God and Liberty." It affirmed that a new era was about to dawn for France and the world. It demanded that the Church should throw herself into the torrent of democracy, not to stop it, for its march is irresistible, but

to regulate it, to direct it, to lead it to its aim without disorder. And Lamennais turning towards Rome, saluted with enthusiasm the Vicar of Christ, Gregory XVI., as the proper head of such a movement.

The march of time has proved that he, whom the prophet of *L'Avenir* saluted, was not Gregory XVI., but a young and unknown man whom God had marked for a high destiny. Joachim Pecci was then at Rome carrying out his theological studies; he was, like Montalembert, just twenty years of age. Under the name of Leo XIII. he steered the Church with a steady hand in the direction prophesied by Lamennais. We can see this in many ways, but most of all in his magnificent encyclical on *Labour*, of which a writer more liberal than Christian has said: "It expresses the care of Christ for His poor, and the embracing of the people by the Church."<sup>1</sup>

Montalembert threw himself bravely into the struggle. As his ancestors set out full of joy and hope to reconquer the Holy Land, and returned vanquished and wounded without having seen Jerusalem, but proud, because they had shed their blood for God, so this son of the Crusaders threw himself into the battle of ideas, and came out covered with wounds, but proud of having fought. By the celebrated treaty between Pius VII. and Napoleon, known as the Concordat, the Pope handed over the nomination of bishops and the temporal control of the Church in France to the State, on the condition that the State supported the Church financially. This state of affairs was censured strongly by *L'Avenir*.

<sup>1</sup> *La Papauté*, by A. Leroy-Beaulieu, p. 16.



“Have you not the example of Ireland and America,” cried Lamennais and Montalembert, “zeal creates immense resources. Never is the priest more loved by his people than when he is as poor as themselves.”<sup>1</sup> And writing of the nomination of bishops by the Government they justly said, “What will be our guarantee of their choice? Is it their indifference, for they may be Protestants, Jews, or Atheists? Is it their fairness, they are chosen from a rank of society imbued with prejudice against us?”<sup>2</sup> But if, in this view, the editors of *L'Avenir* were far-seeing and wise, on many other points they overstepped the boundaries of prudence and common sense. They became more liberal than the Liberals themselves; their language was often violent, and almost revolutionary; their diatribes bitter and unjust. The Royalist press had, therefore, an easy task in attacking them, which was well availed of. And Rome, having for everything revolutionary an instinctive and well grounded horror, did not show itself insensible to these protests. The Pope, however, made no move, for he perceived that the time had not yet come, though he recognized the faith and zeal of Montalembert and his friends.

In 1830 Lamennais formed the bold project of uniting throughout France, in a vast league, all Catholics of position and energy. This league had an exclusively religious aim, to defend the rights of Catholics against all coercive government, and to gain for them the promised and necessary liberty. At its head was the Council General of Paris. Constituted with difficulty,

<sup>1</sup> *L'Avenir*, 18th October, 1830.

<sup>2</sup> *L'Avenir*, 25th November, 1830.

the league commenced its courageous campaign. Its first struggle was for the liberty of education. At that period education in France was a monopoly in the hands and under the direct control of the University of Paris. The existence of private schools or of any educational institution not licensed and regulated by this body was absolutely forbidden. The result of this secularism in education was that the great colleges and schools of France were in a state of utter irreligiousness. Lacordaire records of himself that he left college with "religion destroyed in his soul."

The closing of some preparatory religious schools at Lyons by the government was the signal for active measures. The Council General of the League opened in Paris a free school for the religious education of children. Two days after its opening it was summarily closed by the police, and the teachers—Montalembert and Lacordaire—arrested. Before the trial, Montalembert's father died. He was now a peer of France, and claimed the right of trial by his peers, conjointly with his two friends, as the action was indivisible. The Government could not refuse his request, and on the 19th of September, 1831, he answered the summons to the Bar of the House of Peers as "Charles de Montalembert, schoolmaster and Peer of France." At these words his grey-headed judges murmured with astonishment—a peer of France teaching poor children; surely the situation was a novel one. Their astonishment was greater when they perceived this young man—almost a boy—dressed in the deepest mourning, who had come to defend himself. His speech was an effort worthy of a great orator. He set out his

grievances against the secular system of education, which he attacked on three grounds, as a young man, as a Frenchman, and as a Catholic. We will only quote his eloquent peroration.

"I have said enough, my Lords, to prove to you that my religious faith has been my guide in this enterprise. I have said enough, I hope, if not to justify, at least to explain, what might seem a strange enterprise for a scholar of twenty. I have now all confidence in your judgment, and in that of public opinion. I shall congratulate myself all my life that I have been able to consecrate these first utterances of my voice to demand for my country that liberty which can alone strengthen and regenerate her. I shall congratulate myself, also, for having rendered homage in my youth to the God of my childhood. It is to Him that I recommend the success of our cause, our holy and glorious cause, I say it is glorious for it is that of my country; I say it is holy, for it is that of my God." <sup>1</sup>

The emotion and applause was great when he sat down, and people said of him as had been said of Burke, "He darted into fame." The next day the Court found Montalembert and his colleagues guilty, and sentenced them to pay a mild fine of a hundred francs each. But the desired object had been obtained; the agitation was strengthened; the whole of France spoke of nothing else. People who had never met Montalembert stopped him in the street to congratulate him; Victor Hugo saluted him as one of the greatest orators of the century.

But the end of their struggle was fast approach-

<sup>1</sup> *Montalembert ; sa Jeunesse*, by R. P. Lecanuet, p. 250.

ing, and, on the 15th of October, *L'Avenir* was suspended by its proprietors.

The subscriptions towards its maintenance, always small, had dwindled gradually ; nothing remained but to end its existence.<sup>1</sup> Montalembert and his friends had set out sixteen years too soon. If, at the end of the nineteenth century, *L'Avenir* had been suddenly able to re-appear with its generous courage, its advanced ideas, and its brilliant editors, Rome would not have denounced its democratic tendencies. It came before its time. Almost insensibly to this hour, the Papacy has advanced along the lines indicated by these young men. Democracy—be it for good or bad, is an accomplished fact—democracy has triumphed—it has become the spirit of the age in two hemispheres. The Church having recognised this fact, could not disregard it.<sup>2</sup> History has always shown that the Church, though immutable, subordinates its political attitude to the needs of man and of society. Apostolic and divine in its origin, civilising and educating the barbarians from the ninth to the twelfth centuries, aristocratic and chivalrous in the middle ages, she has presided at the crusades with Urban II. and Innocent III., and thrown herself with Julius II. and Leo X. into the brilliant movement of the Renaissance. Never more effaced than during the period of absolute monarchies, the nineteenth century saw her again taking her rightful place. To-day it

<sup>1</sup> This action was also caused by their desire to gain the approval of the Pope. They only intended at first to suspend the paper temporarily.

<sup>2</sup> See *Encyclical on Human Liberty*, 20th June, 1888. *Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes*, 15th May, 1891. Also *L'Eglise et la democratie*, by Cardinal Thomas. January, 1894.



seems that she will be democratic in the twentieth.<sup>1</sup> Already Leo XIII. has taken the first step, and his successors will not go back, because they will not be found wanting in their mission to their people.

Overwhelmed with disappointment at the failure of their paper, the three friends, Lamennais, Montalembert, and Lacordaire set out for Rome to place their opinions before Gregory XVI., and, if possible, to justify themselves. In the nineteenth century, on the morrow of a revolution, these three Frenchmen—thorough men of their time—set out with a simplicity worthy of the heroic ages to seek approval of their opinions and works from their spiritual guide; and of all the pilgrimages ever made to the Eternal City we doubt if there is one other as affecting, as simple, and as strange. At Rome they remained for some time without attaining the desired audience of the Pope. Gregory XVI., though he had found their views inopportune and dangerous, knew also their profound faith, and did not wish to censure them publicly. He preferred to give them a gentle reprimand by his silence. At length they were received, but the Pope said nothing to them concerning their mission. Lacordaire left Rome shortly afterwards, seeing that further opposition was useless. Montalembert and Lamennais remained, but finally they, too, had to return, finding all hope of further audience gone. Before he left Rome, Lamennais announced his intention of reviving *L'Avenir* on his return to Paris, accepting the silence of the

<sup>1</sup> "In the conflict between dead and living capital, the rôle of the Church is to protect the poor, the workers, who have accumulated the riches common to humanity."—Cardinal Manning.

Holy See as a consent to his so doing.<sup>1</sup> Thus his last step was to provoke the thunders which had so long slumbered. Rome spoke definitely at last. In his famous encyclical, *Mirari vos*, the Pope condemned the policy of *L'Avenir* on four points. First, the idea that the Church should be regenerated and separated from the State; secondly, the alliance with the liberal revolutionaries under the pretext of obtaining liberty for Catholics; thirdly, the praise given to other races in revolt against their rulers; and, fourthly, the immoderate vindication of the liberty of the Press and of public opinion.<sup>2</sup>

The editors of *L'Avenir* gave in their complete submission to the Pope's views. *L'Avenir* appeared no more; the Council General was dissolved; the organisation came to an end. From one of the three the submission was not, however sincere. Lamennais gradually separated himself from his two friends. Urged on by pride and bad advice, he protested bitterly against the Pope's action, till finally, in defiance of the Pope's second Encyclical he fell irreparably from the Church.<sup>3</sup>

All this did not take place without causing great sorrow and distress to Montalembert, and he sought comfort in good works, in travelling, and in his literary labours. At his house the idea of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was first suggested to Ozanam, its founder, a society which to-day, has its branches for the relief of

<sup>1</sup> *Affaires de Rome*, by Lamennais.

<sup>2</sup> *Montalembert; sa Jeunesse*, by R. P. Lecanuet, pp. 324, 325.

<sup>3</sup> "Authorize me," supplicated Montalembert writing to him from Rome, "to make your peace with the Holy Father."

the poor wherever the Church exists.<sup>1</sup> He travelled much also in Italy and Germany, protesting against the vandalism which consigned to destruction so many great masterpieces of architecture, and gathering material for his great Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The idea of writing it had come to him suddenly. On St. Elizabeth's day, during his wanderings, he had found himself in the little German town of Marbourg, one of her shrines. There he read a sketch of her life for the first time, and the idea came to him on the instant to write a life worthy of the saint.<sup>2</sup> He ransacked in turn those rich stores of ancient learning which learned Germany offers in such profusion. After having exhausted the books and chronicles, and consulted the most neglected manuscripts, he was anxious, as the first of the biographers of the saint had done, to examine localities and popular traditions. He went from town to town, from castle to castle, from church to church, searching everywhere for traces of her who has ever been in Catholic Germany, the dear St. Elizabeth. His great work was published in the month of June, 1836, and achieved instant success. Letters of congratulation poured in on him from all parts of Europe. In vain have the German Protestants pulled down the old and splendid cathedral of the saint. Montalembert constructed for her a monument more durable.<sup>3</sup> In 1835 he took his seat in the Chamber of Peers, and in the follow-

<sup>1</sup> *La Jeunesse de Fr. Ozanam*, by Léonce Curnier, p. 61.

<sup>2</sup> *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, by Montalembert. The Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> It has been well described by a great critic as "one of the greatest works in the French language and in Christian literature." (M. Aug. Cochin).

ing year he was married to Mademoiselle de Merode, daughter of one of the noblest houses in Belgium, and a descendant of that St. Elizabeth he had done so much to honour.<sup>1</sup>

Soon afterwards he again visited Rome, and there was cordially received by the Holy Father. He was just twenty-six years of age, but his youth had been more active and fertile than the lives of most men. It was, however, only a brilliant prelude to his after life. From Rome, fortified by the blessings of Gregory XVI., he set out to further battles without number in defence of the Church, and in the maintenance of her rights. The illness of his mother in 1839 caused him to visit England, where he arrived only in time to receive her last blessing. His friends wished to introduce him into English society, but he made only two visits during his stay—one to Samuel Rogers, the poet, the other to a young member of Parliament destined to become one of the greatest statesmen of our time, William Ewart Gladstone. The two men who met thus were of the same age, both were just commencing their Parliamentary career, God had given to each an equal eloquence, and though a difference of religion divided them, both were great and sincere Christians.

Gladstone's opinion of Montalembert, expressed many years afterwards, is not without interest. "He made on me," he writes, "a profound impression. We met at a period of religious lethargy, which had developed almost to extravagance our national vice of insularity in respect to religion. We almost doubted if there existed

<sup>1</sup> Like Ozanam he at one time thought of entering the priesthood.



any Christians in the world beside ourselves. No one could better dispel this illusion than this distinguished man, because while he enlightened us as to the condition of other countries, he showed at the same time a broadness of mind which appreciated at their just value the spirit of England and its institutions.”<sup>1</sup>

Broadness of mind was indeed a marked characteristic of both these great men.

Montalembert's first speech in the House of Peers was made in defence of the liberty of the Press. His former trial had not been forgotten, and much interest was excited by the event, but the beginning of his parliamentary career was uneventful. He had for the moment laid aside the great cause with which he identified his life—the liberty of education—but other weak and desperate causes claimed his support. When Belgium was threatened by Holland, at the instigation of Germany, he eloquently appealed to France on her behalf, and drew before his colleagues a prophetic vision of the future. What had happened to Belgium might some day be the lot of France. “What effect,” he cried, “will be produced in our Eastern provinces amongst the patriotic population of Alsace and Lorraine by this German army assembled on their frontiers, by the spectacle of neighbours and brothers delivered up to the Prussian bayonets without a blow.”<sup>2</sup> His services, if not successful, were recognized, and the Belgian people presented him with a gold medal in-

<sup>1</sup> Letter from Mr. Gladstone to Père Lecanuet, 17th November, 1896. Vide *Montalembert, la Liberté d'Enseignement*, by R. P. Lecanuet, p. 86.

<sup>2</sup> *Discours sur la question Belge*, p. 106.

scribed with these simple words—"To M. de Montalembert from a grateful Belgium."<sup>1</sup>

The religious action of Montalembert during these first years of parliamentary life was as varied as the needs of the Church required. His zeal manifested itself in a hundred ways—in the tribune where he defended the liberty of Catholics—abroad when he denounced the persecutions in Prussia—in his ardour to help Lacordaire who was about to re-establish in France the great religious orders—in the management of *L'Univers*, a paper which he had saved from ruin, and the policy of which he wisely directed.

The assembly in which he had taken his seat was composed chiefly of old men, sceptics by education, and callous in spite of the revolutions that had passed over their heads. Great was their surprise at the arrival in their midst of a believer so enthusiastic. The appearance in the courtyard of the Luxembourg of some knight of the Middle Ages carrying on his breast the cross of the Crusaders, could not have seemed stranger or less reasonable.<sup>2</sup>

Such were the men, such the surroundings amongst which Montalembert was destined once more to commence the struggle for the freedom of education. The situation in France was, indeed, a curious one. National education had been placed by Napoleon at the beginning of the century in the hands of the University of Paris. It possessed the sole authority in all educational matters. It had no religious foundation, and banished that part of education from its courses.

<sup>1</sup> *National*, 23rd August, 1838.

<sup>2</sup> *Monarchie de Juillet*, by Thureau-Dangin, vol. ii. p. 411.

The examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts is the key to all public occupations in France. The bar, the magistracy, the army, and all the multiplicity of State offices require this qualification, and without it the career of a gentleman is practically closed to the young Frenchman. In the years between 1830 and 1848 no one could present himself for this examination who had not been educated at one of the public secular schools under the direct control of the University. This was the secular system of education which Montalembert set out to abolish. He has been amply vindicated. The men brought up under it were the men who allowed France to be bound for eighteen years in the humiliating bondage of the Second Empire, who have furnished excuses to all the world for calling her the most socially depraved of nations, who have filled her light literature with abominations and her graver works with blasphemy, and who finally procured for her the disgrace and downfall of which even to-day we are still the spectators.

It was in 1844 that the serious campaign commenced. In an eloquent and brilliant speech Montalembert threw down the gauntlet to his adversaries, and bade them defiance in the name of his creed and race.

"In this, France," he cried, "which has been wont to produce only men of heart and spirit, are we alone, we Catholics, to consent to be fools and cowards?"

"What, because the sentiment of faith reigns in our hearts do they suppose that honour and courage have perished there? Then let them undeceive themselves. You are told to be implacable. Be so; do all that you will and can

against us. The Church will answer you by the mouth of Tertullian and the gentle Fénelon : ' You have nothing to fear from us, but we do not fear you.' And I add, in the name of Catholic laymen like myself, Catholics of the nineteenth century—We will not be helots in the midst of a free people ; we are the successors of the martyrs ; we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate ; we are the sons of the Crusaders, and we shall never recoil before the sons of Voltaire." <sup>1</sup>

The words made the very air of France tingle, they defined at once the two sides with one of those happy strokes which make the fortune of a party, and which are doubly dear to all who speak the language of epigram in one of the most brilliantly clear, incisive and distinct tongues. Henceforward the " sons of the Crusaders " were a recognized power and held their ground strongly against all comers. They took advantage of every opportunity to thrust their subject forward, seizing whenever they could do it, upon some trifling debate, and bringing it round to their purpose with all the skill of tried parliamentarians. They issued address after address to Catholics expounding to them their duty with respect to elections. Montalembert was ever in the van of the movement. He made an immense effort to organize constitutional resistance all over the country. The machinery of the old " Catholic Association " which had been established by Lamennais, and the local acquaintance acquired by its directors, stood him in good stead in this new undertaking ; and, in short, while his first and professed object was to obtain

<sup>1</sup> *Discours sur la liberté de l'Église*, p. 187.



freedom of education, his secondary but still greater object was to give France that political education which should make her capable of remedying her own wrongs peacefully, and of keeping intelligent watch against evil legislation. Who shall doubt but that the second in which he did not succeed was if possible the nobler and more patriotic work. The attitude of this one man between the phalanx of resolute foes, and the shifty mass of irresolute followers, is as curious and interesting as any political situation ever was. He had his lieutenants, no doubt, in Parliament and out of it. But, he himself is the only figure remarkable enough to attract the regard of a stranger. He stands before us turning from one to the other, never wearied, never flagging, maintaining an endless brilliant debate now with one set of objectors, now with another—now proclaiming himself the representative of the Catholics of France, and pouring forth his claim for them as warm, as urgent, as vehement as though a million of men were at his back ; and now turning upon those very Catholics with keen reproaches, with fiery ridicule, with stinging darts of contempt for their weakness. Nothing daunted him, neither failure or abuse, neither the resentment of his enemies or the languor of his friends. Nor even now did he confine himself to this cause of his soul : liberty the world over still claimed him as an advocate. The Christians of Syria, the unfortunate Poles, and the slaves whom France had not finished emancipating, all called forth his sympathy and support.

These energetic and impassioned protests against tyranny, however displayed, came to a climax in a great speech upon Switzerland delivered in the very beginning of 1848 at the time of the defeat

and downfall of the alliance of Catholic cantons which had called itself the "Sunderbund." This defeat had been attended by many insulting and cruel demonstrations of power on the part of the victorious Protestant party. The religious feelings of Catholics had been outraged, and monastic communities dispersed. Even the in-offensive monks of St. Bernard were compelled to flee their country. This was a new kind of tyranny, and it was one which stirred up the whole soul of Montalembert. That which he had condemned so strongly in kings and nobles, how was he to look upon it when exercised by men of the people—representatives of the oldest democracy in Europe—a country which had been considered the very birthplace and stronghold of freedom. It was his first speech, the first which moved all parties alike. In scathing terms he opposed the petty spirit of this radical persecution—it was he said an exaggeration of despotism and never had despotism taken a more odious form. No Muscovite despot or Eastern tyrant had ever despised his fellows as had the Radicals who gagged their vanquished opponents in the name of liberty and equality. His peroration was worthy of the speech, "I defy any man," he said, "to find a single word fallen from my pen or from my lips which has not been devoted to the cause of freedom. Freedom! Ah, I can speak without seeking fine expressions. She has been the idol of my soul; if I have anything to reproach myself with it is that I have loved her too much, that I have loved her as one loves when one is young, without measure and without stint. But I neither reproach myself for this nor do I regret it; I will continue to serve Freedom, to love her always, to believe

in her always, and I can never love her more or serve her better than when I force myself to pluck off the mask worn by her enemies, who wear her colours, and who seize her flag in order to soil and dishonour it." <sup>1</sup>

This indignant outburst was received by a burst of sympathy as great. He, who up to this time had moved his audience to admiration, to resentment to all the secondary sentiments, this day for the first time swept it with him headlong, in all the temporary passion of enthusiasm. His colleagues left their places and crowded to congratulate him, the old Chancellor, his father's friend, shed tears of delight, and one enthusiastic young peer kissed his hand. Such indeed was the emotion of the House that the sitting was suspended until the excitement had calmed down.<sup>2</sup> The very Radicalism he had denounced so eloquently had however gained a stronghold in France itself. A month afterwards the country was in the throes of a revolution. The House of Peers was swept away upon its flood and Montalembert saw carried with it, as he imagined, the career he had but so well begun.

We need not enter into the details of this most purposeless and severely punished of all revolutions; it is sufficient to say that Louis Phillipe fled, and a Republic was proclaimed in the place of the monarchy. At the end of April, Montalembert was elected Deputy for the Department of Doubs, the old department of Franche

<sup>1</sup> *Montalembert, La Liberté d'Enseignement*, by R. P. Lecanuet, pp. 367, 368.

<sup>2</sup> "It has often been said of oratory that it transports us," wrote Sainte-Beuve. "Never was it truer than in this case. Never was there delivered a more inspiring speech." — *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. i., p. 87.

Comte. He acknowledged his election in an address published in May in which he thanks his unknown friends for "the greatest honour which can now be rendered to a French citizen." He says that as long as he can he will represent them "by a silent and disinterested vote thinking it only just that the new regime should be inaugurated by new men." "But," he adds, "you will find me in the breach whenever the great interests of society, the honour of France amongst foreign nations, or her liberty and prosperity within herself, shall be seriously in question."<sup>1</sup> It was not long that this "silent vote" was all that his country heard of the new deputy.

Thanks to him and his friends, the Church took a different place in France in 1848, from that of 1830. At the former period his friend Lacordaire could not walk through the streets dressed in soutane, at the latter date he took his place in the Assembly as a deputy wearing the white gown and black mantle of St. Dominic. The revolution of 1830 destroyed churches and pulled down crosses, the revolution of 1848 was reverent towards all religious symbols. These were but external signs of the great change that had come over the nation. Prince Louis Napoleon—afterwards Napoleon III.—who had returned to France was elected first President of the new Republic. At last Montalembert saw his agitation for the liberty of education bearing fruit. In the June of this year a large and influential committee comprising men of all shades of thought framed a practicable law upon free instruction which was presented to the Assembly. It was not however discussed until a year later, and in the meantime

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 128.



while working in his bureau or committee at the details of this project, Montalembert continued his career in the new channel which he had made for himself. In the autumn of this year during the prorogation of the Assembly, he paid a visit to the constituencies which had elected him, to Brittany which he did not accept and to Franche-Comte which he did. His reception in both districts was enthusiastic, and in the speeches which he made we can see clearly his new position. He has reconciled religion and liberty, now he must reconcile the men of honour of all opinions in one great, honest and moderate party which is to be the strength and safety of France.

"God and society," meaning thereby reasonable authority, were to be the watchword of this new party. His enemies might taunt him with his old device, "God and liberty." He did not care, for it was France that was in question and not the individual reputation of Charles de Montalembert. Liberty had been gained, it remained now to make it stable, law-abiding and secure. He spoke later in the Chamber in favour of the expedition sent to Rome to defend the Pope, and in an outburst of magnificent eloquence declared to the excited Assembly, "The Church is a mother, the mother of Europe, of modern society, of modern humanity."<sup>1</sup> "This speech," says the report of the *Journal des Debats*, a newspaper at no time a lover of Montalembert, "was followed by such cheers as no one remembers to have heard in any deliberative assembly."<sup>2</sup> The proposal before the house, which had reference to

<sup>1</sup> *Montalembert, La Liberté d'Enseignement*, by R. P. Lecanuet, p. 450.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 174.

the expenses of the Roman expedition, was voted by 467 votes to 168.<sup>1</sup> The triumph was incontestable,<sup>2</sup> and once more Montalembert, so little used to success, had secured a brilliant political victory. The attitude of the Assembly was like a solemn adhesion to the Church. The final discussion of his favourite subject—the long pursuit of his life commenced in January, 1850.

By the new law all restrictions were removed, candidates could present themselves for examination at the University from any school, the religious Orders were freed from their prohibition to teach—in a word the liberty of religious education was secured. Montalembert's triumph was, however, overclouded by the bitter attacks made on him by the advanced Catholic party. *L'Univers*, which had been the organ of his party, denounced the new law with might and main. The advanced Republican party accused him of compromising his opinions in language more brutal than truthful. Thus both extremes met in their desire to injure the man who always stood for moderation and freedom. He was thus left victorious yet defeated on the ground he had so long and so gallantly held. Curiously significant, like the finish of a tragedy, was this great success. He won it—but in winning it came not only to the end of his campaign but to a climax of his power; he succeeded in the object which he had pursued for twenty strenuous years, but his political position was gone and his power over for ever. Truly a tragic ending; in the moment of his triumph his political life was irreparably

<sup>1</sup> *L'Empire Liberal*, by Emile Ollivier, vol. ii., p. 252.

<sup>2</sup> Thiers said, "He is the most eloquent of men, and his speech the finest I ever heard." He himself afterwards said it was the finest moment of his life.

ruined. Last mortification of all, the law did not bear his name, it was the "loi Falloux" and not the "loi Montalembert." During the ensuing years he made some brilliant speeches in Parliament, but his position was changed, and his political career to a certain extent over. He had been the leader of a small but compact party. Now all at once that following failed him. He ceased to be the Catholic party—he became plain Charles de Montalembert, a man with a voice such as few possessed—but with only one vote. A great leader, but without a party, a famous general, but without soldiers, he stood alone an individual, no longer a power. His last great appearance in the Chamber was at the discussion of the President's salary. In this debate he appeared as the warm advocate and champion of Louis Napoleon, and curiously enough, thanks to the man whom he thus defended, his voice was scarcely ever heard in that Assembly again. If Montalembert was wrong in this most disinterested championship his error was most speedily and deeply punished. This speech was made on the 10th of February, 1851. Before the end of the year Louis Napoleon had broken his oath to the Constitution and reigned in France as Napoleon the Third. Montalembert believed in the President's good faith till the last moment; he even went so far as to counsel his friends, by an open letter, to vote for Napoleon in the plebiscite. Soon, however, he perceived his mistake, and when the Emperor commenced his reign by banishing Victor Hugo and Adolphe Thiers from France, Montalembert finally severed his connexion with the Government.<sup>1</sup> Amidst

<sup>1</sup> *L'Empire Liberal*, by Emile Ollivier, vol. ii., p. 281.

these contrarieties, vexations and doubts, he fell ill. On his sick bed he received an offer from the Emperor of a life Senatorship with a salary of 30,000 francs, which he indignantly refused. And here ended his political existence. The political life of France had stopped as her great orators were silenced, as her statesmen dispersed.

With the finish of his political career ended also the *sturm und drang* period of his life. As he left the political arena, he left behind him also its worries, its clamour and its controversy, and took up the more peaceful avocation of literature. It was indeed an incentive that in this very year when he retired from public life the highest honour that can be conferred upon any Frenchman was awarded to him. He was elected to the vacant chair in the Academy—that temple of French literature. His reception took place on the 10th of February. As most of our readers are aware, it is the custom on such occasions that the new member should deliver a panegyric on his predecessor in his seat. Montalembert's predecessor was a M. Droz, who had gradually worked his way into Christianity from the lowest ground of scepticism. In sketching his career Montalembert was able to point out the sole hope which remained for France and for all men—the regeneration of religion which his hero had exemplified in his own person. No evidence of defeat or depression appears in his oration; on the contrary, he took a dignified and calm, but decided advantage of his position to make his unchanged opinions known; and, in the midst of this brilliant assembly, in the very bosom of that Academy which, not many years before, had sung the praises of Voltaire, and to which a



profession of religious faith was little familiar, this beaten politician, this defeated champion once more raised his head, and proclaimed, as he had always proclaimed, his faith in his religion and his country.<sup>1</sup>

It was a fitting close to a great public career, a fitting entry into an even greater career in the domain of literature. In 1841 he had bought the mansion of La Roche en Breny, a fine old edifice dating from the fifteenth century, and there he now settled down to write his wonderful book, *The Monks of the West*. There he lived and laboured, instructing his children, making them wise in play, loving them above all ; planting his trees, opening pleasant walks through the sunny woods ; working for hours together in the library where all the laboriously collected materials for his great work were at his hand ; and at the same time looking out from his retreat with an observation sometimes sympathetic, but more often sad, as he gazed impotent at the vexatious bonds which crushed his country. And here, perhaps, it may not be out of place to dwell on that deep piety and observance of his religious duties that characterised his private life. "He never," says one of his biographers, "made a great speech in the Chamber without first hearing Mass and going to Holy Communion." Another, who was an intimate personal friend, describes the family reunion for prayers every night in the library at La Roche en Breny.<sup>2</sup> Side by side with this great statesman—the man of affairs—there was this man of simple faith—as devout

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of the Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoir of the Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 355.

and humble as a little child. Who cannot but be touched by that beautiful incident related in his Irish journal—when riding in the twilight among the Kerry hills on his way to Derrynane, he and his little guide of sixteen chaunted together the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Well may we say of him that his courage came from his consistency, his consistency from his conscience, his conscientiousness from the practice of his faith.

His country house was not, however, his only dwellingplace, for Montalembert still loved Paris as all Frenchmen love it, and still gathered his friends about him at his town house in the Rue du Bac, and talked as he loved to talk with the many companions of his former struggles. In 1858, for a short space, he again stepped into public life. He had written a long article for the English *Times*, describing the impressions of a visit to England he had just undertaken, which reflected indirectly on the Government of Napoleon III. He referred to the religious liberty in Canada preserved by English rule; he alleged that France had possessed certain political and municipal institutions which she possessed no longer. A translation of this article was published soon afterwards in *Le Correspondant*, a French paper. Its effect in England was electrical. In France it must have been so great as to have frightened the higher powers. The *Times* and other English papers containing it were stopped in the French Post Office—the editor of *Le Correspondant* and Montalembert himself were immediately placed at the bar charged with attacking the law and seeking to injure the Constitution. "I have merely stated a fact," said Montalembert in the witness-box.

"France did possess certain institutions which she possesses no longer."<sup>1</sup>

But in spite of the truth of his statements and the eloquent speech made in his defence by Berryer, Montalembert was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. The sentence was, however, never carried out, for the Emperor, be it said to his credit, fully remitted the penalties.

His only other public appearance in the years of his retirement was at the memorable Catholic Congress<sup>2</sup> of Malines, Belgium, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm by an assemblage of four thousand representative Catholics, including—Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, priests, and laymen. On this occasion he delivered an address of surpassing eloquence and power. It was a comprehensive review of the conditions of existing society, of the social and political changes that had taken place in France and throughout Europe in general; the menace to peace and order threatened by new and evil teachings, and the danger to religion and to religious interests. He pointed out with solemn emphasis the duty of his co-religionists, of all Christians in the presence of these new and unexampled conditions. "For the last time," says one of his biographers, "he stood face to face with the inheritors of his mission, those who were still free to carry on that work for which events first and now weakness had disabled him, and with all the anxiety of a father instructing his children—of a leader laying out his plan of

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of the Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 292.

<sup>2</sup> August, 1863.

warfare before the generals who must succeed him—he delivered his serious and lofty address.” The conditions depicted by the orator, the dangers then pointed out, are not peculiar to France. We have to face like conditions in Ireland, and to avert, if possible, similar dangers. It will be useful and instructive to quote a few passages from this remarkable address.

“ Full of deference and love for the past in all that is great and good in it,” he declared, “ I do not despise the present, and I study the future. Looking on in advance I see nothing anywhere but democracy. I see this deluge rise—rise continually—reaching everything and overflowing everything. I fear it as a man, but as a Christian I do not fear it, for where I see the deluge I see also the ark, upon that great ocean of democracy, with its abysses, its whirlpools, its breakers, its dead calms, and its hurricanes, the Church alone may venture forth without defiance and without fear. She alone will never be swallowed up there. She alone has a compass which never varies, and a pilot who makes no mistakes. This being the case, I go to the foundation of the question, and establish boldly this proposition. In the ancient order of things Catholics have nothing to regret ; in the new order nothing to fear. Let it be well understood. I do not say nothing to admire in the past ; I say nothing to resist in the new system ; I say nothing to fear. We shall have, on the contrary, to struggle much and always, but if we take the right mode of action we shall be invincible. Yes ! if descending from the ark upon that soil which I showed to you just covered by the waves of the democratic deluge—if in proportion as the waves which have invaded and overthrown



everything sink in their turn, and allow new earth to appear; if we enter peacefully and courageously upon that new world to raise our altars there, to plant our tents, to fertilize it by our labours, to purify it by our elevation, and to struggle against the dangers inseparable from democracy with the immortal resources of liberty; if we undertake and fulfil this task we shall not be unassailable, but invincible."

"The future of modern society," he continues, "depend on two problems—to correct democracy by liberty; to conciliate Catholicism with democracy. The first is much the more difficult of the two. The natural affinities of democracy on the one side with despotism, on the other with the spirit of revolution, are the great lessons of history, and the great threat of the future. Driven about without cause between the two abysses, modern democracy seeks painfully its place, and its moral equilibrium. It will never attain these without the help of religion."<sup>1</sup> The orator continued in this elevated strain to the end; enforcing the grave lesson of duty and emphasizing the solemn responsibilities resting upon his hearers in the high mission imposed by religion, by duty, by honour, and by a fitting regard for sacred human interests. From this memorable scene and occasion the great orator returned to his family, to his books, and to his literary work.

From this forward he gave himself up almost entirely to the work of writing *The Monks of the West*.

He travelled through Spain, Hungary, and

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of the Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., pp. 367, 368.

Poland ; he spent weeks amongst the outer Scottish Isles, following the footsteps of St. Columba ; he crossed into Ireland again to trace the story of St. Patrick.

He inspected the sites of all the great old monastic foundations in the three kingdoms ; and whether amongst the towering cliffs and crashing seas of Scotland's Western Isles, where naught but the wild shriek of the sea-mew fell upon his ears, or amidst the soft green valleys and mountains of our own dear land, he worked incessantly at the biographies of these great preachers and teachers, bringing to his studies all that minute care and skill that we find now-a-days only on the richly coloured vellum pages of these same ancient scholars. His original idea had been only to write a life of St. Bernard, as he had already written that of St. Elizabeth. But under the advice of his friends he gave his work broader scope. The mere composition of the book was the very smallest part of the labour necessary, and it was not until he had withdrawn perforce from the busy whirl of public life that he had leisure to give himself fully to this crowning task of his existence. The first two volumes were published in 1860. In these he described the origin of monasticism, the hermits of the desert ; and then, tracing those rills down into the wider stream of the Benedictine Order, he showed how the impulse gained strength and gathered force from all sides until it became one of the most potent influences in the medieval world. In 1866 the remaining volumes were published. They contained the history of the first establishment of religion in Great Britain—first, by the Celtic school of primitive apostles, afterwards by St. Augustine. The five volumes

are all that remain to us of the contemplated work; his cherished undertaking was never finished. It was the last act of renunciation in a heroic life. Sickness overclouded his declining years and prevented him from bringing to his work the care and time it demanded. Often only able to remain out of bed for an hour or two during the day, he employed those hours in carrying to at least partial completion the great work he had contemplated all his life. Its completion he left, in his own words, to "younger and happier hands." The work itself remains a great and noble sketch—a monument of history as gigantic and unfinished as one of his own country's Gothic cathedrals. How resigned and tranquil were his own feelings in the midst of his great sufferings may be seen by the following extract from a letter to Mr. Monsell. (afterwards Lord Emly) dated February the 10th, 1869, more than a year before his death:—

"My unfortunate state is just the same as it has been for the last three years. I have no chance, no hope, and I think I may sincerely say no wish to recover."<sup>1</sup>

Thus suffering, rejoicing<sup>2</sup> and sorrowing, Montalembert made his way slowly towards his rest. The signal of departure was not much longer delayed. Early in 1870 he was able, at the cost of great exertion, to drag himself to Mass in the little church of St. Thomas Aquinas, where he had made his first Communion, and where he now received his last.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., p. 389.

<sup>2</sup> The new Minister of Justice, M. Emile Ollivier, visited him about this time, and Montalembert records with satisfaction that with the new Liberal Government, "All goes well."

"Once more a tolerable day," he writes on the 12th of March, "notwithstanding the painful moment of getting up and the hours which follow ; I can do no serious work, nothing more than writing a letter or two daily."

This was his last day in the world, and he still regretted his work. That night he fell asleep peacefully over a half completed letter to Dr. Newman. An hour or two before he had finished a genial note of admiration to Baron Hubner, whose *Life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth* he had just finished reading. His confidence in the Church which he loved so much was even yet the theme of his pen. "You have not concealed," he writes, "the shadows or the stains which are inseparable from the human element which is always so visible and so powerful in the Church, and even by this means you bring out all the more clearly the divine element which always prevails in the end, and consoles us by flooding everything with its gentle and convincing light."<sup>1</sup>

Such were the characteristic occupations of his last night on earth. In the morning, suddenly and without warning, the end came. He died without pain, surrounded by his sorrowing family, after receiving the last rites of the Church, praying as long as consciousness remained to him, peaceful as a child whom his father leads into the dark towards his home.

He was buried by his own desire in a quiet Convent cemetery sacred to the victims of the Revolution ; there he, who had fought most of his life on the losing side after the fashion of the earth's best and purest heroes, lies by those who

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, by Mrs. Oliphant, vol. ii., pp. 403, 404, 405.



perished for their religion or for their honourable adherence to a fallen cause.

God took him mercifully from the evil to come, and he did not see the German invasion, the lowest humiliation, or the bitter sufferings of his beloved France in those terrible years of 1870 and 1871. His life is not without its lessons for us Catholics living in an essentially Catholic and religious country.

"Is example nothing?" said Edmund Burke, "It is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." If Burke was right—and who shall say he was wrong?—then the life of Charles de Montalembert must have a living interest for us all. It is not given to all of us to be Montalemberts, but cannot each of us in his sphere be a militant earnest Catholic. We have our own battles to fight in Ireland no less strenuous than those of Montalembert, battles against supineness, apathy and want of self-respect.

As this young Frenchman was inspired by the example of Daniel O'Connell—by his success in the struggle for our political emancipation—so we Irish Catholics may find in the life of Charles de Montalembert something to inspire us in that struggle for the social emancipation we have yet to win. He saw his beloved France pass under the rule of two kings, a republic, and an emperor, yet during these changes of Government he remained consistent in his policy and in his life—a practical and militant Catholic to the last.

In another way the story of his life must also appeal to us, and that is in the interesting sidelight it throws on the present situation in France. We have described how that system of secular education grew up in the time of Napoleon—

which has now, though not indeed for the first time—in the days of the Third Republic borne a full harvest of irreligion and robbery. We saw but yesterday the Sister of Charity and the Christian Brother driven from the shores of France, the Jesuit and the Dominican robbed of their all and banished. Everywhere throughout the country Catholic schools have been closed by decrees of questionable legality, private rights have been set at naught, thousands of nuns have been expelled from their homes, often under circumstances of great brutality, and yet, save in Brittany and Savoy, the men of France looked on with absolute indifference and stirred not a finger to prevent so criminal an outrage of religious liberty. It is no longer Catholicism but every form of Christian worship that is in danger of being stamped out in France by fair means or foul. That popular Radical paper *La Lanterne* pointed out gleefully the other day that once the State had monopolised the educational system of the country in less than three generations Christianity will be ruined, and France have become the foremost freethinking country in the world. One cannot help recalling the words of President Thiers, sceptic and agnostic though he was—"The legislator who tries to make a religion of atheism is a madman, who must eventually ruin the country he misleads by his fanaticism." But there is one gleam of hope.

The life of Montalembert teaches us that these things happened also fifty years ago; then, as now, free religious education was forbidden to Catholics; then, as now, the religious orders were driven out of France; then, as now, bigotry, atheism and freemasonry disguised themselves in the cloak of liberty.

May there not arise another Montalembert to pluck away the mask, and to return to its true place that flag of freedom, which, in his own words, "they have seized only to dishonour."

The Third Republic will pass away, the Church will remain ; and like some great rock which for the moment is buried in the foam, but rises again when the waves recede, so in France she will once more raise her head steadfast and defiant above the billows of irreligion and crime. That we think is also one of the lessons we may learn from this great man's life.

But above and beyond all these things he teaches us that, next to our faith in divine truth and infallible authority, we must also keep our faith in those principles of liberty, of justice, and of honour, which alone constitute here below the strength and dignity of the humblest individuals as of the greatest nations. He teaches us amidst the discouragements, the hesitations, and the apostacies which surround us to maintain free and without stain the glorious traditions of our past.

# FREDERICK LUCAS, M.P.

## THE FOUNDER OF THE "TABLET."

"Lucas is the best Englishman, the best in his sentiments and views towards Ireland, I ever knew."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.<sup>1</sup>

"I go into the House of Commons to stand, I fear, very nearly alone, a member of an unpopular minority, an unpopular member of that minority, and disliked even by the greater number of the small party with which I am to act, and having cast upon me in a prominent manner the defence of the two noblest causes in the world—that of a religion which requires great learning to defend properly, and that of the most ill-treated and (in all essential qualities of heart and character) the noblest population that ever existed on the face of the earth."<sup>2</sup> So writing to a friend did Frederick Lucas express himself on the occasion of his election for Meath in the year 1852. Strange words indeed, coming as they did from an Englishman and a convert to Catholicity. Yet they were true; and it shall be our purpose in the following pages to show how faithfully and bravely he ful-

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. H. O'Neill Daunt, vol. ii., p. 263.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of Frederick Lucas*, by his brother, Edward Lucas, vol. ii., p. 3.



filled the duty imposed upon him under grievous disadvantages and sore trials, not only during his career in Parliament, but throughout the whole of a singularly honest and eventful public life.

Frederick Lucas was born on the 30th of March, 1812. His father was a corn merchant in the city of London, and both parents were members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. The first years of his school life were spent at a Quaker school in Darlington, but in his seventeenth year he became a student at University College, London. In the usual studies of the place, he soon gave proof of his talents, and took a high place in all the classes he attended, but he did not confine himself to the set studies of the school. He read indiscriminately and with insatiable appetite everything that came within his ken; history and poetry, theology and metaphysics, sermons and novels, were all pored over in turn. Here it was, perhaps, that he laid the foundations of that success which rewarded him as a journalist, by probing deeply into everything that could contribute to his store of knowledge. But he did not allow his love for books to debar him from manly and athletic exercises, and he proved himself as efficient on the river and the cricket field as in the study.

From college he betook himself to the legal profession, keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and he was called to the Bar in 1835. His University friends still gathered round him, and his chambers became the scene of many happy re-unions. "Often in the summer-time," says one of his biographers, "the weekly meetings at chambers would be exchanged for excursions into the country, and here Lucas was equally in his element. An untiring pedestrian, though

like Falstaff 'he larded the lean earth as he walked along,' he could always beguile the way with a thousand pleasant fancies, and revive the drooping courage of weary or hungry companions. And when after a long day's journey the goal was reached at last in the shape of some roadside inn which promised rest and refreshment, if insufficient food or accommodation disappointed the hopes of the wayfarers his unfailing good humour made light of every difficulty, while his unconquerable energy prevailed over all the scruples of sulky landlord or unwilling landlady, and called forth the latent resources of the establishment in a manner wonderful to behold."<sup>1</sup>

It was in the year 1837 that an article on Cathedral Establishments in the *Quarterly Review* first drew his attention to the Catholic Church and its teachings. To the ordinary reader this article contained nothing to lead a man towards Catholicism, but to Lucas it opened the way to an unknown region. It suggested a new class of ideas and a new train of thought and investigation, which were stimulated by the Oxford movement, and, as he tells us, by the unsatisfied longing for religious certainty. But it was not till 1839 that in some conversations with Mr. Anstey, afterwards member for Youghal, that the truth flashed upon his mind, and in less than a week he had satisfied himself that with the Catholic Church alone is lodged divine authority upon earth. In this conviction he never wavered; and it is related of him by those who were best able to judge, that, although some very deep questions came before him for discussion, he never from the moment of his conversion propounded a single

<sup>1</sup> *A Life of Frederick Lucas*, by Mr. Riethmüller, p. 25.

principle at variance with Catholic doctrine. He was received by Father Lythgoe of the Society of Jesus, and thus describes in simple and touching words the process through which he had gone and the peaceful security he had reached. "As a child who has lost himself he knows not where, far from home, returns weary and weeping to his mother's breast, so after long wandering in darkness, seeking for truth, but finding no rest because I could find no certainty, I have at length come, tired out with profitless labour, to find repose and consolation within that temple whose eternal gates are ever open to invite the weary and erring pilgrim to enter in. I have accepted the invitation ; I have entered in ; and within I have found not the mutilated limbs of truth, but the glorious virgin herself in all her celestial radiance."<sup>1</sup>

The years preceding his entrance into public life had been marked by political incidents of high importance and far-reaching effect, which were destined in no small measure to influence his life. The struggle which ended in Catholic Emancipation was drawing to a close with dramatic suddenness. The Clare Election, the surrender of the Government and the triumph of O'Connell were among the first of contemporary events of which he had to master the significance.

Then came the French Revolution of July, to be quickly followed by the Reform Bill, the anti-slavery movement in England, and the Tithe War in Ireland. Some of these same events were likewise instrumental in influencing the destinies of the young Montalembert. The discipline and experience of these years were well calculated to fit Lucas for the task which he took in hand a

<sup>1</sup> *Reasons for becoming a Catholic*, p. 98, first ed.

little more than a twelvemonth after his reception into the Catholic Church in 1839. This was an attempt to organize for action in their common interests the Catholic body in England; for nothing less than this was the real scope of the *Tablet*, which he started in 1840. It was a task of no small magnitude. The English Catholics, of the upper classes especially, were a timid body. They were few in number; the memories and habits of the penal days still hung over them like a pall. Even O'Connell's example had failed to infuse courage into their leaders. They viewed him with mixed and contradictory feelings. They wanted his advocacy, yet feared him. He it was who enabled the Catholics of the Empire to hold up their heads as free men, to meet their Protestant neighbours as equals and without a blush. Such a defender of the Catholic cause could not be ignored. But a large class of English Catholics re-echoed the cry of his bitterest enemies. He was a violent demagogue. He called a spade a spade. He was an agitator, and they were ashamed as well as afraid of him. To advocate the claims of this body Lucas abandoned a professional career of more than ordinary promise and embarked on a sea of storms with little prospect of pecuniary advantage. It was Father Lythgoe who suggested him as one well fitted to conduct a Catholic organ. He acquiesced without hesitation in the proposal to become editor of a weekly journal, stipulating only for such freedom as would permit him to advocate whatever policy justice and truth might demand. It was to make this clear that he placed as a motto at the head of his journal a saying of Burke's,



"My errors, if any, are my own ; I have no man's proxy." It was in this year also that Lucas married Miss Elizabeth Ashby, a daughter of Mr. William Ashby of Staines, a lady to whom he had been for some time engaged. The union was in all respects a happy one, except in the loss of their first child, one of the great sorrows of his life, and in the absorbing cares and labours which left him so little leisure for domestic life. The birth of a second boy came to console them for their first bereavement, and in every trial Lucas found in his wife a devoted and faithful helpmate.

In the first number of the *Tablet*, which appeared on the 16th of May, 1840, he made what he called "a brief confession of political faith." In it he referred to Ireland in these terms : "On the subject of Irish politics it is hard to speak with moderation. We are no Repealers ; but we look upon the cry for Repeal to be the most natural for the inhabitants of a country which has been governed with such fatal disregard of all the plainest rules of justice and prudence."<sup>1</sup> But many years did not elapse before he visited Ireland and became as speedily converted to Repeal as he had been to the Catholic religion.

Like Carlyle, with whom he was on intimate terms, Lucas thought that the great besetting sin of his generation was quackery, and a predisposition to be deceived by cant. This opinion soon brought him into conflict with many moral impostors and their admirers. Lucas from the outset of his editorial career fully grasped the idea that you cannot cut blocks with a razor, and that to tell a Billingsgate fishwife that her statement is "inexact" would be to waste words. Conse-

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of F. Lucas*, by his brother, E. Lucas, vol. i., p. 35.

quently he did not spare this type of individual when it was necessary to indict them.

The period from 1838 to 1847, when the Corn Laws were virtually abolished, was one of distress with short intervals of partial prosperity. The unemployed thronged the streets of London; poor seamstresses were making their shirts at three farthings apiece. It was then that Hood wrote the famous "Song of the Shirt." The rates, even under the new poor law, were oppressive. The subject was one which no public man could ignore, and which a journalist was bound to discuss. While others were treating the matter with more or less shallowness, the editor of the *Tablet* published an article which may very well be studied at this day. It was entitled "Ancient Charity and Modern Poor Laws," and it cut the ground from under the feet of the modern philanthropists and new system-mongers who do not wish to believe in Christianity. We can only give a few short extracts from it here. After showing that the Church abolished slavery, and elevated the poor, he goes on to speak of the social state before the Reformation. "In these times, standing midway between the old system of slavery, and the new system of pauperism, the poor were relieved by charity. There was no system of laws for their relief. There was no need of law, because the great law of charity, so long as the Catholic Church preserved its power over the mind, supplied the place of an outward law by the spontaneous exuberance which it poured forth." Again he writes, "To sum up all in one sentence, the aim of the old system was to call out and develop the higher qualities of the mind by the kindly influence of the sum of beneficence: the aim of the Modern system is to repress

evil, to scourge imposture, and by terror of famine, amidst frost and snow and all kinds of moral inclemencies, to call out the one dwarf plant of worldly economy.”<sup>1</sup>

It was in 1840 that Lucas first came in close contact with O’Connell. In that year the Repeal Association was founded. Meetings were held all over Ireland in support of the movement. It was not, however, till November—six months after its foundation—that the *Tablet* devoted itself seriously to the discussion of the question. Lucas was against Repeal, he did not consider it within the range of practical politics, he did not think it would be beneficial to the Catholics of the Empire. He admitted that its bearing on Catholic interests was the first consideration that weighed with him in the matter. He saw that but for the Act of Union, “out of Ireland the Church of God in this Empire would at this moment be sitting in captivity, a slave and an outcast perhaps for centuries to come;” and this coloured his whole political vision. United the Catholics were powerful, but divided they were helpless. This article brought out the *Waterford Chronicle* in the first instance; then Mr. John O’Connell, the Liberator’s son; and lastly, the Liberator himself. O’Connell argued that the Union was based on injustice and fraud, and refused to submit to it even were it to promote Catholic interests. Lucas in reply while admitting the fundamental injustice of the Union, held that good had come from it which outweighed all its disadvantages. One remark he made which is still unhappily true: “So far as we know the

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of F. Lucas*, by his brother, E. Lucas, vol. i., p. 55.

Irish Catholics owe the English Catholics no political gratitude whatever. The debt, we make no secret of it, is all the other way. The gratitude is due in the very opposite direction. In this matter the coronet must stoop to the frieze. The English peer is debtor to the Irish peasant.”<sup>1</sup> “I remember,” says his brother, “walking along the Serpentine with him the day this article was published. He expressed great anxiety as to its effect on the *Tablet*. Would O’Connell withdraw his support? It was then a matter of vital importance to the pecuniary success of the journal. ‘But,’ said he, ‘there was nothing else for it. The line had to be taken. What the result will be God knows.’”<sup>2</sup>

Be it said to O’Connell’s honour and credit that he never abated one jot of confidence in the man. And his confidence was to be singularly repaid. On the 23rd of January, 1841, we find the truth beginning to dawn on Lucas when he writes in the *Tablet*: “We believe that no government can safely or wisely administer the affairs of Ireland which does not govern in the spirit of repeal; which does not act on the principle that Ireland as well as England must have a National Government; must be governed, not as England must be governed, but in all practicable respects as Ireland would govern herself through the means of a domestic Parliament.”<sup>3</sup> But two years were to pass away before he became finally converted to the truth and justice of the movement for the Repeal of that Union which has meant disunion in everything but name.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of F. Lucas*, by his brother, E. Lucas, vol. i., p. 67.

<sup>2</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 68.

<sup>3</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 70.



The first years of the *Tablet's* existence were attended with great difficulties. Nine months after its first appearance its publishers, the Messrs. Keasley, failed commercially, and Lucas had to enter into partnership with the printers to keep the paper going. For a while all went well, but previous to the General Election of 1841 the Catholic Tories sought to bring in a Bill which would have given immense powers of eviction to the Irish landlords and nullified the effects of Catholic Emancipation. Lucas did not hesitate to denounce them, and various attempts were made to oust him from the editorial chair. They all failed, and Lucas received the most encouraging support from quite an unexpected quarter. At a meeting in Dublin on the 19th of August, 1841, O'Connell spoke in terms of the highest praise of the *Tablet*, and opened a subscription list in its support. The disputes between Lucas and his partner, who was a Protestant Tory, terminated by his bringing out his paper under the name of *The True Tablet*, leaving the old name to his partner. Before the end of the year the old paper was dead, and a thousand pounds subscribed by the Catholics of the United Kingdom to ensure the success of Lucas's new venture. Its suspension or failure would indeed have been a great calamity, for it was the medium through which tyranny, persecution and bigotry were exposed in communications received week after week from the most various and distant parts of the Empire. In the first number of the new paper which appeared in an enlarged form on the 1st of January, 1843, Lucas placed at the head of the leading columns an image of Our Lady and the Divine Infant, with the motto, *Sub tuum praesidium confugimus, sancta Dei genetrix*. Many

of his subscribers objected strongly to this move, but Lucas defended it by citing the fact that in Catholic countries every trade and calling had its patron saint, and that it was not the spirit of the Church to draw a strict line between things temporal and eternal.

The Tractarian movement now occupied his close attention. A certain section of the English Catholics were in favour of adopting a complacent and compromising attitude towards the Anglican Church and the agitators in its ranks. Lucas did not understand a policy which consisted of flattering men in their errors and delusions; he wrote frankly and without compromise of the new movement. His attitude was of course distasteful to many. He was violent; he was driving people away from the truth. These and similar phrases are specimens of the highly moral rubbish which was pelted at him. He continued the even tenour of his way, not moved out of his course by a single inch. But no one was readier to congratulate the converts that came over to the Church, and his friendship with Ward and Newman showed that his outspokenness had not been resented. In the year 1843 he distinguished himself in many directions. His activity and energy enabled him to accomplish the labour of several men. There was a secret in this. In prayer, and especially in the Rosary, he found his greatest help. He strenuously opposed a Bill which was to place the education of factory children entirely in the hands of the Anglican Church, and which was supported by several leading Catholics, including Lord Surrey. "We know," he wrote, "that a great deal of our language has given offence to what is called 'good society.' We heartily rejoice at it. 'Good

society ' owes us no gratitude, and we owe it no allegiance. On the contrary, we regard it as a corrupt heap of religious indifference, of half faith, of cowardice, of selfishness, of unmanly impotence." <sup>1</sup> The boldness of the *Tablet* roused the enthusiasm of the Catholic clergy and middle classes throughout the country, and when the Bill came on for discussion the educational clauses were abandoned. In January, 1843, the business of his paper took him to Ireland. He was heartily welcomed and entertained throughout the South, and at O'Connell's invitation spoke at a meeting of the Repeal Association. While still holding to his anti-Repeal opinions, he said that till his present journey "he never had the slightest conception that any class of beings could be ground down to so miserable a state, as regarded their outward condition, as that of the peasantry he had seen in the various counties through which he had passed, and that when he got back to England, whatever his opinions as to the aptness of Repeal, he would always declare that it was not an extreme or violent measure when taken in connection with the evils under which the country unfortunately laboured." <sup>2</sup> On his return to England he lost no time in placing the true condition of Ireland before his countrymen. Meanwhile the agitation for Repeal began to forge rapidly ahead. The Corporation of Dublin by a huge majority called for the overthrow of the Union. By the middle of April, 1843, the Repeal rent, <sup>3</sup> which the previous year had averaged £100 per week suddenly rose to £450. Enormous

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 120.

<sup>2</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 124.

<sup>3</sup> This had been instituted by O'Connell to defray the expenses of the agitation.

meetings at which from 50,000 to 100,000 persons were present were held at Limerick, Kells, and Tipperary. On the 3rd of June, seeing no hope of redress, and repudiating repression, Lucas said that he would no longer oppose, though he could not welcome Repeal. As the summer went on the monster meetings increased in number and frequency. On the 15th of August one was held at Tara, at which it was estimated that from half to three quarters of a million persons were present. Speaking at Mullaghmast on the 1st of October, O'Connell said that the Union had been passed by men who had no legal right whatever to barter away the constitution of the country. They had been elected to make laws for Ireland, not to hand over that function to the British Government; to act under the constitution, not to annihilate it. This was destined to be the last of O'Connell's monster meetings. Lucas saw at once the strength of O'Connell's argument, and admitted that his former contention—the advantage conferred on the Catholics of Great Britain by the Union—could not be sought in an essential injustice.

The next Repeal meeting was fixed for Sunday, October the 8th, at Clontarf. It never took place. On the previous Saturday a Government proclamation was issued prohibiting the meeting on the false pretence that peace was in danger. For all that the Government did to warn those coming from a distance hundreds of thousands would have been there. O'Connell, however, stepped between the Government and the people, and no meeting was held. O'Connell and some of his prominent followers were promptly prosecuted for conspiracy. The trial was conducted with that disregard of law, justice, or even common sense for which Irish prosecutions were and are



notorious. The indictment was withheld from the traversers' counsel till it was too late for them to master its contents, the jury was packed, the witnesses were mostly perjurers. Lucas did not hesitate to speak the truth concerning all this. "Affairs in Ireland go on gaily," he wrote. "The preparations are now nearly complete, and the condemnation of the traversers commences on Monday next. We say the 'Condemnation,' because we prefer to call things by their proper names. The usual term is 'trial,' but trial implies some degree of doubt, and some small modicum of explanation and inquiry; whereas the examination and inquiry are now over, and what begins on Monday is the process of condemnation." He goes on to describe the operation of jury-packing: "The parties to whom the construction of the jury is intrusted first make up their minds as to the verdict to be given; they then examine the jury lists, and determine that such and such jurors will return the verdict required; they then choose—we believe it is commonly called packing—the jury accordingly. When this operation is completed the 'trial' strictly speaking, is at an end. The prosecutors have 'tried' to get a jury of the right sort and they have succeeded."<sup>1</sup>

The trial lasted twenty-five days. In the course of it the Chief Justice Pennefather spoke of the counsel for the defence as the "gentlemen on the other side," and his charge was a speech of counsel against the traversers. They were of course found guilty and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. O'Connell and the others were consigned to gaol and appealed to the House

<sup>1</sup> *The Tablet*, 13th January, 1844.

of Lords who by a majority of three to two reversed the judgment of the court below, Lord Denman making use of the now familiar expression, that if conducted as this had been, "trial by jury, instead of being a security to the accused, would become a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

In 1843 Lucas wrote a series of articles in his paper entitled, "How to set our house in order," addressed to the English Catholics. He did not fear to tell them the plain truth. "Protestant justice," he wrote, "has become our justice, Protestant charity our charity, Protestant morality the rule and measure of our lives. While these things so continue, how can we hope that our house will ever be set in order? How can we hope to reform the morals of our neighbours until we can get for ourselves some sterner and wholesomer morality than that which we have hashed up of just so much Catholic morality as we are afraid to discard, and just so much Protestant morality as we find it convenient to accept."<sup>1</sup> In the last of the series he advocated the establishment in England of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which he was always glad to chronicle the progress. He was invited to become its president, but his editorial duties would not permit him. The Society however was started and prospered.

It was a firm conviction with Lucas that every English administration, whether Whig or Tory, had constantly in view two great objects in the government of Ireland; one was to diminish the power of the priesthood over their flocks, and the other to govern the country through Rome and the Irish Episcopacy. The end and aim of both

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 157.

processes was the same and was also two-fold, namely, to destroy the Catholic religion, and at the same time to enrich England, or at least the English proprietors of Irish estates at the expense of the native population. It is necessary to bear this in mind in noting the policy advocated by Lucas in regard to Irish legislation. The session of 1844 was distinguished, among other things, by the passing of a Charitable Bequests Bill for Ireland, which led to considerable agitation. Under the Penal Laws Catholic charities had been ignored. No bequests to them were legal. The administration of charitable funds had been vested in a Bequests Board, whose functions were practically confined to Protestant charities, and none other. So iniquitous was the law that the judges in many cases ignored it. The new Bill was to place charitable donations or bequests in the hands of a new Board consisting of seven Protestants and five Catholics. The Catholic bequests were to be administered by the Catholic members of the Board, but no bequest to any religious Order or any of its members should be lawful. Here the old system of legalized robbery was retained. When the Bill came on for discussion a few members made strong objection to it. Sir Robert Peel became quite pathetic over the opposition, he described it as "most disheartening." No doubt "it is disappointing," said the *Tablet*. "No doubt the butcher gets disappointed and almost loses his spirits when he can't get the pig to lie quiet and accept the favour of having his throat cut."<sup>1</sup> All the Irish Bishops disliked the Bill, but they wavered in their opposition, and the Government

<sup>1</sup> E. Lucas, vol. i., p. 168.

triumphed after all. The minority who were in favour of accepting seats on the new Board got the majority to pass a resolution permitting each bishop to act according to his conscience. The Government lost no time in appointing the Board, and it included Dr. Whately, the man who, after the famine, could boast that he never gave a penny to any poor person in the street, fearing he might be contributing to the maintenance of a Papish priest. Lucas had consistently opposed the measure throughout.

The next move of the Government was devised to create further discord amongst the Irish Catholics. A certain Mr. Wyse, member for Waterford, was put up to propound an educational scheme, which resulted in the establishment of the Queen's Colleges. The *Tablet* was first in the field, and in an article on the 23rd of November, 1844, the editor asked, "Are the Bishops awake? No doubt the soundly orthodox opinion of the Irish hierarchy will be expressed when Mr. Wyse's projected piece of legislation shall have become law." It was not till May of the following year that the Bishops did protest. Sir Robert Inglis described the Bill as a "gigantic scheme of Godless education."<sup>1</sup> The Government flatly refused to listen to the Bishops or the people and the measure became law. Lucas in a series of articles extending over many months went into the whole question of education, its principles, methods, objects, and functions. There is no doubt that these articles prevented the Godless system of education from taking hold of the Irish people. "In these

<sup>1</sup> Hence the term, "Godless colleges," ever since applied to the Queen's Colleges.



Godless colleges," he wrote, "history, science, languages (and arts) are to be taught, and out of the colleges they are to be instructed in the truths of religion, forsooth. But is this education? Certainly not. All these are but handmaids of education after all. Teach all these things and what have you gained, what may you have gained? A generation of sciolists, proud of the knowledge of many facts, noisy, disputatious, puffed up with the wind of an unwholesome conceit, indocile, unbelieving, and impure. The highest culture of intellect, the most laborious accumulation of knowledge, may co-exist with all the vices of the soul. I should be ashamed to repeat these truisms, were it not that the promoters of the mixed system are ignorant or careless of the great truth that education is not teaching, but training; not cramming with knowledge, even of religion, but building up in virtuous habits and the nurture of the spiritual life. In these mixed colleges what can there be of training? forming of habits? spiritual nurture and discipline? No such thing is contemplated, nor is it attainable. On the contrary, the organization of spiritual and moral discipline is deliberately rejected as an evil."<sup>1</sup>

On this subject of "Godless education" Lucas was particularly well qualified to speak, as he had himself experienced its dangers at the London University, and had passed through a period of infidelity from which his candour of mind and singleness of purpose alone saved him. During these years Lucas kept up an intimacy with a number of persons of opposite and irreconcilable views and principles. The most con-

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 184.

spicuous of these outside the Catholic body were John Stuart Mill and Thomas Carlyle. His friendship with the former continued to the last, but Carlyle diverged more and more from the principles which had attracted Lucas in the first instance, and the intimacy consequently died out. Towards the end of 1845 his eyesight temporarily failed him, and he had to dictate his work. He continued to compose a series of brilliant articles for the *Tablet*, but the object that occupied his most unremitting attention for two years was the great Irish famine. In the autumn of 1845, the blight had attacked the potato crop throughout the United Kingdom. In Ireland the disease was not only more virulent and more widespread, but far more disastrous than in Great Britain, inasmuch as the potato was the chief food of the people. The result was famine.

Though well warned of its coming the Government made no preparation to meet it, and used it as a pretext for repealing the Corn Laws. The people of Ireland were sacrificed to the fetish of political expediency. Instead of relief they were offered a Coercion Bill. The *Tablet* lost no time in exposing the true nature of the situation. It backed up O'Connell and his party in their opposition to coercion, and in the end the Bill was thrown out. Before the end of 1846 a second failure of the potato crop occurred, far more complete than that of the previous year. The new Government offered relief in the shape of an Arms Bill. This also had to be withdrawn, and the Government eventually set about starting a series of public works to give relief to the starving people. A Labour Rate Act was passed. Public works of a non-productive kind

were started. The labourers were drawn away from agricultural works "to break stones on impossible roads," mortgagees were foreclosing to such an extent that 1,200 notices were lodged in the Four Courts in a few months, deaths from starvation were becoming more numerous, even in the workhouses there were scarcely enough able-bodied paupers alive to bury the dead, and so the year drew to a close. Lucas, who had all along pointed out the Government mistake, thus hails the starting of reproductive works: "At length, after six months of reckless and stupid waste, after six months in which labour was possible, in which bad labour had been deliberately chosen, wisdom comes to our rulers with the frost, and when the earth has become hide-bound, and hard as iron, it is discovered that a new method must be adopted, and some surer course devised when God visits the earth with the smiles of spring."<sup>1</sup> He had warned the Government often enough, but what could one man do even with a great newspaper at his command.

On the day after Christmas, 1846, in a magnificent article which we wish our space would permit us to transcribe in full, Lucas appealed to the Catholics of England on behalf of their Irish brothers. "In Ireland at this moment," he writes, "Christ suffers many deaths by famine, and endures the agonies of the most pinching want, but we put forth no hand to help Him. The bitter blast which, on the great day of the Nativity made Him shiver, blows now in Skibbereen, in Bantry, in Macroom, in the far West, in the North, in the East, in the Midst, and the members of Christ tremble beneath its biting

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 235.

rigour, while famished, and foodless, they ask for the food which we make no effort to bestow. In how many hundred or thousand Irish cabins, more squalid than that beast-stall in Jewry, is Christ now perishing for want! In how many thousand huts do the souls of His poor now cleave to the dust in unutterable sorrow! Around us, about us, these things take place; the sound of them is noised in our ears; it makes a brief subject of discourse; it adds to our stock of gossip; we utter mock sighs and skin deep lamentations, in which the heart has no part, and we turn off to talk about fat cattle, or the new planet, or the price of stocks, or the railways, or the theatre, or the ball-room, or the fashions.”<sup>1</sup> And again he writes: “If anything commensurate with the occasion has been done by the Catholics of England, we protest our ignorance of it. Possibly our charity has been so exquisitely mingled with humility, that we have not let our right hand know what our left has been doing. We have, in short, refused to stir in the cause; and while we affect to adore Christ present on our altars, and to commemorate the poverty and affliction of His birth, the hardness of our hearts allows us to remain unmoved by the presence of a National Christmas Famine.”<sup>2</sup>

The effect of this appeal was instantaneous. Subscriptions flowed in from all parts of Great Britain, the poor vying with the rich in their generosity. The famine increased, and the landlords commenced a process of extermination against their miserable tenants. The Govern-

<sup>1</sup> The *Tablet*, 26th December, 1846.

<sup>2</sup> The *Tablet*, 26th December, 1846.



ment did nothing. Meantime, if they were idle, those who traded on the distress in order to pervert the poor Catholics were by no means idle. The "souper" was abroad. "We can give our readers," wrote Lucas, "the particulars of a case just now in full operation in Dingle. As soon as the famine set in with all its horrors, a sufficient number of teachers to meet the case were despatched to Dingle to torment the souls of those whose bodies hunger was consuming in fearful agony. They were not particular about creed; all they wanted was to procure apostasy from the Catholic Church to anything else. In the Bible schools, soup, bread, and meat are distributed three times a day, while those who resolutely keep themselves from the Satanic instruction which England furnishes are left to perish with hunger. O God! when will punishment descend upon these tormentors and destroyers of souls?"<sup>1</sup>

Things in Ireland dragged from bad to worse. The Government did nothing, the Irish members of Parliament did not seem to know what to do. With the exception of Lucas no public man had any plan of action. When the Government raised £8,000,000 to be distributed indiscriminately in relief amongst the people he pointed out the futility of such a course. In April large supplies of grain began to arrive from America and elsewhere, and things began to brighten, though fever still played havoc throughout the land. At this very moment O'Connell, an old man now, and broken with the storms of state, breathed his last in Genoa.

Lucas wrote a long article on his life, and

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 249.

commenting on those who blamed him for leaving his heart to Rome, he expressed himself as follows: "What a view of O'Connell's character do these questionings imply! First of all and before all O'Connell was a Catholic—a Roman Catholic. His allegiance to God came first. This was his first love, and to this every other love was subordinate. He did not love Ireland less, but he loved Rome more; or rather he loved Ireland more because he loved Rome most. He loved Ireland the more because it was reasonable to do so, and in his own heart he placed her titles to his affections in a reasonable order."

In 1847 the new Pope, Pius IX., absolutely condemned the "Godless colleges." Lucas was in a state of great exultation. The English Press was beside itself with indignation, and the *Tablet* had to bear the brunt of the battle, but it was congenial work. In the autumn of 1847, a certain Major Mahon, of Strokestown, in Roscommon, an evicting landlord, had been shot dead. This tragic circumstance afforded a fine opportunity for calumniating the Catholic clergy, and the Rev. Father M'Dermot, the priest of the parish, was accused of having denounced Major Mahon from the altar on the Sunday previous to the assassination. He at once denied the charge. The denial was of no avail. A perfect whirlwind of abuse was directed against the Irish clergy by the leading English newspapers. The public of course joined in. "The English people of the middle and upper classes are," observed Lucas, "Pharisees to the very marrow of their bones. With full bellies, roofs wind and water-tight, warm hearths, soft

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 261.

beds, and a balance at the bankers, enough as they think to ensure them against Providence itself, they sit arrogantly on the crimes of starving, naked, heart-broken men. Even their very alms-deeds are too often blasted by pride. This people, among whom it has passed into a proverb that poverty is a crime, and which, without discrimination of circumstance or temptation, is pitiless as only Pharisees can be; this people which in the midst of its riches has forgotten God, and in His place has reared up a ghastly idol, in which, as in an enchanted mirror, it beholds and worships a golden image of itself; this comfortable, purse-proud, luxurious, money-making nation, as a matter of course, has decided against the poor; pronounced the Irish savages; their crimes without excuse; their religion a Thuggery; their priests instigators to murder.”<sup>1</sup> This was hard hitting, but it was well deserved.

An altogether new kind of investigation now engaged the attention of Lucas, namely, the critical study of military affairs. The air was full of revolutions and rumours of revolutions. In Ireland a certain number of the Young Ireland party were goaded by the callous indifference of the Government into making some preparation for an armed outbreak. It was thought that in the towns vitriol, broken glass bottles, and molten lead might be made to take the place of ordinary weapons, and that in the country with pikes and a few guns a sort of guerilla war might be carried on, which would harass the Government into granting Repeal. Lucas did not believe success possible, and by way of correcting or confirming his view, he entered

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 293.

into the study of guerilla wars, ancient and modern. The result of his investigations he published week by week. In order to give weight to these counsels of prudence he reiterated the opinion expressed in 1843, that the English Government in Ireland is an illegal government, and that consequently to take up arms against it would be no treason, but a perfectly legal act, and justifiable in consequence; yet, looking at the matter in a practical way he discouraged any such proceeding. To those who were goaded by British brutality into rash impatience, he addressed salutary warnings, which they would have done well to heed. The sequel proved him in the right.<sup>1</sup> While the country was rapidly drifting into insurrection, Lucas paid a visit to Dublin. The trial of Mitchel aroused his indignation. Mitchel had been represented as a foolish cowardly braggadocio. This view Lucas declared to be the very reverse of fact. He wrote: "There are few men now breathing whom I venerate more than John Mitchel. So far from being 'foolish' he possesses genius and character of a very high order. He is no coward; on the contrary, I believe him to be, without exception, the bravest man I have ever known. He is no braggadocio, but modest, composed, reserved, unostentatious, disinterested, free from ambition, humane, generous, affectionate, and on good cause shown as ready to lay his head upon a block as upon a pillow."<sup>2</sup>

"Poor Irish people," he wrote in the *Tablet*, "your crime is, not that some of you have rebelled, but that more of you have not rebelled."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The revolution ended in a miserable fiasco at Ballingarry.

<sup>2</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 317.

<sup>3</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 319.



A time had now arrived when the removal of the *Tablet* from London to Dublin was determined on. The high Catholic principle with which the journal had been conducted for ten years had not succeeded in placing it on a secure footing in England. English Catholicity formed too narrow a basis for its support. The move to Dublin broke many old associations, but the warm reception he met with in his new home did not estrange him from his old companions.

To his friend Mr. Riethmüller he writes as follows, shortly after his arrival: "We have just got tiled-in in a house of our own here at Kingstown, and allowing £12 a year for railway to Dublin, I pay for rent, rates, taxes, etc., about half as much as at Kensington. As the house really is comfortable and suitable, and as we have sea air and most exquisite scenery within a shilling ride of us, besides seeing mountains out of our back windows, I think this is not a bad basis to begin upon."<sup>1</sup> Although Lucas fully intended, on removing to Ireland, to direct his attention nearly as much as before to the general interests of the Church, he was soon too much engrossed in Irish affairs to be able to do so. He found the people in a state of starvation, and a movement beginning in which ere long he became one of the chief actors—a movement for securing to the tenants the value of the improvements made by themselves in the soil.

The year 1850 dawned upon a state of misery in Ireland, which was well-nigh universal. For months together the workhouses contained from 200,000 to 240,000 inmates. The weekly death-rate averaged over 4 per 1,000.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Riethmüller's Biography.

When Parliament met, the Queen's Speech congratulated the House on the improved condition of the country, and informed the world that "Although the effect of former years of scarcity are felt in that part of the United Kingdom, they are mitigated by the abundance of food, and the tranquillity which prevails." Meanwhile, notwithstanding "the abundance of food," the tranquil people were starving. Such was the condition of the Irish tenantry when Lucas arrived in Dublin.

On the 6th of August, 1850, two hundred delegates representing the tenant-farmers of Ireland met in Dublin. The resolutions, in the drafting of which Lucas had taken a prominent part, were carried unanimously. One of the most important declared, "That our efforts will be ineffectual unless we have as representatives men of known honesty, who will withhold support from any Cabinet that will not advance these principles." Thus was inaugurated the policy of Independent Opposition in the House of Commons, a policy which was to have far-reaching results. The Tenant League, which was to advance and promote that policy, was formally constituted on the 10th August, 1850. A letter stating the case of the League, drawn up and signed by Lucas, was sent to the *Times*, and inserted in that journal. The *Times* replied, and thereupon a correspondence ensued which is chiefly interesting for the illustration it affords of the habitual want of candour with which Irish questions are treated by this newspaper. It is sufficient for us to say that the best of the argument was with Lucas. Shortly afterwards, in a speech made at Enniscorthy, he showed how clearly he perceived the need there was to purge

the Parliamentary representation of corrupt, timid, unreliable men. He said : " What I want to impress upon you is, that you must pay more attention to parliamentary affairs than you have hitherto done. If you are to succeed at all, you must succeed in Parliament. You must convince the members of Parliament of the justice of your cause, and still more of the necessity and expediency of acceding to your demands." <sup>1</sup>

He spoke also at meetings held in Cashel, Ennis, Kilkenny, and Waterford, always brilliantly, and to the point. Writing to Mr. Riethmüller, he refers thus to his experiences : " I daily rejoice at the recollection of our old Debating Society (at the London University), and I take some pride in remembering in connection with it, almost the only instance of real perseverance I was ever guilty of—I mean in labouring to overcome a most painful nervousness. The year I devoted myself to do that has made me of twice the value here, and if I had not done it then, I should never have done it. O Lord, when I attend committees and conferences, and public meetings, and speak from the tops of barrels, and out of public-house windows, and in all sorts of strange places, you can't tell how often I think about the old days, and the good old fellows who then were. I wish some of you were here ; and yet sometimes I wish not ; for in this sort of public life friendship is oddly mixed up with a secret jealousy, or, if that word is too strong, with little ranklings of mutual discontent, which amongst old friends are more painful than separation." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 396.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Riethmüller's Biography.

The appointment of Doctor Wiseman to the dignity of Cardinal and Metropolitan in England gave rise to a terrible outcry from the English Press, led by the *Times*. "The devil," wrote Lucas, "is wont to howl when he is hurt. The timid amongst us should ponder this well. The Church cannot make the slightest movement without arousing furious passions, and hearing voices around it like the voices of exorcised demons."<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Wiseman, ignoring the storm, returned from Rome at once, sending beforehand a magnificent address to the English people, which appeared in the *Tablet*. He was by no means ill received, but the Government and its rabid allies determined to make the Pope's action an excuse for coercive legislation against the Church. When Parliament sat a Bill was introduced for this purpose. Lucas opposed it vehemently, and the Government writhed under his lash. It was strenuously fought in the House by the Irish members, by the Young England party, by Mr. Gladstone and by John Bright.

At length it passed, but from that day it was a dead letter. This agitation was accompanied by and led to consequences which affected the whole of Lucas's future life, and finally to the writing of the "Statement" prepared for Pius IX. It detached from the Whigs a certain number of Catholic members, who required some very strong inducement to unloose the ties by which they were bound to that treacherous faction, and it tended to bring about also what had never ceased to be Lucas's great aim, namely, a real union between the Catholics of England and Ireland. When, therefore, it was proposed to found a Catholic Defence Asso-

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 421.



ciation of Great Britain and Ireland, he entered warmly into the project. The Association was formed, and the first meeting held on the 19th of August, 1851. It was to all outward seeming a brilliant success. On its committee and amongst its members were Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop, afterwards Cardinal Cullen, Primate of all Ireland, many English and most of the Irish Bishops, a large number of the nobility and commoners of both islands, and the party of Independent Opposition in the House. Doctor Cullen, who presided at the meeting, said that the only hope of Catholics "under Providence" was in the formation of an Independent party in Parliament, and altogether delivered a speech reassuring to men of Lucas's views. Lucas's name was, however, excluded from the committee, members of the Press were to be prevented from becoming members. At this point he took serious alarm, and plainly intimated his belief that Keogh, Sadlier, Reynolds, and the rest of the "Brigade" as they began to be called would betray the cause.

The old year, 1851, passed away, and the grand association had done nothing. Questions of vital importance to the Catholic cause were neglected and ignored. Lucas continued to labour without ceasing at the formation of an Independent party, consisting of men who would not take places for themselves, their friends, or their connections; who would lead a "life of hard public service, of austere duty and self denial; days and nights, weeks and months, spent in advancing the interests of the country, without a thought of self, or private interest, or personal aggrandisement in any shape whatever."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. i., p. 456.

At a meeting held in Navan in the previous year he had been selected as one of the candidates for Meath. The selection was now unanimously confirmed, and it was determined to return him free of expense. The Defence Association issued a manifesto advising the Meath men not to elect him. Priests and people answered them by calling a monster meeting at Kells where they received their candidate with great enthusiasm. The campaign lasted till the 26th of July, when Lucas was elected by a majority of 1,439 over his opponent, Mr. Grattan. His election was a signal defeat for the Keogh and Sadlier faction, and they lost no time in seeking to injure the new member.

The House met on the 11th of November, and Lucas was present at the opening. The first person he met in the Lobby was his cousin, John Bright, who, with that *bonhomie* which distinguished him, addressed him thus: "Well, Fred, and how goes on the old superstition?" "Why, John, a great deal better than the new hypocrisy," was the ready reply.<sup>1</sup> On the 15th of the same month Lucas made his first set speech in the House. It was on the Irish land question. One thing he made very clear, namely, that no parity exists between English building leases and Irish agricultural occupancies in the matter of compensation periods. In the one case, the man is a capitalist who takes a piece of land at a low ground rent, builds upon it a house which is his own for a certain number of years, and for which he receives a rent sufficient to pay interest on the capital expended, and to repay the capital before the expiration of the lease.

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. ii., p. 4.

In the other case, you had a poor man, who, as soon as he has improved his holding is forthwith rackrented. This first effort was fully appreciated by his party, and by the House at large. Gavan Duffy wrote that Lucas had made one of the most powerful and convincing speeches it had been his good fortune to listen to.

Two days later the division on Disraeli's Budget was taken. It was thrown out by a majority of 19, the vote of the Irish party determining the result. The Government resigned. Lucas said, "The next step is to manifest the same impartiality towards their successors." But this was not to be. Keogh appeared in the new ministry as Solicitor-General for Ireland, Sadlier as Junior Lord of the Treasury. The "Brigade" in spite of their solemn protestations had gone over to the Government. On seeking re-election Sadlier was defeated, but Keogh was re-elected for Athlone. In spite of these reverses and betrayals, Lucas and his friends manfully pursued the policy of Independent Opposition. One of their first successes was the appointment of Catholic chaplains for Catholic prisoners, a concession granted by the Government after some obstruction on their part. Shortly afterwards in a debate on the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland, Lucas in a speech of great eloquence pointed out the real condition of affairs in his adopted country. "The Constitution in Ireland," he said, "meant that the permanent, settled, fixed, and irrevocable will of the people should be thwarted, refused, and denied, trampled on and insulted generation after generation. The Constitution of Ireland meant that the people should knock in vain at the doors of Parliament for justice. It meant

an injustice under which no human beings could be induced to live, except by military violence and physical force. For years the people of Ireland had endeavoured to get rid of this injustice, but their demands had been rejected with contempt and insult, and they had been told that because there were a hundred gentlemen returned to that House by a process that was called representation, they had the blessings of the British Constitution, which in England meant the accomplishment of the will of the people, but which in Ireland meant exactly the reverse."<sup>1</sup>

In August of this year—1853—Parliament having risen, Lucas crossed over to Belgium to gain information as to local industries there, such as he fancied might be introduced with advantage into Ireland. For this purpose he visited the little town of Meulbeche, in West Flanders. Here he found that though as recently as 1846 half the population were starving and in receipt of charitable relief, that now, owing to the establishment of industrial schools and farms the people were once more prosperous and contented. He placed the result of his observations before the Tenant Right Conference on his return to Dublin, but the dissensions amongst its members prevented united action on the lines he suggested.

Before Parliament opened in 1854 meetings were held in Louth, Kilkenny, Meath, and Tuam in support of the Independent Opposition policy. In all these meetings Lucas took part, and they were all remarkable. At Tuam, Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman*, openly charged Keogh and his

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. ii., p. 49.



following with corruption. His remarks were made the subject of a debate in the House of Commons, in which Lucas made one of his most telling speeches, and a committee was appointed to investigate the truth of Gray's charges. The committee consisted, amongst others, of Keogh, John Bright, and George Henry Moore. After some sittings, in which Dr. Gray and others were examined, Lucas was called. It is quite impossible to do justice to his examination in the short space at our disposal. It must suffice to say that Keogh was brought fairly to bay, and he fought desperately; but he could not stand against Lucas's clear straightforward answers to his examination, and as point after point was scored against him the crowded committee room broke into subdued applause. The charges of corruption were proved up to the hilt, but the committee brought in a shuffling report which was eminently unsatisfactory.

On the 28th of February, a Mr. Chambers brought in a motion for a committee to inquire into the number and rate of increase of convents, and to see if any fresh legislation was necessary. His speech was insulting in its language, and offensive in its imputations. There was a large majority nevertheless, in favour of the motion. Indignation ran high amongst the Catholics of Great Britain. Numerous meetings were held and resolutions passed. A declaration against the attack was drawn up. Lucas went over to Dublin on the 20th of April, and the moment he saw the proposed declaration objected to its terms. It was indeed an absurd document, for it made the signatories "express our deep regret that we are compelled, as a separate class of the religious community, again

to undertake the assertion of our religious rights." "Again," as if there had been an interval, long or short, during which they had had no occasion to come forward as a separate class in defence of their religious rights, whereas no single grievance of those detailed in 1851 had been redressed. On this ground Lucas objected to its terms, and censured it in the *Tablet*. A great meeting was held in Dublin, a few days after his arrival, and one John Reynolds, in the course of a vituperative speech, charged Lucas with having in that very article stigmatised as "knaves or fools" the Bishops who had signed the declaration. Lucas tried to reply, but was prevented from doing so by the Lord Mayor, who occupied the chair. He was only able to say in two sentences that the charge was an untruth, "and that if he were given an opportunity he would prove it to be a base, deliberate and malicious falsehood." He then withdrew. Publicly Lucas made no complaint, but his friends with one accord stepped forward in his defence. With little delay they determined to present him with a substantial testimonial. The end of his parliamentary career was fast approaching, for though he attended two sittings of the House in the next session, he was too ill to speak. And now those events happened which proved the great trial of his life and hastened his end.

Dr. Cullen had for some time opposed Lucas and his party. He now took public steps against them. The occasion of his action was as follows. The Tenant League organized a series of meetings throughout the country. The first was to be held at Callan, in the constituency of Serjeant Shee, one of the leading traitors in Keogh's party, who had sold the tenants' cause to the Govern-

ment. The curates in this town, Fathers Keeffe and O'Shea, had been the originators and pioneers of the Tenant League movement. At them the first blow was struck. A few days before the meeting Father Keeffe was ordered by his Bishop to abstain altogether from taking any part in it, or indeed publicly in politics at all. Father O'Shea, however, was present and spoke. When the immediate business of the meeting was over and the clergy had retired, Lucas addressed the meeting. He told the people of the prohibition, and went on to say, that if the priests were to be banished from political life he could see no course for honest and sane men but to wash their hands of public affairs. He told them that they intended as soon as possible to bring the question before the Holy See. What the Holy See might decide he would not anticipate, but whatever it might be to that he would give "unreserved obedience." Within a week Father O'Shea was placed on the same footing as Father Keeffe. Lucas, after addressing a large Tenant Right meeting at Thurles, returned to Dublin, and set out for London on the 30th of November. It was his last farewell to Ireland.

On his arrival in England he was presented with the testimonial and address got up for him by the English Catholics, after the attack on him in Dublin. From all parts of the English-speaking world tributes were received, and the English Bishops, headed by Cardinal Wiseman, were amongst the signatories. With such encouragement then was he cheered upon his way to Rome. He left London immediately after the presentation, and arrived in the Eternal City on the evening of Wednesday, the 6th of Decem-

ber, just in time to enable him to be present at the definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of her "whom he still had served," and under whose patronage he fought to the last.

In Rome he met many of the English Bishops who were on his side, but at the Irish College he found that the influence of Doctor Cullen was supreme. An attempt was even made to prevent the Pope from seeing him, but on the 9th of January, 1855, he had his first audience. He wrote of it as an "event in my life." The audience lasted for twenty minutes, and during that time the Pope spoke to him of the state of affairs in Ireland, and told him his "great object was to bring about peace and union."<sup>1</sup> An attempt was now made to settle matters amicably, and Lucas had an interview with Dr. Cullen, who had arrived in Rome. It lasted for two hours and a half, and was carried on by Dr. Cullen in a tone of determined opposition that entirely prevented a compromise being arrived at. Lucas then had a second interview with the Pope, who asked him to put on paper the views he wished to lay before him that he might give them his best attention before the Brief on Irish affairs was issued.

Such was the origin of the "Statement" and such the cause of the importance attached to it; both during its preparation and at all times since. He very soon got to work on the document, but it was a by no means easy task. Writing to his wife on the 23rd of March, he refers to it as follows: "It will be a pamphlet, and the whole ground I have to go over is so difficult that it is slow work. I have got it out

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. ii, p. 119.



of the form of a memorial which was awkward. I now make it a statement in my own name, divide it into sections with formal headings like the chapters of a book. I do this, of course, to make it more readable." And he goes on: "Don't be disheartened, my dear wife. You are, I think and am sure, the best and bravest woman in the world. I cannot admire you enough for the quiet, brave, clever, sensible management you have displayed in the last four months. My heart aches sometimes to think what rising trouble you must have had to keep down during that time."<sup>1</sup>

For fully two months Lucas was engaged in preparing the "Statement" for the Holy Father. During this time he was subject to much depression of spirits. Nor is this surprising; for during a whole month he was almost alone in Rome, his health was giving way, and he had no cheering news from Ireland to sustain and encourage him. When it was completed it was a lengthy and logically constructed document. It began by tracing the recent course of events in Ireland, showed how the policy of Independent Opposition had arisen, and contrasted it with Keogh's policy of place-taking and place-begging. It went fully into the question of priests taking part in politics, and described the cases of Father Keeffe and Father O'Shea. In conclusion it described the policy of Dr. Cullen, and his conduct towards the independent political party. It is a strangely vivid and living indictment, and reads even now with force and conviction. As a political document it must always remain of great historical importance.

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. ii., p. 136.

He returned to London towards the end of May. He was ill and careworn, so altered indeed that when he presented himself at the door of the House of Commons the door-keepers did not know him. He at once became the guest of his true-hearted friend, Richard Swift, of Wandsworth, and remained with him two months; then he went for a short time to Weybridge, and then on a long visit to his father at Brighton. The depression and heart disease from which he was suffering rapidly grew worse. In September he writes to his old friend, Father Thomas O'Shea, from Staines. The end was fast approaching, and he was suffering from several complications. "Thank God," he writes, "I have no wish to live; I ask for no prayers for restoration to health. I have never valued life very much, and now less than ever. Dear Father Tom, it would be a great pleasure to see you again before I die. We have fought many a battle together, at your imminent peril, and I never found in you less than the courage of a hero. Now when, perhaps, I am presently to stand face to face with my Creator and Redeemer, I esteem it an honour to have fought so often by your side; and though I do not regret for a moment that my exertions have tended to shorten my life, I do most bitterly regret that your nobleness and heroism have brought on you so sad a persecution."<sup>1</sup>

Diseases of the heart, as is well known, often involve much distress and suffering. It was so in his case. He had at times most painful attacks of spasmodic breathing, and at the end of them he would often say, "Thank God for

<sup>1</sup> *E. Lucas*, vol. ii., p. 448.

that!" meaning the suffering. On Sunday, September 23rd, he went to Beaumont Lodge, then a Jesuit novitiate, and the nearest Catholic chapel to Staines. On that day dropsy first appeared. He had much difficulty in the evening in getting upstairs to his room, whence he came down no more. He felt a great desire to receive Holy Communion often, and he had this happiness twelve times altogether during his six weeks in Staines. On the Feast of the Purity of our Blessed Lady he received the Viaticum for the last time. The next day—October the 22nd—in the afternoon he saw and conversed with his father for a considerable time. Afterwards he said, "I hope I did not speak too much of myself, but I tried to give the conversation a Catholic turn." A little later he had a violent attack of the painful breathing and became very faint. He was sitting up, having been unable to lie down for some time. As soon as the change in his countenance was perceived, the little indulgenced prayer was repeated to him—"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph I offer you my heart and my soul." He responded by a most emphatic "Thank you," bent forward as was his wont in order to breathe more freely, then, leaning back in his chair, expired without a sigh.<sup>1</sup> It was a Christian death, cheerfully accepted from the hands of God, at the early age of forty-four.

Some six months after his death the "Statement" was presented to the Pope, but without avail. In Ireland the disastrous effect of withdrawing the clergy from politics soon became apparent in the rise of the Fenian Brother-

<sup>1</sup> Account of his death by Father Whitty, S.J.

hood. According to the late James Stephens, the Fenian head-centre, the foundation of this society would have been exceedingly difficult had the old order of things been allowed to continue. He attributed its success to the fact that all hope of the redress of grievances through the channel of the legislature had become extinct, or nearly so.<sup>1</sup> As for Dr. Cullen, long before his death he discovered his mistake, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy tells us that he actually asked him to undertake the management of a journal on Nationalist lines, for which he (Dr. Cullen) would furnish a considerable portion of the means.

Of Lucas the man it is not necessary to write much in order to bring him before those who have read this short story of his life. His actions and writings speak for him. In appearance he was of tall and commanding stature, fresh Saxon complexion, fair hair, which towards the end turned prematurely grey, and a very lofty and massive forehead. His conversation was cultured, and of the most vigorous and masculine kind. In literature his favourite authors were Shakespeare and Tacitus, but his range of study was very wide and his power remarkable. His natural disposition was conservative. He abhorred fawning and toadyism after the great, and valued highly dignity of demeanour. His humour was ever ready and flashed out almost without effort. One of the Young Ireland party, who was particularly truculent, said to him one day that he was an Irishman first and a Catholic afterwards. "And which will you be last?" quietly commented Lucas.

<sup>1</sup> See article in *Contemporary Review*, May, 1884.



He did not divorce his public life from his religion. In everything he did he was guided by the desire to improve the position of the Church, and helped by her ceremonies and sacraments. He was very devout to the Blessed Virgin, whose picture as we have before stated, he placed over the leading columns of his journal. Before making his first speech in Parliament he caused a novena to be offered up by his friends for his success. "His house," says one of his friends, "was the abode of domestic peace and happiness, and was beautiful to look upon, especially from the contrast it afforded to his troubled political existence."<sup>1</sup> Above all, his life should appeal to Irishmen on account of the loyal and loving service he did their country. Never had it a truer friend, and we commend the example of his life to English Catholics of to-day, who may sometimes forget the services which Catholic Ireland has rendered them.

His whole nature shrank from anything like a tendency to fawn upon people placed in a distinguished position—upon "society" irrespective of real merit. He appreciated, though as an external fact, that perfect polish and evenness of manner which is attained by familiarity with cultured life. He valued dignity of demeanour, but he detested what, for want of a better word, may be summed up in the popular term "flunkeyism." For this he had no patience and no mercy; any manifestation of it, where principle was endangered, caused him to feel a distress which he could not control. The sim-

<sup>1</sup> Article by Mr. Ormsby, Sub-Editor of *the Tablet*.

plicity and extreme straightforwardness of his own mind led him not to feel the inevitable offence he gave by the expressions of indignation to which he gave utterance when thus grieved. In his mind, the sense of justice and truth was so powerful, that no other consideration (in a public point of view) could outweigh it, and to that he devoted his life. On one occasion he said with great energy, as if thinking aloud, "When a man can work and will work, his work will tell."

There was a strong resemblance between Frederick Lucas and the great English Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. In natural character of mind and heart both were Englishmen of the noblest type. Both had the same gentle yet resolute spirit, the same love of truth combined with considerateness for the convictions or prejudices of others, the same ready wit in reply and argument. Like Sir Thomas More, too, Lucas was, above all things a loyal child of the Holy See. It was not indeed given to him, as to Sir Thomas, to die for the divine right of the successor of St. Peter, but he had the stuff in him of which by God's grace martyrs are made. Since the sixteenth century England has been the great rebel in Europe against the Holy See. Amidst all the variations of her sects and doctrines she has remained faithful to this one doctrine of No Pope and No Popery.

Even in these days of indifference to all creeds, this hostility is as deep as ever. Personally Catholics may be, and are, esteemed and liked, and the Pope individually may be an object of esteem and veneration; but submission to his spiritual rule seems to the English mind incompatible with the very existence of the British

Empire. It reminds one of the old Jewish sentiment, "The Romans will come and take away our place and nation." Yet, in the midst of all this hostility God has never left his Catholic faith without noble witnesses in England. From the days of Cardinal Fisher and Sir Thomas More, to those of John Henry Newman, a long line of gifted Englishmen have by their blood and their writings protested against the sacrilege by which their country was separated from the Church. The nineteenth century has had its witnesses, too. When the list of their names comes to be drawn up by the historian, not the least among them will be that of Frederick Lucas.

# WINDTHORST,

## THE GERMAN "LIBERATOR."

"Just as the early Christians could not submit to the unlawful demands of paganism, so the Christians of to-day are bound to withhold submission to unjust and conscience violating laws."—WINDTHORST in the Reichstag, April, 1873.

OVER forty years ago Otto von Bismarck, the great German Chancellor, then in the plenitude of his power, fresh from his victory over a decadent and demoralised France, set out on that legislative campaign against the Church and its ministers, which he vowed for him, at least, would not end at Canossa. The little Catholic party which confronted him in the Reichstag was detested and despised. They were detested because they dared to champion the Catholic cause—which Bismarck had set himself to destroy. They were despised, for they were few in number, and their leader came from a conquered province; whilst Bismarck was dictator of a mighty empire with brute force to assert his will, and a drove of place-hunting parliamentarians to do his bidding. It was a wide contrast. "His Little Excellency," as Windthorst was called by his colleagues, with size, appearance, everything against him, and the "Great Chancellor," burly and big, with everything in his favour. It is no wonder that the Bismarckians smiled at what they thought



the innocent audacity of the little Hanoverian stranger dreaming of thwarting the will of their master. Could the simple little man have reflected at all on the task he had set before himself, or did he know whom he had to fight? Yes, he had, it seems, reflected very much indeed and he knew them all—the Great Empire, and the Great Chancellor, with his great crowd of boastful bullies behind him. Time, that strange, sarcastic, remorseless taskmaster, was on his side. To-day we know the sequel.

There sits in the German Reichstag at the present moment, a great disciplined Catholic party, holding in its own right one hundred and two seats. It is the controlling force in German politics.<sup>1</sup> No other party can boast of so many seats, no other party possesses its power and influence. It goes on its way independent and self-reliant, but no government can hope to live without its aid. In it the Kaiser has found his best ally in his struggles against the oncoming waves of Socialism and irreligion, which the Godless education schemes of Bismarck created and developed; and while the dishonest diplomacy, the terrible bloodshed, the political scheming of which Bismarck was the author, remain so many blots upon the pages of modern history, this great party exists as a living reminder of those principles of religious freedom and purity in politics which found in Ludwig Windthorst so great and so successful a champion.

Windthorst was born on the 17th of January, 1812, at the quiet village of Kaldenhof, in the

<sup>1</sup> At a German Election in 1907 it had increased its numbers, despite a combined attack by the Government Party and the Socialists.

Principality of Osnabruck. His father, despite his title of Doctor of Laws, preferred the life of a farmer to that of a lawyer. Both parents were simple and pious, and they brought up their son in a simplicity and piety as deep as their own. He told himself in later life how his first lessons in reading were received in a little girls' school, but that the greater attractions of the countryside frequently caused him to play the truant. The panorama of hill and valley, of woodland and river, shaded into one great picture under the blue canopy above, was an education in itself to his young fancy. It was the education and poetry of pastoral life, ever elevating and pointing upwards. The simple manners of the people, the little church where he was baptised, and the church bell, which at morning and at eve, chimed religious memories into his ear, and used to awake in him the religious instincts of childhood, left impressions on him that lived on unfading through the vicissitudes of eighty years.

He was the second of six children, and at first the father thought of apprenticing him to a trade on account of his idleness, but his wife besought him to give the boy another chance. It was the hope of both parents that he would become a priest, and with that intention he was sent, at the age of ten, to the College of St. Charles at Osnabruck. He spent eight years there, and left it with the highest credentials as to proficiency, diligence, and conduct. In the College books "faultless" and "excellent" is everywhere written to his name; and in Latin, German, History, Mathematics, and the Natural Sciences he is always "very good." The mother was justified; the wild urchin had been transformed into a diligent scholar.

Finding that he had not a vocation for the priesthood, he left St. Charles, in 1830, and went to study law at Gottingen and Heidelberg. The boyish wilfulness which he had shown at home developed here into an unbending will, that marked him out amongst his fellows at the University as a man of independent spirit and unflinching purpose. But though his will was unbending he was not wilful. Honest judgment was his guide always, and he who would yield to no man for man's own sake would yield to any man for the sake of right and truth. He was remarkable for quick perception, a practical grasp of questions, and a singular gift of "taking the measure of men." During his sojourn at Heidelberg he chanced one day to have an animated argument with a student of colossal size. Getting angry, the latter said to him: "If you do not keep quiet I will put you in my pocket." "It would be much better," quietly replied Windthorst, "to put me in your head, for there is more room there."

Even at Heidelberg he never forgot his faith. The influence of association there did not turn him from virtue, and he practised his religion with all the simple earnestness which he had learned among the villagers of Kaldenhof. And it was to be so to the end. On the 29th May, 1838, he was married to the sister of his college friend, Englen. Seldom has there been a happier union, for the fifty-three years that followed no cloud darkened their path save the death of their two sons, a sorrow which they accepted with complete resignation to the will of God. On the occasion of a banquet given to him in his old age, replying to the toast of his health, with tears in his eyes, he said: "You have been

good enough to refer to the companion of my life, and I thank you for it, particularly, because what I have been able to do in public life is due to the influence, the affection, and devotion of my wife."

After a University career of great distinction, he took his degrees, and became a member of the bar at Osnabruck. His professional skill and engaging manners brought him an extensive practice in a short time. His way to success was short and straight. At the age of thirty-six, the King of Hanover appointed him Counsellor of the Supreme Court of Appeal at Celle. His political life began during the revolutionary movement of 1848. Through the influence of the Catholic clergy and gentry he was elected to represent Meppen in the Provincial Landtag of Osnabruck. In 1849 he became a member of the Hanoverian Diet, where he distinguished himself by his able opposition to the unionist tendencies of the national parliament of Frankfurt,<sup>1</sup> whose members had offered the Imperial Crown to the King of Prussia. The young parliamentarian at once stood out in the public opinion as a man of singular individuality and of great power. His first striking achievement was the overthrow of a minister who attempted to introduce a bill secularising the education of the State. Thus his first parliamentary struggle was for the great cause of religious education that was also to form the object of his last. His great ability was not to be gainsaid; in the February of 1851, he was elected president of the Second Chamber, and in the November

<sup>1</sup> Oppermann's *History of the Kingdom of Hanover from 1823 to 1860*, vol. ii., p. 243.



of the same year he received his appointment as Minister of Grace and Justice.

His great career and busy public life did not make him forget that he was a Catholic before all things. In his new position of power he guarded Catholic interests. He procured the creation of the diocese of Osnabruck, and had the Catholic cause represented in the legislature and at the Court. In 1853 he lost office, and became once more a simple deputy, and remained so until 1862, when he was again appointed Minister of Justice, a position which he held till 1868. He was then made Attorney-General, but did not long enjoy this new honour. The following year war broke out between Prussia and Austria. The King of Hanover threw in his lot with Austria, and when Moltke had crushed his Imperial enemy at the decisive battle of Sadowa, he turned to Hanover; the King fled before the Prussian bayonets, and his kingdom became a province of Prussia. Windthorst was elected as deputy for the Reichstag of the North German Confederation and the Prussian Landtag. The hour had arrived; he was to prove himself the man.

In the Reichstag he was at first a freelance, pledged to no policy, belonging to no party, but voting as his conscience and innate love of justice directed him. It was at this time that he first came in contact with Bismarck. He treated with the Prussian Government as representative of his exiled King, and on his behalf made a treaty with Bismarck, which Bismarck, in the pride of power afterwards ignored and broke. It was out of the contemptible dishonesty of Bismarck in this breach of public faith that the "reptile press" arose, which proved so powerful

a political factor five years afterwards. The "reptile press" was generated out of corruption and deceit, and it faithfully fulfilled its mission of corruption and shameless lying. Bismarck, in the face of his solemn covenant with Windthorst, confiscated the property of King George of Hanover. The sum realized became the capital of the "reptile fund," the interest of which went to pay journalists in Germany and elsewhere, whose brief was to flatter Bismarck, to inspire disgust of the Catholics of Germany, and to insult the Pope. Between 1867 and 1870 the old Catholic party had ceased to exist, and the necessity for combination amongst Catholics had become extremely urgent. Several eminent men comprehended this, and the first move was an appeal to the Catholic electors of Germany, dated the 11th January, 1871, and signed by Savigny, Mallinckrodt, Windthorst, Reichensperg, and Prince Lowenstein. The electorate replied by returning sixteen Catholic deputies to the Reichstag, who quickly formed themselves into a party with a well defined policy. In the previous year the Second French Empire had fallen into the meshes of Moltke's net at Sedan, and the Republic which had replaced it, was now entering the final phases of its hopeless struggle against the might of the new Prussian Empire.

But in the plan of Bismarck's policy and purpose, it was not merely the arm of France he had tied up. He saw in France not only a great nation which he would subdue, but also the traditional defender of that Church whose life and influence he thought depended on human power. Having marched his legions in triumph over a Catholic nation, he thought he could

chase and persecute with impunity the Catholics of Germany.

Well, he did his worst and failed. That is the simple story of his war against the Church, as it is of many such another war before. It is but history repeating itself, fanaticism foiled, the persecutor perishing. The Iron Chancellor might not have passed away in sullen seclusion had he learned in time a lesson which all history teaches—namely, that principle, if patient and persistent, must in the long run bear down brute force, however mighty. It is so in the nature of things, but Bismarck, like the first Napoleon, was blinded by power, and did not see it. When he designed to crush the Church, he was pitting himself against a Divine power, which he thought was human. When he undertook to fetter it in Germany, he ignored or forgot to count on the opposition of a man who brought the vivifying spirit of the Church into his party, and by it welded them together, till, in the words of one of his colleagues, it became “like steel, which is hardened by hammering.”

And now, those events came in the life of Windthorst, in connection with which his name has been made historic. When Austria and France were subdued, and the German Empire was formed, Bismarck’s ambition looked on to the dominion of Europe. The covetous in great things as in small, easily grow jealous of any phantom which may even seem to come between them, and the object on which their heart is set. Bismarck’s bugbear was “Vaticanism.” In the private journal of the Emperor Frederick we read these two significant lines under the date 24th October, 1870. “Bismarck told my brother-in-law that immediately after the war

he would commence his campaign against the infallibility of the Pope.”<sup>1</sup>

Bismarck, like many other great men, who thoughtlessly convert ridiculous stories into assumptions, supposed that the German Catholics should, on principle, be the enemies of the Empire; and that therefore they should be crushed if the Empire was to live. He stupidly imagined that they must on principle, aim at uprooting any constitution whose spirit was Protestant. He feared also lest their particularist politics would continue to oppose the Imperial unification which he had been carrying through.

Then again, Bismarck's goal was European dominion; but European dominion would include Catholic countries, and he dreamt that the German Catholics would be on the side of these against the Fatherland. Moreover, Protestantism does not claim an individuality of its own. As it is the creature of the State, so it must be its slave, and if Catholicism could be wiped out, and Protestantism made the religion of Europe, Bismarck would be master of Europe, and of Europe's conscience. But Catholicism has an individuality of its own; and the bugbear of Vaticanism hovered about Bismarck's brain as the phantom of universal sovereignty. So he got alarmed for the safety of the Empire, or at any rate, he found it convenient to feign alarm. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, was powerless; now was the time to strike at Rome.

The Germans have a genius for combination. “Throw three Germans on a desert island,”

<sup>1</sup> The private journal of the Emperor Frederick edited by Herr Geffken.



said Heinrich Heine, "and they will create at least two associations." When Mallinckrodt and Windthorst decided to form a party to defend Catholic rights, they found themselves at once supported by earnest men resolved to second their efforts to the utmost. But the strength of these brave German Catholics was to be found above all in the religion they knew and practised so ardently.

What more beautiful result had this fierce struggle than the manly sympathy that united like brothers, Mallinckrodt and Windthorst, Frankenstein and Soder, Ketteler and Joseph von Stollberg. In them was realised the Divine promise, "Everywhere that two or three of you are gathered together in My name I will be in the midst of you."

To Hermann Mallinckrodt belonged the glory of first uniting these defenders of religious liberty. He was a Westphalian of noble birth, and had served both in the army and in the civil service, bringing to both tasks a loyal soul, and a brilliant mind. His political life had been one long fight for justice and truth. In Windthorst he found a kindred soul, a brave helper. At Mayence they founded the Catholic Association which grew from day to day, and which braced itself for the coming struggle. We have already mentioned their first appeal to the electorate and its result. They did not wish to create solely a political party, the government was preparing to attack religion and liberty; it was necessary for self-defence to establish also a great religious party. This party took for its title *The Centre*, a centre which was to give the commands that were to rally to its side all the Catholics of Germany, and to which were to

come for help and refuge all the victims of oppression.

As a prelude to its war against the liberty of the Church, the Government, on the 8th of July, 1871, suppressed the Catholic section of the Education Department. Bismarck gave as his reason for doing so—that it had done nothing to Germanise the Polish Provinces—a lying excuse that no one believed. It was in the debates on a law banishing the Jesuits which was the next coercive measure that Bismarck and Windthorst first crossed swords. Bismarck had singled out Windthorst from amongst his adversaries as a man of supreme ability, a destined leader, and his only hope was to discredit him before he was a power. He taunted him with his Hanoverian origin and sympathies, and accused him of secretly hating the Empire and wishing for its overthrow.

“If such calumnies are permitted,” said Windthorst in reply, “to lessen the influence of a deputy, I believe that we are fast approaching terrorism, and that the ultimate result will be the suppression of free speech. For myself, Gentlemen, I hold, and I declare that I will never give in before this suppression.” He then went on to remind Bismarck that he, too, had been a believer in small monarchies, and warned him that the Hanoverians would never be coerced into loyalty.

The next day Mallinckrodt in replying on behalf of his party, to the offer of a truce which Bismarck had made on condition that they threw over Windthorst, said: “We are proud of having amongst us a colleague so eminent as Dr. Windthorst. Meppen (his constituency) has sent us in the person of our friend, a pearl which we

have enshrined as our most brilliant possession and which we never shall consent to be deprived of."

Henceforth Windthorst was to be known amongst his loyal colleagues as the "Pearl of Meppen"; the spiteful attacks of the great minister had only increased his fame and influence.

Windthorst, in prophetic words, warned the Chancellor whither this law expelling the Jesuits would lead him. "The step you are taking," he said, "is the first step on the road opened up by the Communists of Paris. You condemn without having jurisdiction, you act without judgment, you trample under foot the rights which you are bound to defend, the rights which the Constitution guarantees to every German citizen. Your project is a monstrosity. If it passes under the title you have given it, 'the law of public safety,' I have no hesitation in saying that you have defiled the fair name of German legislation." But the warnings of Windthorst and his colleagues were of no avail, and the act of expulsion was carried by a majority of 82. Shortly after it became law Bismarck made the famous declaration that he at least would not go to Canossa. We shall see if he kept his word.

The law expelling the Jesuits was a mere outpost skirmish in the campaign which Bismarck had commenced against the Catholic Church. In September of the same year, 1872, the Catholic Bishop of Ermland was deprived of his revenues, because he refused to attend the presentation of Masonic addresses to the Emperor in the town of Marienburg. Worse still, an excommunicated priest was appointed chaplain to the garrison in the same town. At

these signs of the approaching storm the Catholic Bishops of Germany met at Fulda,<sup>1</sup> and whilst affirming their faith in the infallibility of the Pope, and defending themselves from all imputations of unpatriotism, they counselled the Catholics of Germany to be on their guard against the oppression which threatened them.

On Christmas Day, Pius IX. in his address to the Cardinals, complained bitterly of the persecution to which the Government and the secret societies submitted the Church in Germany. Bismarck replied by ordering the German Ambassador at the Vatican to return to Berlin. The Minister of the Interior confiscated the Catholic papers that printed the Pope's address, and some days later on, the 11th January, 1873, Dr. Falk, Minister of Education, placed on the table of the Chamber of Deputies, the text of the new anti-religious laws, to be known hereafter as the laws of May. The infallibility of Dr. Falk was to replace that of the Pope.

The provisions of these celebrated laws were briefly these :

By the first, all public excommunication and ecclesiastical penalties were forbidden.

The second law laid down the manner in which to renounce one's religion.

The third law, which was the most tyrannical, placed the education of the clergy and nomination to ecclesiastical positions in the hands of the Government.

The breaking of any of these laws was punishable by heavy fines, and in the case of the third by imprisonment.

In a word, the Government usurped to itself

<sup>1</sup> Mgr. Melchers had started these annual conferences in 1867.



powers and rights which could only be exercised by the Pope and his Bishops. Bismarck and Dr. Falk claimed for the State the right to enquire into and decide whether a Catholic Bishop or Priest was orthodox or not.

Politicians of every shade hailed the coming disappearance of Catholicism ; Conservatives and Liberals divided in most things were united in this. "Herod and Pilate have again made friends," said the Catholics, in derision, the author of the May laws in introducing them said that they were framed in order "to prepare the way to a firm and lasting peace." "Yes, the peace of the grave," replied Mallinckrodt. "You wish," said Windthorst, "to make religion a police department ; you wish the power of the State to arrange and control all the acts of our lives from the cradle to the grave. In matters of religion it is not a question of nationality. Christianity was not preached to the Germans alone, but to all nations. The vocation of the Catholic Church, as evidenced by its name, is to lead all nations towards the truth, that right it will be able to defend ; just as the early Christians could not submit to the unlawful demands of paganism, so the Christians of to-day are bound to withhold submission to unjust and conscience-violating laws."

■ The last words of Catholic protest spoken during the debate on the May laws were these : "Make, then, if you will this new law. Decree this new Draconian code if you will. But be sure of this, you shall never see it carried out, for we shall never yield." They were the words of Schorlemer, and his colleagues were as defiant as himself. The sequel will show that the pledge was kept.

But at the commencement of this struggle neither the arguments of the Catholic deputies or the protestations of the Bishops were of any avail. On the 1st of May the laws were adopted in both Houses by large majorities. Throughout the whole Masonic and Protestant world the delight was great. Congratulations poured in upon the Chancellor from his anti-Catholic followers. At a great meeting held in London, Lord Russell expressed the congratulations of those present to the Emperor on "having pursued to the end his struggle against a power whose authority is always found incompatible with the liberty of nations." Despite the triumph of their enemies, the little Catholic party pursued their opposition with all the courage of their faith, and when the autumn elections came round they gained twenty-eight seats. The tide was already turning in their favour. The May Laws were soon put into operation. Count Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen, was the first to suffer. He was arrested for protesting against the suppression of Polish—the mother tongue—for the teaching of Catholicism in his diocese on the 3rd of February, 1874. One month afterwards Mgr. Eberhardt, Bishop of Treves, followed him into prison, despite his great age. On the 31st of the same month the Archbishop of Cologne was also arrested. The Archbishop of Cologne was released after six months' imprisonment, and sent into exile; the old Bishop of Treves did not survive the rigours of prison life.

But the list of victims was not closed. On the 27th of July, Mgr. Janizewski, the auxiliary Bishop of Posen, was violently seized in his house and thrown into prison, and Mgr. Cybieleowski,

co-adjutor of Gnesen, was condemned for having consecrated the oil used in the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. One by one the Bishops of Germany suffered for their refusal to recognize in Bismarck their ecclesiastical superior. Some were imprisoned, some fined, the older of them were stripped of their little household possessions and left with only a bed, a table, and a chair. After the fate of the poor old Bishop of Treves, they did not dare imprison them.

But Bismarck did not consider that the powers at his disposal were coercive enough. He hastened in the May of 1874, to bring forward another series of anti-clerical laws.

The clergy imprisoned in virtue of a legal judgment were to be deprived of their rights as citizens ; they were to be put under the police surveillance ; they could not become citizens of any other state within the Empire ; they could not live in any state within the Empire. Anyone who obeyed the injunctions of a Bishop deposed by the State was liable to divers pains and penalties.

The priests of Germany were not long in replying to this latest ukase of Bismarck. Amongst the four thousand priests of Germany, only twenty-four could be found to obey the new laws. The rest submitted cheerfully to all the persecutions of the Chancellor and of his agents. The churches of the twenty-four who obeyed were deserted by their congregations.

In this dark hour when all hands were turned against the Church in Germany, and when she had most need of defenders, Mallinckrodt died. Four weeks before his death the great Catholic leader had hurled these words of defiance at his opponents : " Success has not yet crowned your

hopes, the arms you have used are no doubt too feeble. You will use others. As for us we have only one, the Cross, and it is in that sign we shall conquer." In losing him the Catholic party lost one of its most courageous and wisest guides, but it still possessed many able men, and the leader it was about to choose in his place was destined to lead it to triumph.

Windthorst was unanimously elected the new President of the Centre party. This election was well vindicated. For twenty years he remained their guide and commander until death removed him from their midst. By force of authority he imposed on them that severe discipline which is the strength of all armies, and being absolute master he was always kind and considerate to his followers. This was not always easy, for the Centre was composed of diverse and often jarring elements. Laymen, clerics, great feudal lords, representatives of the middle class, and workmen all found room within its ranks, forgetting for the moment their political differences in their anxiety to forward the sacred cause of the religion common to them all.

During all this period the persecution went fiercely on. Religious orders were proscribed, parishes were deprived of their pastors, Church property was confiscated, ecclesiastical students were ordered into Protestant Universities to learn Catholic theology from Bismarck's professors!

In the month of June, 500 Catholics met in conference at Mayence, to consider their future action. Shortly afterwards an attempt was made at Kissingen to assassinate Bismarck by firing at him with a revolver. No harm was



done ; but the would-be assassin, a hair-brained boy of twenty-one, named Kullmann, was at once declared by Bismarck and his friends to be in the service of the Catholic party. Whether this attempted assassination was merely a comedy arranged by Bismarck, or the serious act of a half-witted boy, nothing could have been more injurious to the Catholics or their cause.

On the 4th of December, Bismarck openly accused the Centre party from his place in the Reichstag of being the instigators and abettors of the crime. His speech was the occasion of a violent scene, and Windthorst's reply on behalf of his party was made the more effective by the tone of calmness and good sense which characterised it.

In the same month Bismarck had arrested and thrown into prison Father Majunke, a deputy and the editor of the great Catholic paper, *Germania*.<sup>1</sup> Here, however, he had overstepped the bounds of the Constitution in arresting a member of the Reichstag,<sup>2</sup> and all parties at once demanded Father Majunke's release. This demand could not be denied, and the prisoner was released. Bismarck, incensed, handed in his resignation, which the Emperor refused to receive. The year 1875 found both parties in somewhat the same position as they had been at the commencement of 1874. In the Reichstag Bismarck was supreme, he could make or unmake laws as he pleased, but outside the Catholics

<sup>1</sup> The *Germania* and the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* are the two chief organs of Catholic Germany.

<sup>2</sup> The Reichstag is made up of Deputies representing all the provinces of the Empire. Each province has a Landtag or parliament, which treats of local affairs. The Reichstag decides on all matters concerning the Empire as a whole.

and their Bishops bade defiance both to himself and to his laws, and neither by threat nor punishment could he procure their obedience. In the month of February the Pope, by Encyclical Letter, blessed the Catholic party, and prayed for the success of their efforts. But the persecution still continued unabated. The next move of the Bismarck party was to take away the State pensions from all priests who refused to acknowledge the authority of the State, and thereby to achieve by hunger what imprisonment or fine could not effect. The originators of this new scheme had not counted on the devotion of the people. It was about this time that Windthorst, speaking in the Reichstag, made this prophetic utterance: "If the State is all powerful and can legislate as it pleases, then everything is in the hands of the man at the wheel. To-day it is Prince Bismarck who governs the German Empire, to-morrow who knows but it may be the Socialist Hasenclever!"

On the 25th of April a new series of coercive laws were passed, the chief article of which provided that the priests would be reinstated in their parishes when their Bishops declared in writing their obedience to the laws of the State. The enemies of the Church were not slow to declare that "in thirty years all the Catholic parishes would be deprived of their pastors, and the churches closed." But as events proved, their declarations were not prophetic. Bismarck's next law was directed against the religious orders. Windthorst defended them in a speech of great power.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it would be easy for me to prove from history the work these orders have done for science. Whether you

like it or not you must concede this undeniable fact, that if in the ages troubled by revolution, the monasteries had not existed science would have disappeared. They alone have defended and preserved it. The illustrious historian, Gibbon, has written, 'the Order of the Benedictines alone has done more for science than the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.' And I do not hesitate to add that it has done more than all the Universities of Germany put together. Besides, the aim of these institutions is to better the condition of the lower classes. You wish to remove the people from their influence. Well, I say to you, and I believe it is the truth, that it is for the advancement of Socialism you are working. The future will prove that I am right."<sup>1</sup>

This is only one short passage from one of the many well reasoned and prophetic speeches he made against this infamous bill, but to no avail. On the 31st May it became law. But Bismarck did not secure the victory without a struggle. The old Emperor, a man of deep religious convictions, realized that all Christian religions helped to maintain the power of the State, and it was only after some difficulty that Bismarck persuaded him to agree to this new measure of oppression.

The moment appeared favourable to Windthorst to propose the complete separation of Church and State, and thereby nullify the laws of May. His attitude was not that of the conquered submitting to the conqueror, but of a power treating with a power.

Bismarck's reply was to redouble his attempts to subdue the Catholics, and his anger was

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 151.

further aroused when Archbishop Ledochowski, still imprisoned, was created Cardinal by the Pope. The General Election was yet another blow to the Chancellor, for the "Little Excellency" returned to the Reichstag at the head of a solid Catholic party of ninety-three.

A new foe had arisen in the persons of twelve Socialists, who had been elected deputies. Windthorst's prophecies were about to be vindicated, Bismarck's policy to bear fruit.

The Chancellor, having been defeated on a bill for limiting the liberty of the Press, retired in a rage to his country seat at Varzin, in April, 1877. From there he continued to direct the Government, as the Emperor had again refused to receive his resignation.

In the Reichstag his absence was marked by a lull in anti-Catholic hostilities. Windthorst was not long in pointing out to the Government the real reasons of the success scored by the Socialists. He showed that the growth of Socialism was due to want and poverty, to irreligious education, and the hopeless outlook it had created for the poor, and that the only power that could stay its onward march was the Catholic Church.

"One of the greatest errors of our epoch," he said in the Reichstag, on the 18th April, 1877, "is the belief that masters and their workmen must necessarily be enemies. The true interests of the former can only be maintained when they agree with the real needs of the latter, and both can only have common interests when they are on friendly terms. If both sides would only believe that their interests are really the same, then their differences would be at an end."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 170.



Early in the next year Pius IX. died, and on the 20th February, 1875, thirty days after his death, the darkness which momentarily had gathered over the Catholic world disappeared, and a new light pierced the clouds. *Lumen in cœlo* he was designated in the old prophecy, and truly Leo XIII. was to prove himself a brave beacon, a kindly light to his children.

In Germany his election marked the turning point in the long struggle of Windthorst and his faithful followers.

Bismarck had already commenced to tire of a conflict in which he never was victorious, and the election of a new Pope furnished him with a pretext to modify his policy without appearing to cede to force. On his side Leo XIII. wished ardently for the cessation of a struggle which had lasted so long, and he seized the occasion given to him by the Chancellor, of notifying his election to the Emperor, to express his desire for conciliation.

William replied that he would be glad to see the Pope using his influence with the clergy to make them submit to the laws of the State. In thanking the Emperor for his good wishes the Pope replied that it was not in his power to make the clergy submit to such laws. On the side of the Church concessions were impossible, and the State refused to yield. Things would have undoubtedly remained in this condition much longer had not an unlooked-for occurrence hastened an agreement between the Court of Berlin and the Vatican. On the 13th of May, an unfortunate workman called Lahmann, inflamed by the revolutionary and Socialistic papers, made a determined attempt to shoot the

Emperor. The pistol bullets missed their mark, but the mind of the sovereign was strongly impressed by the occurrence, and he could not refrain from saying to the author of the May Laws, that if he had left the people their religion such crimes would never have occurred. It was a complete disavowal of the anti-Catholic persecution, and coming from the Emperor could not be ignored. Dr. Falk sent in his resignation as Minister of Education, and it was accepted.

Some weeks after Lahmann's attempt, on the 2nd June, another Socialist, Dr. Nobiling, fired from a window at the old monarch. This time William was seriously wounded in the face and arms, and had to depute his work temporarily to the Crown Prince. This second attempt impressed the Emperor still further, and when he learned that at the unveiling of the great "Germania" monument which had been erected over the Rhine at Niederwald to commemorate the victories of 1870-71, a plot had been discovered to blow up the distinguished assemblage, he decided once and for all that the old order of things was the best, and that his Catholic people should be left in undisturbed possession of their belief and their pastors. Henceforward the Emperor was to become a powerful factor on the Catholic side. At the elections the Centre party was returned a hundred strong, and the Socialists, though they lost ground in the country, gained some marked triumphs in the large towns. The Socialist problem was one of the first before the minds of the irate Chancellor and the public. It quickly became a subject for discussion in the Reichstag, and Windthorst again took advantage of his opportunity to vindicate the

policy and attitude of the Catholics toward this growing evil.

"In those countries," he said, "where the Church has full liberty to carry out its works, Socialists in vain seek to propagate their theories. Thus in the Rhine Province, in Westphalia, and in Silesia, despite the industrial crisis in these provinces, the theories of Herr Bebel and Herr Liebknecht have had no success. But if you leave parishes without pastors, if you chase religion from the schools, if you exile the religious orders, whose chief aims are to increase piety, to soften the misery of humanity, to instruct the children of the people, you must not be astonished if in these very provinces Socialism grows and flourishes. Your policy it is to completely overthrow that authority which is to be found in most intimate contact with the people, and yet you are astonished if the people rise against your own power. And if Socialism triumphs, why should it not apply for its own ends the doctrine of its predecessors in office."<sup>1</sup>

Bismarck was not blind to the signs of the times. If the new enemy was to be faced the old must be conciliated. But he could not humble his pride to negotiate with the Centre party and its plucky leader. He chose the easier task of communicating with the Pope. He sought for and obtained an interview with the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Masella, at Kissingen. It was the first step on the metaphorical road to Canossa he had vowed never to tread.

His first proposition was that on condition his ambassador returned to Rome the laws of May were to be recognized. He was met with a

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 180.

firm but dignified refusal. Despite the goodwill of the Papal envoy the negotiations hung fire for some months till a political crisis quickly accelerated their course.

The Chancellor became a protectionist, and anxious to secure a large revenue for the Imperial Government, submitted to the Reichstag proposals for extensive taxes on imports. The opposition was powerful, and if the Centre voted against him he could not hope to succeed. Their promise of support gave new life to the negotiations which were continued at Berlin by Count Hübner on the one side, and Mgr. Jacobini on the other. In the September of 1879, Bismarck had an interview with the new envoy at Gastein. He now limited his conditions to this, that all ecclesiastical appointments should be made only after the sanction and approval of the Government had been obtained. The Holy See naturally refused to consider such a condition, and once more the negotiations were broken off.

Great was the annoyance of the Chancellor to find his overtures treated so firmly. But he had no alternative save to submit with bad grace, and early in 1880 he proposed the first law repealing the laws of May. Its effect was, that the State renounced its right of deposing the priests and Bishops nominated before the Laws came into force. In the dioceses of Paderborn and Osnabruck the royal commissioners retired and the priests resumed their duties. This first light of liberty strengthened the Catholics in their policy and resolves, and at the elections of October, 1882, the Centre party was still further increased.

This development was not lost on the Government, and the Emperor in his speech from the



throne announced the second repealing measure concerning the laws of May. Its provisions were briefly these: *First*, The Bishops who had been deposed might again take up office on receiving a formal pardon from the Emperor; and, *Secondly*, All priests who gave proofs of having followed a course of studies in philosophy and German literature, were dispensed from attending the State Universities.

These concessions led to an exchange of friendly letters between the Vatican and Berlin, but the Centre party, while rejoicing at their victory, did not cease to uphold and claim the complete abolishment of the coercive measures. The next year, 1883, their vigilance was rewarded and a third measure of repeal was proposed and carried. This gave back to the Bishops their rights of confirmation and ordination, and they were able to fill the vacancies in the many places throughout Germany, where the priests had been suspended or expelled by Bismarck and his lieutenants.

In November the Crown Prince paid a visit to the Vatican, and was received by Leo XIII. In an audience which lasted three-quarters of an hour Frederick assured the Pope that he would convey to the Emperor His Holiness's wishes for the re-establishment of peace. The consequences of this interview were apparent the following year, when the Emperor pardoned the Bishops of Limburg and Münster. This did not, however, mean a complete settlement, as Monsignor Melchers and Cardinal Ledochowski, were still unpardoned. If the Chancellor was forced to give in, he was determined to do so only by narrow and crooked paths. He still hoped to wage a secret and deceitful war against the

Church. It was at this time that Cardinal Galimberti, the Papal Envoy, asked Windthorst and his party to lay down their arms, deceived by the apparent leniency of Bismarck. "Willingly," replied the Little Excellency, "I will obey your wishes, but not till the laws of May are repealed. They have promised us that they will not apply them any more, for to-day that is sufficient, but who can answer for to-morrow. Catholic liberty is a right, how then can we abandon it to the mercy of a Government." <sup>1</sup>

Despairing of conquering the resistance he encountered in the Reichstag, Bismarck turned towards the Pope himself. Great was the sensation when the world learned that Leo XIII. had been chosen as arbitrator in the affair of the Carolines, which both Spain and Germany claimed as their possessions. It was better and less marked to make concessions to the Pope than to the hated Windthorst. At the successful termination of the arbitration Bismarck was decorated with the order of Christ by the Pope, whilst Mgr. Jacobini received the cordon of the Black Eagle from the Emperor.

Shortly afterwards Mgr. Kopp, the Bishop of Fulda was created a member of the House of Peers, and by his negotiations with Bismarck the fourth repeal of the laws of May was achieved. The State renounced its right of examining clerics, and re-established the theological schools which had existed previous to 1873.

Further, the power of the Pope as supreme judge in all ecclesiastical affairs was recognized. These modifications became law on the 21st May, 1886. In the following year the Septen-

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 214.

nate of 1874 expired. It was an arrangement by which Bismarck had been given complete control of the Empire's revenues for seven years. He wished now to renew it for a second term of seven years. To attain his end the votes of the Centre were indispensable, and he did not think they would have the audacity to resist him. Moreover, to secure their obedience he enlisted the aid of the Pope.

The wishes of Leo XIII. were made known in a communication to Baron Frankenstein, leader of the Bavarian Catholics. It conveyed a request not to oppose the voting of a further Septennate, as the Government had decided to finally abolish the laws of May. The reply of Baron Frankenstein was not made public, but it was clearly not acceptable to the Pope, as a further and more pressing message was despatched to the Centre party on the 21st January, by Cardinal Jacobini.

Meanwhile the discussion of this new extension of Bismarck's power proceeded in the Reichstag. Windthorst and his party boldly opposed it. Bismarck, foiled and enraged at the new turn of events, abused Windthorst, and circulated the most scandalous calumnies about him and his party throughout the length and breadth of Germany.

He thought this question would have finally destroyed the Centre; it only seemed to revive it. On the 21st of February the elections which were brought about by Windthorst's opposition began. At Cologne, the old capital of the Rhineland, Windthorst delivered to the Catholic Congress one of his greatest speeches.

In the Gurzenich Hall were gathered together all the leading Catholics of Germany, and before

them he defended the Centre from the attacks which had been levelled against it.

In a masterly oration he showed that the Centre had still the confidence and good wishes of the Pope. "But," he said, "our adversaries will say, is it not true that on this question of the Septennate we have not followed the wishes of the Holy Father? Yes, that is undeniable; the Pope has counselled us to vote for this law, yet his desire is not based on the moral portion of the project, but on political reasons. Without doubt Leo XIII. had sound motives for hoping that his wishes would be realized, and if it had been possible for us to accede to his request we should have done so willingly, but what was impossible we could not do. In consenting to it we should have sacrificed our existence, and the interests of those electors we had promised to defend."<sup>1</sup>

His speech was a complete answer to his enemies. From one end of the great Hall to the other the applause rippled, broke, and thundered round the little figure on the platform, and when he sat down the resolutions upholding the policy of the party were carried amidst a scene of magnificent enthusiasm.

The result of the elections was another notable triumph for the Catholic party. They lost one seat, but gained 350,000 votes on the whole. Bismarck's beautiful dream of dissension and disruption had vanished. Nothing had disturbed the relations between the Pope and his flock. If they differed from him politically, their religious obedience was complete. Windthorst had at last given the death-blow to the laws of May.

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 232.



Bismarck now came forward to treat with the Catholics and their leader, as to the fifth and final repealing measure concerning these detested and long defied laws. The two great adversaries met at last upon equal terms. The despised little Hanoverian as victor, the great Chancellor as his vanquished foe. The result of their consultation was the return of the banished religious orders, and the restoration to the Bishops of their full ecclesiastical powers. The penal legislation was completely repealed. The Centre had triumphed, Bismarck had gone to his Canossa.

Windthorst and his party now directed their energies to secure once more for religious education its rightful position in the schools. But as they were about to bring their claims before Parliament in February, 1888, two sad events attracted the gaze of Europe towards Germany. The old Emperor was dying in the Palace at Berlin. On the 9th of March, gently, and without a struggle, he passed away. As his body was being borne along the snow-covered streets by the light of torches to the Cathedral where it was to lie in state, another and even sadder procession entered the capital. It was the train which brought from Italy the new Emperor, "Frederick the Noble," whom death had already marked for its victim. He wished to follow his father's body, but the doctors forbade him, fearing that the icy air of his Empire would kill him and that the son would join the father.

His respite was brief; on the 18th of June he followed in his father's footsteps, leaving to his young son, the pupil of Bismarck, the government of 40,000,000 people.

Shortly afterwards Windthorst brought for-

ward his project for granting religious education to the Catholic children of the Empire. Once more he had to face the old hostility, the old enemies. The struggle dragged on into another session, and Windthorst's project was defeated. But in the vocabulary of this plucky little man there was no such word. The whole discussion was re-opened when Herr Goszler, the new Minister of Education, introduced a reactionary bill on the 5th December, 1890.

"If the Bill is carried," said Windthorst, "we shall have in vain repealed the laws of May. With the aid of God we shall repulse as successfully this new attack, and I trust that we shall have on our side all the honest and upright men in this House." <sup>1</sup>

The sensation produced in the Reichstag by this speech forced the deputies to nominate a commission of twenty-eight members to study the whole question. His Little Excellency, despite his eighty years, threw himself heartily into the work, and knew no rest night or day, attentive to all the discussions, attending at every meeting, making converts to his views of members from all parties by his courage and his zeal. And in the end he was successful; the Minister of Education's Bill was abandoned. During these discussions a mighty upheaval had taken place in the Cabinet, the great adversary of Windthorst had disappeared. A long series of misunderstandings between the young Emperor and the Chancellor terminated in the latter sending in his resignation. This time it was not refused.

To his exile at Fredrichsruhe Bismarck carried the regret of a few faithful friends, but their

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 260.

number was small as compared to his crowd of former admirers ; and by a singular irony of fate, it was his great adversary who alone raised his voice in the Reichstag to do him homage.

“The Kulturkampf,” said Windthorst, “was commenced by Prince Bismarck, but it was he also who terminated it. He alone was powerful enough to cause the work of pacification here and elsewhere. I am happy to seize this occasion to express publicly to him my thanks.”<sup>1</sup> Such words were worthy of the brave statesman and true Christian that delivered them. And now though Windthorst had accomplished the aims of his lifelong struggle, he did not retire from the arena of public life and seek the repose which he had so justly earned.

He saw the danger that menaced the future of his co-religionists, and he determined to organize and direct them how to guard against it.

That danger was Socialism, which was already insidiously gaining ground throughout Germany. At Mayence, on the 20th of November, 1890, he launched his great scheme of the “Volksverein” or “People’s League,” a combination against the common enemies of religion, Socialism and Freemasonry. The League spread like lightning throughout Germany. At its last Congress some 200,000 delegates, chiefly workmen, assembled to deliberate on the Catholic questions of the hour. It was destined to be the last stone in the great edifice of a united Catholic Germany which “His Little Excellency” had so bravely built up.

In the February of 1891, he began to suffer from severe rheumatic attacks, and he had to

<sup>1</sup> Bazin, *Windthorst ses alliés et ses adversaires*, p. 267.

slacken somewhat in his work. He was now seventy-nine years of age, but his day's work would have done credit to a man of forty.

He rose at seven, and while he finished dressing his secretary read him the chief news from the morning papers. He then had his coffee, and sat down to his correspondence, which was of so voluminous a nature as nearly always to employ him till the Reichstag sat. This was at eleven a.m. If the weather was fine he would walk to the Parliament House, and the little upright figure, with the short-sighted be-spectacled face, was a familiar one in the streets of Berlin. All the people knew him and loved him, and they would greet him with a bluff "Good-day, Your Excellency," or give him their arms, and pilot him across the dangerous crossings. At ten o'clock in the evening, having dined in the Reichstag, or with friends, he would return home and prepare his speech for the next day, or again listen to the reading of his secretary till he retired to rest. Such was his daily round almost till the end. In the first week of March, Count Caprivi, the new Chancellor, in referring to the proposed Baltic Canal, expressed the fervent hope of the Chamber that Windthorst, who had spoken with his usual skill in the debate, would be spared to assist at its opening. Alas for human hopes; on the morning of the 16th March, he made his last appearance in that Parliament House, where he had so often triumphed. The debate concerned a new tax on patents, and in the division which followed, he voted in the wrong lobby by mistake. "Gentlemen," said one of the Conservatives to the Centre, "we have captured your leader."

The same evening the Committee which was



to consider the law of expulsion against the Jesuits, sat for the first time, but the two men who were to have played the principal parts in its discussions were absent, Goszler now Minister of Religion, and Windthorst. Goszler had resigned, Windthorst had taken to his bed from which he was never to rise again.

On the next day he was in a high fever, the doctors soon diagnosed his illness as severe congestion of the lungs. In the evening he regained consciousness, and in the midst of his sorrowing family received the last Sacraments. The news of his illness spread quickly, and everywhere aroused the profoundest sympathy.

At the little house in the Jacobstrasse all who had revered him, from the young Emperor and his Chancellor to the humblest workmen, came to write their names in the visitor's book. The Empress sent flowers, and regular bulletins were forwarded to the Royal Palace. The Holy Father conveyed his blessing to the dying man. On the evening of the 13th the fever increased, and the doctors announced the end to be at hand. But the soul still lingered in the brave little body worn out by delirium and suffering. As he was sinking, and the watchers were wondering how soon unconsciousness would deepen into death, he roused himself and began to deliver, as if he were speaking in the Reichstag, a speech in favour of the Bill repealing the banishment of the Jesuits.<sup>1</sup> It was a strange dramatic scene, the ruling passion strong in death. Half an hour

<sup>1</sup> In the March of 1904 the Centre Party had at last secured the passage of a bill permitting the return of the Jesuits. Thus the spirit of Windthorst has survived him, the party he created is still carrying out his work.

before the end he recovered his full consciousness. His daughter, kneeling by his bed, asked him for his pardon. "But my child," replied the dying man, "you have never disobeyed me."

Then he repeated in a clear voice the prayers for the dying after the priest; and at the words, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit," his voice died away into a sigh. Ludwig Windthorst had passed to his reward.

The year before, at the close of the great Catholic Congress at Coblenz, he had concluded his speech with these prophetic words:

"And now permit me at the close to express the conviction that we have during these days done a great and beautiful work, and that whenever it will be spoken of it will be said—These are also the decisions of the Congress of Coblenz. I don't know if at the next reunion we shall all meet. That is in the hands of God. But if I do not return to the Catholic Congress, keep me in affectionate memory; and let me hope, at least, that your prayers will be united to implore peace for me when I am with you no more."<sup>1</sup>

He rested now after his long life of ceaseless work in that peace for which he had laboured and prayed. And the party and people he had so loyally worked for were not forgetful of his last request. Not only from the Catholics of Germany and his colleagues of the Centre, but from all parties and classes came expressions of regret and condolence. The Grand Cross of Saint Gregory, which the Pope had sent him, but which did not arrive till after his death, was laid upon his bier. In a telegram and a long letter

<sup>1</sup> Rev. M. O'Riordan, D.D., "Dr. Windthorst; his Life and Work," *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, June, 1891, p. 535.

to the president of the Centre, Leo XIII. expressed the sorrow and mourning of himself and the entire Church. Count Ballestrem on behalf of the Centre party recommended the soul of the dead man to the remembrance and prayers of the people.

In the Reichstag whilst the whole assembly stood uncovered, the President spoke of him in these noble words :

“Gentlemen, this Chamber has been overwhelmed by a great sorrow. Windthorst is dead ! A few days ago you saw him assisting at our meetings, this morning at half-past eight he passed away. Since 1867 he has been a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and he has taken in its work a place so remarkable and often so decisive, that the vacancy left by his death will be long and deeply felt.”

After a funeral service at the Church of St. Hedwig, the procession, followed by the representative of the Emperor, all the Princes of the Empire, and all parties in the Reichstag, took its way through the streets of Berlin, amidst silent sorrowing multitudes and out through the Brandenburg gate, opened as on the day of a prince's burial, towards Hanover, where his last resting-place had been prepared, in the beautiful Marienkirche he had built himself, under the altar the Pope had given him. “Do not forget me in your prayers,” he had said to the Congress of Coblenz, and the Catholics of Germany have not forgotten his words. It was indeed the only recompense he desired.

In strange contrast to this tribute of a people's love and a sovereign's respect was the position of his rival, the once powerful Bismarck ; now a deserted old man spending his last years in lonely

retreat at Friedrichsruhe, banished from Court, no longer a power in politics, breaking the silence only to hurl now and again some angry abuse or sarcasm at those who had supplanted him.

Looking at it humanly, the secret of Windthorst's success and of Bismarck's failure, is this: Windthorst fought for principle, Bismarck fought only for power.

The *personnel* of a party is sure to change, but principle never changes; and Windthorst, yielding enough in minor points, would on no account lose his grasp of a point which involved a principle. He who fights for power necessarily fights for a party, and is never more than a partisan. It was so with Bismarck. The *Kulturkampf* was not a principle with him; it was only a means to an end—a lever whereby he hoped to extend his power. He had not planned it for its own sake but for his own; and when it ceased to suit his purpose he put it aside as one would lay aside a blunted and useless tool. On the other hand, principle was the guide of the Centre Party. Their aim was clear, and their policy was straight, because it was determined by a single purpose. They took care to master every question, and their action in each was regulated by the one great object that had brought their party into being.

Their party was formed for a single purpose, and therefore it was held together with a firmness nothing could disturb. They set about a difficult task in dismal times. Their cause, humanly speaking, was hopeless. It had everything against it—numbers, unscrupulousness, blind prejudice, and brute force.

The presence of their little party only provoked a smile, their protests were drowned in derision.



They saw bishops and priests imprisoned and exiled, churches and schools and church property confiscated, their children without religious instruction, their friends dying without the Sacraments, yet they never once broke out into violence, nor ever once consented to swerve a hairbreadth from the law of God. - Their resistance was strictly passive and strictly moral. They trusted that, as they were fighting the cause of God, His Providence would at length inspire the good sense of their countrymen to turn in their favour. And we have seen that they did not hope in vain.

Moreover, the party which Windthorst led were held fast together by the high principle that governed his policy, whilst there was nothing to keep Bismarck's followers together except Bismarck himself and the narrow spirit he embodied. Windthorst had no hope of temporal advantage to hold out to his colleagues, nor had they any personal ambition to urge them on. They had nothing to work for except the high principle that created their party. But the spring of Windthorst's great power as a public man must be sought in his private life. Whether we consider a man in his domestic, civil, social, or religious relation, we have to go back to the individual in every case. It is the individual that acts always; and as the individual is, so must his public and private actions be. In his mind and will and heart is to be found the measure of his worth in every sphere. It is quite true that there are spheres of duty where civil worth may be compatible with personal depravity; but then there are many where it is not so. Some of the important actions of public life directly flow from and are dependent

on the principle and conduct that form the individual character. For the character of Windthorst's private life we have a witness in the fact, that although no man in Germany had so many political enemies, he had not a single personal one. At public banquets, Bismarck always gave him the place of honour. When, owing to his weak sight he met with an accident, Goszler, the Minister of Education, his leading political opponent, was his Good Samaritan.

We have already spoken of the regard in which he was held by the people of Berlin. These, and a hundred other such tokens of friendship show that he had a place in the affections of his countrymen above all party interests or political struggles. But the best evidence of the deep impression he made is the extraordinary honour that was paid his memory by all classes when he was no more. He was a thorough Catholic, both in faith and practice, frequenting the Sacraments, observing the precepts of the Church, following the various devotions of the year with the simple piety of the humblest around him. With him faith was not a mere dry creed to be believed, it was also a religion to be practised, not a mere formula which his intellect accepted, it was also a precept which his will obeyed. He recognised that to keep his faith living in his soul was, above all, his own personal concern, and that the constant practice of it, without which it grows faint, is not more a duty for the humble than for the great.

In this his life was a wide contrast to those of some modern geniuses who speak and act, and we suppose think, as if they were paying a compliment to the Church, and to the rest of

the faithful by being Catholics at all. His life shows, too, that he clearly grasped the truth, that Catholic laymen and Catholic ecclesiastics, as Catholics, cannot have divided interests; that as Catholics both are equally bound to labour, each in his sphere and according to his opportunity for the Catholic good.

The magnificent church that was consecrated in Hanover a twelvemonth before his death, and in which he now rests, is a monument of his devotion to our Blessed Lady. From the time he began to build this church, the testimonials he got—and they were many—were for the most part in money; for his friends well knew that he would wish it so, and how it would be spent. Every mark that was presented to him on the celebration of his golden wedding, and on his seventy-ninth birthday, went to complete his church. "Whoever is a friend to our Lady of Hanover," he used to say, "is a friend of mine, and whatever is done for Her is done for me." Like all great men he was simple and unassuming. He was good to the poor almost beyond his means; and like all who are forgetful of self, as he was, he died poor. As single-hearted men usually are, he had a genuine sense of humour, and was always ready to take a joke as well as to make one.

Diminutive in size, in appearance far from prepossessing, he often made a useful subject for caricature in the comic journals of Germany, especially in the early days of his campaign against Bismarck, and it is said that nobody used to be more amused by the artist's wit than he. Whenever he was put on his mettle in Parliament his speeches were barbed with satire, but it was done with such grace, and it cut so

keen, that although the wound was made, the victim little felt it.

When he met with the accident mentioned above, and a report spread that he was much injured, in order to calm his wife's anxiety, he wrote to her: "Don't be at all alarmed, dear; I assure you my beauty hasn't been in the least disfigured." The point of the joke, of course, was that it would be hard for it to be disfigured. His affable nature and sense of humour made him loved by his colleagues, as his discipline made him respected, and his ability made him admired.

When wiring the news of his death, *The Times'* correspondent, referring to his patriotism, said that he was a "Catholic first and a patriot afterwards." It is quite true. He himself always avowed it; but he held that he was a true patriot because he was a true Catholic. He made men feel that; it was by it he convinced them that he was in earnest. The Church and the Fatherland were not for him two divided interests running in parallel lines. For he felt that he who is a father, a citizen, or a politician, or whatever else, is the same individual who shall live beyond the grave, so he felt the father, citizen, or politician of the present life has his responsibilities in reference to the merit of the next.

In other words, with Windthorst faith and patriotism were inseparable. Not that he stripped faith of its supernatural character to make it fit his patriotism; for that cannot be; faith that is not supernatural is not faith. With him patriotism was not merely an instinct that nature gave him. It was that, but more; it was also a moral duty for which he was accountable to God. And quite right. It is not only



true that we are citizens because we are rational ; it is also true that we cannot be rational without being religious ; for a rational being is ever and by nature, a moral being. Hence, to divorce one's life—personal, social, or political—from moral responsibility and from God, is as if one would divorce oneself from reason. Windthorst well knew and felt this truth. It was in the assertion and vindication of it that he triumphed.

# LOUIS PASTEUR,

## PRINCE OF SCIENCE.<sup>1</sup>

"Science positively affirms the creative power, and makes every man feel a miracle in himself. Science is not antagonistic to, but a help for religion."—LORD KELVIN.

"The more I know the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know it all my faith would doubtless equal even that of the Breton peasant woman."—PASTEUR.

THERE is said to exist a constant, unappeasable warfare between science and religion. Perhaps it does exist, but there is no incompatibility between religion and science of the most advanced and far-reaching character. Faraday, the great scientific mind of the beginning of the last century, said, at one of his lectures before the Royal Society of England, when the century was scarcely a decade old: "I do not name God here because I am lecturing on experimental science. But the notion of respect for God comes to my mind by ways as sure as those which lead us to physical truth."

At the end of the century the monument of perhaps its greatest scientist is a chapel, in which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated on the anniversaries of Pasteur's death. Around its walls are inscribed the scientific triumphs of the

<sup>1</sup> The Author is indebted for most of the information in this article to the excellent Essay on Pasteur by Dr. Jas. J. Walsh, of Fordham University, New York, who studied under him at the Pasteur Institute,

master whose ashes repose within. It is a striking catalogue. Each heading represents a great step forward in science—1848, Molecular Dissymmetry; 1857, Fermentations; 1862, So-called Spontaneous Generation; 1863, Studies in Wine; 1865, Diseases of Silk Worms; 1871, Studies in Beer; 1877, Virulent Microbic Diseases; 1880, Vaccinating Viruses; 1885, Prophylaxis of Rabies. Above the entrance to this chapel tomb and immediately beneath the words, "Here lies Pasteur," is very fittingly placed his famous confession of faith:—

"Happy the man who bears within him a divinity, an ideal of beauty and obeys it; an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of country, an ideal of the virtue of the Gospel."

When we turn to his panegyric of Littré in which these words occur, we find two further sentences worth noting here. "These are the living springs of great thoughts and great actions. Everything grows clear in the reflections from the infinite."

These words are all the more striking from the circumstances in which they were uttered. Pasteur was elected to the chair that had been occupied by Littré.<sup>1</sup> Littré, who had by forty years of unceasing toil, made a greater dictionary of the French language than the Academy has made in the two hundred years which it has devoted to the task, was the greatest living positivist of his day. He and Pasteur had been on terms of the greatest intimacy. Pasteur's appreciation of his dead friend is at once sincere

<sup>1</sup> When a vacant chair in the French Academy is filled by the election of a new member, the incoming Academician must deliver a panegyric on his predecessor.

and hearty, but also just and impartial. Littré had been a model of the human virtues. Suffering had touched him deeply, and found him ever ready with compassionate response. His fellow-man had been the subject of his deepest thoughts, though his relationship to other men appealed to him only because of the bonds of human brotherhood. Pasteur called him a "laic" saint. He died a Christian. But Pasteur himself rises above the merely positive. The spiritual side of things appeals to him, and religion steps in to strengthen the merely human motives that meant so much for Littré. Higher motives dominate the life and actions of Pasteur. In the midst of his panegyric of the great positivist, the greatest scientist of his age makes his confession of faith in the things that are above and beyond the domain of the senses—his ideals and his God.

In a poor quarter of Dôle, in the department of the Jura, stands a little house bearing the simple inscription in gold :—

"ICI EST NE LOUIS PASTEUR  
LE 27 DÉCEMBRE, 1822."

When an infant of but two years of age, Louis Pasteur's parents removed to the town of Arbois, where his childhood was passed, for here his father purchased a small tannery. His parents were poor, and his father's life had been a rough one. That this hard-working tanner was a man of character and stern experience, is shown by the fact that he had fought in the Legions of the First Empire, and that he had been decorated on the field of battle by Napoleon ; but the rough soldier had his heart in the right place ; the home at Arbois appears to have been one of those



establishments which revolve round the children ; and the greatest sacrifices were made by the parents to secure the best educational advantages for their son.

Their proudest ambitions were expressed when they said, " We will make of him an educated man." <sup>1</sup>

Nor was Pasteur unmindful of this unselfish devotion in after years, for the most celebrated of his works bears the dedication :—

" To the memory of my father, veteran of the First Empire, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

" The older I become, the better I understand your love and the superiority of your reason.

" The efforts which I have consecrated to these studies and to those which have preceded them are the fruits of your example and your advice.

" Wishing to honour these pious recollections, I dedicate this work to your memory ;" <sup>2</sup>

a tribute surely more imperishable and more to be coveted than even the ribbon pinned to his tunic by the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz.

When old enough Pasteur was sent as day scholar to the Collège Communal ; but books and study had at first little attraction for him, and he preferred to follow his favourite pastime of fishing and to delight his companions and neighbours by sketching their portraits, some dozens of which are still shown with pride by the inhabitants of Arbois. " What a pity he has buried himself amongst a heap of chemicals ! "

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire d'un savant par un ignorant*, by M. Valerey Radot, p. 3.

<sup>2</sup> *Etudes sur la Bière*, published in 1876.

remarked an old woman of Arbois many years later, "he has missed his vocation, for he would some day have really succeeded in making a name as a painter;" and indeed the portrait of his mother which used to hang in his house in Paris is in itself evidence of the marked artistic talent possessed by Pasteur when a mere lad.<sup>1</sup>

It was not till he reached the third class that young Pasteur began to realize the sacrifices his parents had made for his education, and rousing himself from his lethargy he put from him his hobby and his pastime, locked away his brushes and his fishing tackle, so as to be delivered from temptation, and put his shoulder to the wheel. From that day onwards Pasteur may be said to have had aroused within him that passion for work which was to form the foundation of his life.

The College of Arbois having at this time no professor of philosophy, Pasteur left for Besançon, where at the end of the academic year he took his degree of *bachelier ès lettres*, and was at once appointed tutor in the College. The fond ambition and hope of his father at this time was often repeated: "Ah, if you one day become a professor, and professor at the College of Arbois, I would be the happiest man in the world." This was certainly far too modest an estimate of young Pasteur's powers; for even in those early days his old schoolmaster watching his work and progress exclaimed, "It is not towards a chair in a little college like ours you must direct your energies, you must be professor in a Royal College. My little friend, think of the great École Normale!"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 10.

<sup>2</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 11.

Perhaps this encouraged Pasteur to attend special courses of instruction in mathematics, in the time which he could spare from his other studies, so as to prepare himself for the examination in science of the École Normale of Paris. It was now that he first developed his taste for chemistry, and finding that the College Professor, who was a surly individual, would not give him all the information he required, he hunted out a chemist in the town, and him he persuaded secretly to assist him in his studies.

Pasteur soon afterwards presented himself for the entrance examination of the École Normale. An incident attended his entry as a student which is worth recording as indicative of his extraordinary perseverance, and of the exacting standard of performance which he imposed upon himself. Although he passed and was admitted, he only obtained fourteenth place. This position did not satisfy him, and he determined to withdraw and work for another year, and then go in for the examination a second time. For this purpose he went to Paris to study, and the following year, in October, 1843, on again submitting himself to the examiners he gained fourth place on the list.

Pasteur's love of chemistry had now developed into a passion, and with Dumas at the Sorbonne and Balard at the École Normale, he had every opportunity of gratifying his taste, for the students attended both courses of lectures. These great masters of chemical science put him in touch with the roots of scientific knowledge and the best methods of obtaining it. Isolated in laboratory or library, Pasteur's only thought was to search, to learn, to question, or to verify. It was at this time, too, that the foundations

were laid of that strict habit of mind, which led him to avoid all hypotheses, however seductive, which were not supported on a sound basis of experimental facts defying repudiation; an attitude of mind which many years later found expression in the address to his colleagues at the public inauguration of the Institute Pasteur.

“For the investigator it is the hardest ordeal which he can be asked to face—to believe that he has discovered a great scientific truth, to be possessed with a feverish desire to make it known and yet to impose silence on himself for days, for weeks, sometimes for years, whilst striving to destroy these very conclusions and only permitting himself to proclaim his discovery when all the adverse hypotheses have been exhausted.” In these words are enshrined the secret of his success.

His first laurels were won by his researches into the burning question of the day, the internal constitution of molecules, and the arrangement of atoms in substances which, though they are composed of exactly the same constituents, exhibit very different physical and chemical qualities. The subject is, needless to say, a fundamental problem in chemistry, and remains to our own day the most attractive of scientific mysteries.

Mitscherlich, one of the greatest chemists of the time, had just announced that certain salts—the tartrates and paratartrates of soda and ammonia—“had the same chemical composition, the same crystalline form, the same angles in the crystalline condition, the same specific weight, the same double refraction, and consequently the same inclination of the optic axes. Notwithstanding all these points of similarity, if the tartrate is dissolved in water it causes the plane



of polarized light to revolve while the paratartrate exerts no such action."

Pasteur could not believe that all the chemical and physical qualities of two substances could be so identical, and their action to polarized light be so different.

Mitscherlich was known, however, as an extremely careful observer. For several years Pasteur revolved all the possibilities in Mitscherlich's observations, and, finally, came to the conclusion that there perhaps existed in the paratartrates, as prepared by Mitscherlich, two different groups of crystals, the members of one of which turned the plane of polarization to the right, the other to the left. These two effects neutralized each other, and apparently the paratartrates had no influence on the polarized beam of light.

Pasteur found that the paratartrates were composed of crystals that were dissymmetrical—that is, whose image reflected in a mirror could not be superposed on the crystal itself.

This idea Pasteur makes clear by reference to the mirrored image of a hand. The image of the right hand as seen in a mirror is a left hand. It cannot be superposed on the hand of which it is the reflection any more than the left hand can be superposed on the right, and have corresponding parts occupy corresponding places. Pasteur found that the paratartrates were not only dissymmetrical, but that they possessed two forms of dissymmetry. The mirrored image of some of the crystals could be superposed on certain of the other crystals, just as the mirrored image of the right hand can be superposed on the actual left hand. He concluded that if he separated these two groups from each other he

would have two very different substances, and so the mystery propounded by Mitscherlich would be solved. With Pasteur to conceive an idea was to think out its experimental demonstration. He manufactured the paratartrates according to the directions given by Mitscherlich, and then proceeded to sort the two varieties of crystals by hand. It was slow patient work, and for hours Pasteur worked feverishly on alone in the laboratory. At length the crystals were ready for solution and examination as to their effect upon polarized light. If Pasteur's idea as to the dissymmetry of crystals was confirmed a great scientific advance was assured. Tremblingly the young enthusiast adjusted his polariscope. He tells the story himself of his first hesitant glance. But hesitation was changed to triumph. His prevision was correct.

There were two forms of crystals with different effects on polarized light in Mitscherlich's supposed simple substance. Pasteur could not stay to put his instrument away. The air of the laboratory had become oppressive to him. "Drunk with the wine of discovery," as a French biographer remarks, he rushed into the open air and almost staggered into the arms of a friend who was passing. "Ah," he said, "I have just made a great discovery. Come to the Luxembourg gardens and I will tell you about it." It was characteristic of the man all through life to have no doubt of the true significance of his work. He was sure of each step in the demonstration, and his conclusions were beyond doubt. Pasteur's discovery made a profound sensation. It was much more than a new fact in chemistry and physics. It was a great landmark in biology. The French Academy of Sciences at once pro-

ceeded to its investigation. Among the members who were intensely interested, some bore names that belong to universal science—Arago, Biot, Dumas, De Senarmont. Pasteur told long years afterwards of Biot's emotion when the facts were visibly demonstrated to him. Greatly moved the distinguished old man took the young man's arm, and trembling, said: "My dear child, I have loved science so well that this makes my heart beat."

Pasteur's academic career was now assured, and at the end of the year 1848 he was appointed Professor of Physics at the Lycée of Dijon, and three months later he was nominated deputy professor of chemistry at the University of Strassburg, becoming full professor in 1852.

This translation to Strassburg, quite apart from its importance in giving Pasteur greater scope for the pursuit of his scientific work, was to acquire for him a profound personal significance, for here he met his future wife, the daughter of M. Laurent, Rector of the Strassburg Academy. Their marriage, which took place in 1850, proved a singularly happy one, and it is impossible to rightly appreciate Pasteur's life without some understanding of the immense assistance which he received in his own home. Whether in discussing forms of crystals, watching over experiments, shielding her husband from all the daily fret of life, or busy at the customary evening task of writing to his dictation, Madame Pasteur was at once his most devoted assistant and incomparable companion. His surroundings at home were entirely subordinated to his scientific life, and his family shared with him both his trials and his triumphs. At the time

when he was engrossed with the study of anthrax, and after many difficulties and disappointments had at length succeeded in preparing a vaccine against it, he at once hurried from the laboratory to communicate his great discovery first to his wife and daughter,<sup>1</sup> and this is but an instance of the bond of sympathy which was maintained throughout his life between the great *savant* and those around him.

During the five years he resided in Alsace Pasteur endeavoured by every possible means to secure experimental modifications of some of these phenomena of dissymmetry he had discovered. He hoped thus to learn more fully their true nature. Magnetic influences especially would, he hoped, enable him to pierce, at least, to some degree this fundamental mystery of nature. He procured powerful magnets with the view of comparing the action of their poles, and if possible, of introducing by their aid among the forms of crystal a manifestation of dissymmetry. "All this was crude," he says himself, "but further than this I had proposed with the view of influencing the vegetation of certain plants to invert by means of heliostat, and a reflecting mirror, the motion of the solar rays which should strike them from the birth of their earliest shoots. In this direction there was more to be hoped for." He did not have time, however, to follow out these ingenious experiments. He became involved, as we shall see, in labours more than sufficient to take up all his time and all his energy. Pasteur always insisted, however, that great discoveries will yet be made in following out this order of ideas, and that there is in

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 27.



this subject magnificent opportunity for young men possessed of the genius of discovery and the power of persistent work.

A new chapter in his life opens with the years 1854, when, at the age of thirty-two, he was nominated the first Dean of the Faculty of Sciences, which had just been created in the industrial centre of Lille. As Dean or principal of this new institution at Lille, Pasteur at once realized that its work should, to some extent, be brought in touch with one of the leading industries of the district—the manufacture of alcohol from beet-root and grain, and he therefore determined to deliver courses of lectures on fermentation, and threw himself with his characteristic energy into the serious study of this subject. It is well known that if a diluted solution of sugar be exposed to the air it will ferment—that is, certain changes will take place in the liquid, some gas will escape from its surface, and alcohol will be formed. There are changes that take place in other organic substances—milk, meat solutions, butter, etc., that resemble quite closely alcoholic fermentations, though the final product of the process is not alcohol. Pasteur showed that all these supposed chemical changes were really due to the presence of minute living cells called ferments. During the growth of these cells they split up the substances contained in the material in which they occurred, using parts of them for their nutrition. Pasteur showed this very clearly for the lactic acid and butyric acid fermentations. Milk was supposed to become sour and butter rancid because they were unstable organic compounds liable to change in the presence of the oxygen of the air. These changes are now shown to be

due to minute vegetable organisms that grew in the milk and the butter.

When Pasteur offered the same explanation of the origin of vinegar, he found a strenuous opponent in Liebig, the great German chemist. Liebig admitted the existence of specific substances called ferments, but said they were nitrogenous compounds in unstable equilibrium as regards their composition, and with a marked tendency to undergo alteration when exposed to the air or free oxygen. These alterations once begun, affect also the liquids in which the ferments are contained—milk, blood, sugar solutions, and the like. Theodor Schwann had shown the existence of certain yeast-like bodies in fermenting liquids, but these were considered to be effects, not causes of the fermentations; and even Schwann himself believed that they originated in the liquids in which they were found. It remained for Pasteur to demonstrate, as he did, by a brilliant series of ingenious and conclusive experiments, that ferments were living cells, that they never originated except from previous cells of the same species, and that no fermentation took place unless they were present.

During the progress of these fermentation researches an important event had occurred in Pasteur's life, for October, 1857, witnessed his removal from the provincial Lille to the metropolis of France, in the palmiest days of the Second Empire. His advancement to the post of director of scientific studies at the *École Normale* in Paris, was not, however, an unmixed advantage to Pasteur, for it deprived him of that which he most valued—a scientific laboratory. Nor did there appear to be any prospect of obtaining one, as the French Government of forty-

four years ago appears to have been much on the same level of enlightenment in regard to scientific work as the English Government of both parties to-day. He was publicly informed by a Government Minister that the Budget had no means at its disposal to provide him with the sum of 1,500 francs<sup>1</sup> a year for experimental researches. Pasteur was not to be baffled by such obstacles, and what the nameless and long since forgotten Minister would not concede was procured at Pasteur's private expense, and a laboratory was constructed out of one of the garrets of the École Normale.

He now continued his researches in fermentation, and was soon able to indicate how such deleterious alterations might be prevented. Naturally the first thing to do was to destroy the active agents of fermentation, the little microscopic organisms that cause the deterioration of wine and beer. And this he did by a method that was as simple as it was scientific. He soon found that a temperature of about 140° F. was fatal to the life of the microbe that infested beer and wine. Nothing then was easier than to raise these fluids to this temperature, and thus destroy all the organisms and germs of organisms that might exist therein. By this short and simple process both wine and beer are rendered proof against fermentation, and can be transported from place to place, and to any climate, without danger of deterioration. This process of preserving wine and beer is extensively employed in both Europe and America, and has already been the means of enabling the manufacturers of these articles to guard against the

<sup>1</sup> About £60.

very heavy losses which they formerly sustained. As applied to beer, the process, in honour of its discoverer is known as Pasteurization, and the beer itself is called Pasteurized beer.

Although his victories in the field of fermentation had been won in the teeth of the opposition of the entire scientific world, he was on the eve of an even fiercer battle in which he was to measure his strength almost single-handed against some of the subtlest intellects of the day. While engaged in his investigations of the nature of fermentation he was suddenly confronted with a problem that had occupied the mind of philosophers since the time of Aristotle, namely, that of spontaneous generation. For centuries it had been taught that many, if not all, of the lower forms of life—especially animal parasites—come into the world spontaneously ; that is, that they do not proceed from pre-existing germs, and have not parents like themselves. The distinguished Italian scientist and ecclesiastic, Abbate Spallanzani, the naturalist Redi, and Malpighi, physician to Pope Innocent XII., were the first to show that the alleged cases of spontaneous generation had no foundation in fact. It was, however, reserved for Pasteur to give the death blow to a theory that had obtained for nearly three thousand years, and to demonstrate by the most rigorous and precise experiments, that in the lowest and simplest of microscopic organisms, as well as in the higher forms of life, every living thing springs from some pre-existing germ and has and must have a parent like itself. Pasteur proceeded to show by rigid demonstration that if all life were destroyed in organic substances, living organisms never originated in such substances unless living germs or seeds from



the air again found access to them. After a meat solution is thoroughly boiled nothing living develops in it, even though the air is allowed free access, if the air admitted is previously filtered through cotton. He showed that even the bending of the entrance to the tube into the shape of an S, so as to prevent the entrance of dust particles sufficed to protect the most changeable organic material from the growth of micro-organisms in it. His teaching was not accepted at once. Details of his experiments were impugned. Apparently complete counter demonstrations were made.

To put an end to the contention, Pasteur appealed to the Academy of Sciences to appoint a special commission to judge between himself and his opponents. The commission was duly appointed, but when the day of trial came round Pasteur appeared before the judges and made his experiments successfully ; his opponents asked for time, and pleaded the weather as an excuse for not proving their case. The commission would not accede to this demand, and delivered a strong judgment in Pasteur's favour, but it was not till some years afterwards that he finally vindicated the truth of his theory by further experiments which placed it beyond all scientific doubt.

At the termination of his researches, which were characterized throughout by logical acumen and consummate skill, Pasteur announced in the Sorbonne, with all the positiveness of one who is certain of what he declares, that "there is not one circumstance known at the present day which justifies the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs, or parents like themselves. Those who maintain

the contrary have been the dupes of illusions and of ill-conducted experiments, tainted with errors which they know not how either to perceive or avoid. Spontaneous generation is a chimera." <sup>1</sup>

This controversy about spontaneous generation excited the keenest interest throughout the scientific world. The adherents of the atheistic school of science ranged themselves against Pasteur in a solid phalanx, because they foresaw in the disproof of spontaneous generation a scientific demonstration of the falsity of their theories regarding the nature and origin of life. Atheists and materialists, like Haeckel, Vogt, and Buchner, had boldly denied the existence of a Creator on the ground that such a belief was unscientific.

Starting with the assumption that matter and force are eternal, they proclaimed that all the phenomena of the universe could be explained by the interaction of known physical forces, and by the action of these forces on matter. Under the influences of magnetism or electricity or both, or perhaps of some other and unknown force, brute matter they contended, might give rise to the lower forms of animal and vegetable life. These primitive organisms once formed would, in virtue of inherent forces and under the influence of a proper environment, in time develop into higher forms of life. The conclusion they drew from such reasoning was that the theory of a Creator is unnecessary, and that therefore, He need not and so does not exist. To such scientists Pasteur's demonstration that spontaneous generation was a chimera was a

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 65.

fact that could only be countered by a special pleading which can scarcely satisfy any thoughtful and impartial person. So much is this the case that no scientist deserving the name ever speaks now of spontaneous generation except as an exploded theory, a theory that was long lived, it is true, but which is now dead and beyond all possibility of resuscitation.

The fame of and interest in Pasteur's researches had now passed beyond the pale of the scientific world, and had attracted the attention of practical men, and the year 1862 found him once more immersed in fermentation studies, to which he had returned, armed with all the weapons and experience of which he had become possessed in the spontaneous generation controversy. He in turn investigated the making of vinegar and wine, pointing out to the manufacturers of each how to simplify and improve their processes. The commercial importance of these investigations may be conceived when we remember that at this time a rough estimate of the capital absorbed by the French wine industry is given as five hundred millions of francs.

During the progress of his researches on fermentation he exchanged his official appointment of Director of Scientific Studies in the École Normale for the Professorship of Geology and Chemistry at the École des Beaux Arts, which post he held from the year 1863 to 1867. It was during the latter part of his tenure of this office that he entered upon an entirely novel line of investigation, which, although belonging in point of time to what may be described as the "fermentation period" of his researches for the *Études sur la Bière* followed later—yet had nothing whatever to do with it, but was, on the

other hand, a sort of prophetic incursion into that region of viruses and vaccines where later the climax of his fame was to be reached.

The studies in minute life and in fermentation led him almost naturally to the study of disease. Two centuries before, Robert Boyle, of whom his notorious descendant, the great bullster, Sir Boyle Roche, has said that he was "the father of chemistry, and the brother of the Earl of Cork," made use of an expression wonderfully prophetic in its accurate penetration of the future. "He that thoroughly understands the nature of ferments and fermentations," said Boyle, "shall probably be much better able than he that ignores them to give a fair account of divers phenomena of certain diseases (as well fevers as others), which will perhaps be never properly understood without an insight into the doctrine of fermentations." It is significant that the very first man who understood the nature of fermentations proved to be the one destined to unlock the mystery of contagious disease and its origin. Pasteur's first investigations in the field of disease concerned a mysterious malady that affected the silk worm, and was ruining the silk industry of France. This disease was first noted seriously about 1850. When a colony of silk worms was attacked it was useless to hope to do anything with them. The only resource for the silk farmers was to get the eggs of an unaffected race of worms from some distant country. These became infected after several generations, and untainted eggs had to be brought from a distance once more. Soon the silk worm plague invaded most of the silk-growing countries of Europe. In 1864, only the races of silk worms in China and Japan



were surely not infected. Great suffering had been entailed on many departments of France by the failure of the silk industry. The most careful investigation failed to reveal any method of curing the disease. Acute observers had been at work and some very suggestive observations on the affected worms had been made, but the solution of the problem of the prevention of the disease seemed as far off as ever. In 1863 the French Minister of Agriculture agreed to pay 500,000 francs to an Italian investigator who claimed to have found a remedy for the disease, if his remedy proved efficient. The offer was to no purpose. In 1865 the weight of cocoons of silk had fallen to 4,000,000 kilos. It had formerly been nearly 30,000,000 kilos. This involved a yearly loss of 100,000,000 francs. So acute a stage had matters reached in the year 1865 that a great petition was forwarded to the Senate from the affected districts asking for the appointment of a Commission to enquire into the disease. The Commission was duly appointed, with Dumas, who had already investigated the subject, as its chairman. With admirable sagacity, instead of turning to some distinguished zoologist or entomologist he at once singled out Pasteur as the one man, who of all others might provide a cure.

With characteristic modesty Pasteur pleaded ignorance of the subject as an excuse. But Dumas was not to be denied, and at last he accepted the task. He at once took up his quarters at Alais, in the centre of the affected area, and began experimenting. For a whole year he sought for the remedy without avail. In the midst of his investigation one of his children died of typhoid fever, and Pasteur was

prostrated with grief, but he returned to Alais and bravely took up his work once more. It was only towards the end of 1867 that his efforts were crowned with success. Briefly, the result of his labours was this. He showed that the failure of the silk worm was not due to one disease, but to two diseases—pebrine and flacherie. These diseases are communicated to the eggs of the worms, so that the young begin life handicapped by the maladies. The crawling of the worms over leaves and stems makes these liable to communicate the disease. He then pointed out that prevention of the diseases could be accomplished by procuring absolutely healthy eggs, and then never letting them come in contact with anything that might have been touched by diseased worms. If, at the egg laying period the worms showed any signs of disease the eggs were to be rejected. These simple suggestions were the result of rigid experimental demonstration of the spread of the diseases from worm to worm, including the demonstration of the microbic causes of the two diseases.

These precautions proved effective, but their introduction met with opposition. The strain of the work and the worry of controversy told terrible upon him, and in the autumn of the year 1868, before he had time to convince his opponents of the truth of his hypotheses and efficiency of his methods he was struck down by an attack of paralysis. The severity of the attack was such that his recovery was at first regarded as hopeless, and Pasteur himself was despondent. "I regret to die," he said to his friend Sainte Claire Deville, who had hastened to his bedside, "I should have wished to render more service

to my country.”<sup>1</sup> He remained for two months completely paralysed, and never in after life recovered the full use of his limbs. He returned, almost before he had completely recovered, to pursue his studies of the silk worm diseases. His indomitable courage and energy were rewarded, and he had the immense joy and satisfaction of confirming at every point, and in every detail the truth of his predictions and the efficiency of his preventive methods. The noisy opposition of his adversaries still continued; and the French Government hesitated in the face of such tenacious and clamorous contradictions to give official recognition to his remedies.

The Emperor Napoleon III., however, came to Pasteur’s assistance, and proposed that he should visit a villa near Trieste, belonging to the Prince Imperial, where the cultivation of silk worms was carried on, which, however, during the past ten years, had failed utterly.

Pasteur accepted the offer with gratitude, and at once started for Trieste. So great was the success that followed the application of his methods that the sale of the cocoons realised a profit to the estate of 26,000 francs. This signal success so impressed the Emperor that he nominated Pasteur a Senator in July, 1870.

His promotion was never gazetted, for before this could be done the Franco-German War broke out. A patriot to the heart’s core, he learned with poignant grief the news of his country’s disasters.

The bulletins of defeat, which succeeded each other with mournful monotony threw him into deep despair. For the first time in his life he had

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire d'un Savant par un ignorant*, by M. Valerey, Radot, p. 164.

not the strength to work. He lived in his little house at Arbois, completely vanquished. Those who went into his room found him often bathed in tears. On January 18th, 1871, he wrote to the Dean of the Academy of Medicine at the University of Bonn, a letter in which all his grief and all his pride as a Frenchman were displayed, requesting him to withdraw the diploma of German Doctor which the faculty of Medicine of the University had conferred upon him in 1868. Whilst he wrote this letter which was a cry of patriotism, his son, enrolled as a volunteer, though hardly eighteen years of age, was gallantly doing his duty in the army of the East.

No sooner had the war terminated than he was anxious to be up and doing, assisting by some means or other to retrieve the misfortunes which had fallen on his country. A letter written about this time to his former assistant and friend Duclaux, shows his old energy was returning, "My head is full of the most beautiful plans for work," he writes; "the war has let my brain lie fallow. I am ready for fresh undertakings. Alas! perhaps I am deceiving myself. Come what may I shall try. Ah! if I only was rich—a millionaire! I would say to you, to Raulin, to Gernez, etc., 'Come, we will transform the world by our discoveries!' How happy you are to be young and strong! Oh, if I only were so, to start afresh a new life of study and work; poor France, dear country, could I but help to raise you from your disasters." <sup>1</sup>

The fresh fruit of his new labours was a return to the study of fermentations, and the publication

<sup>1</sup> *L'Histoire d'un Esprit*, par M. Duclaux, Paris, 1896.



in 1876 of his great work *Études sur la bière*. His desire was to so improve the manufacture of French beers that they should be in a position to compete with those so successfully produced in Germany, and that he might thus secure some commercial advantage for his now overburdened country.

The centre of gravity of this volume is undoubtedly the new theory of fermentation it contained, and which may be summarised in the words "Fermentation is life without oxygen."

That his patriotic ambition to serve his country by his researches was fulfilled, we know from the graceful tribute which was accorded to his *Études* by the French brewers at a congress held in the year 1889, whilst the power they have wielded in stimulating and suggesting scientific researches in the domain of brewing is recognised all over the world. Huxley was guilty of no hyperbole when he wrote that "Pasteur's discoveries suffice of themselves to cover the war indemnity of five milliards of francs paid by France to Germany."

Throughout this volume of *Études*, Pasteur shows unmistakable signs that his thoughts and ideas were leaning in the direction of the applications which his methods and discoveries might have in the interpretation and treatment of the phenomena of disease. For five years he was, we have seen, investigating the diseases of silkworms, and although to all appearances he abandoned this direction of research, when he again took up the more prosaic study of yeasts, yet in reality he was becoming more and more deeply engrossed with the prospects which were gradually unfolding themselves before him of the far reaching and beneficent results which

might follow from a more intimate and extended knowledge of the nature and character of these microscopic forms of life. Indeed his researches had already borne fruits in the domain of medicine and surgery.

By far the greatest and most important of these developments was that which is universally associated with the name of Lister, and which has revolutionised the practice of surgery by introducing the antiseptic and aseptic treatment of wounds. Many years later on the occasion of Pasteur's jubilee celebration, Lister, who was present as the representative of the Royal Society embraced the opportunity of publicly referring, as he had done before, to the debt of gratitude which the art of surgery owed to Pasteur's researches. Rising and addressing Pasteur, he said, "Truly there does not exist in the entire world any individual to whom the medical sciences owe more than they do to you. Your researches on fermentation have thrown a powerful beam, which has lightened the baleful darkness of surgery, and has transformed the treatment of wounds from a matter of uncertain and too often disastrous empiricism into a scientific art of sure beneficence. Thanks to you, surgery has undergone a complete revolution, which has deprived it of its terrors, and has extended almost without limit its efficacious power." These words were as remarkable for their impressive truth as for their beautiful modesty.

At a period of life when too many scientific men are contemplating repose and escape from their laboratories, Pasteur plunged into an entirely new sphere of research, in which he was not only to win his most glorious laurels but to fight his fiercest battles.

The malady which first attracted his attention was the infectious cattle disease called anthrax, a disease dreaded all over the world, and which in France alone in some years had meant a loss to the country of from fifteen to twenty millions of francs. He discovered, first of all, that it was the work of a living ferment capable of growth and self propagation. The cause proved to be a bacterium <sup>1</sup>—that is a microscopic rod-shaped vegetable. The following account by Doctor Roux will give some idea of the circumstances under which these researches were carried out. “For many years the laboratory in the Rue d’Ulm was abandoned, towards the end of July, for Chartres. Chamberland and I took up our abode here, and were joined by a young veterinary surgeon. Every week Pasteur came to superintend and to inspect our investigations. What happy memories those campaigns against anthrax in the Chartrian country have left us ! The visits early in the morning to the sheep folds scattered over the great plateau of Beauce, which lay basking in the August sun ; autopsies carried out at Sours or on the farms, and in the afternoons the recording of the results in the note book, letters to Pasteur ; the starting of fresh researches.

“The day was well filled up, and how absorbing and how health-giving was this bacteriology carried out in the open air ! The days when

<sup>1</sup> A lowly form of vegetable life, capable of producing putrefaction, fermentation or disease. So called because stick-like in appearance. There are countless varieties of these minute vegetables, some harmful, some beneficial, some so far as we know neutral ; and on their operations depend the most varied results, for example, the maturing of tobacco, the ripening of cream, the flavouring of butter.

Pasteur came to Chartres the *déjeuner* was hurried over, and quick into a carriage to drive to Saint Germain, where M. Maunoury had willingly placed his farm and his herds at our disposal. During the drive we discussed the experiments of the past week, and planned fresh ones to be undertaken. As soon as he arrived, M. Pasteur hurried, without losing a moment to the enclosures. Motionless he would stand close to the hurdles, inspecting with the minutest attention the animals which were specially under observation, not a detail escaping him. For hours he would watch over a single sheep which he believed to be ill, and it was necessary to remind him of the hour and to point out to him that the towers of the Cathedral of Chartres were fast growing dim in the dusk before we could persuade him to return.”<sup>1</sup>

Here it was that he discovered one of the methods of distributing the disease. When the carcasses of animals that died from the disease were not buried deeply below the surface of the ground, animals grazing above became infected. The germs of the disease were carried to the surface in the bodies of earth worms.

At last in the year 1879, while investigating chicken cholera, Pasteur discovered one of the great root principles concerning the cure of disease which eventually he applied to anthrax. The manner of the discovery was as follows:—After considerable difficulty he succeeded in finding the germ of this disease which was causing great losses in the poultry industry of France and other European countries. This germ was cultivated for a number of generations on arti-

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, pp. 146, 147.



ficial media<sup>1</sup> and never failed to produce the disease when inoculated into fowl. During the course of his studies in the disease Pasteur was called away to a distant part of France in connection with his investigations of anthrax.

He was away from his laboratory for several months. When he returned he inoculated some fowl with the cultures<sup>2</sup> of chicken cholera that he had left behind. To his surprise and annoyance the inoculations failed to produce the typical symptoms of the disease. The fowl suffered from some slight symptoms and then recovered. Before he had left his laboratory inoculations were invariably fatal. It took considerable time and trouble to procure fresh cultures of the chicken cholera microbe. Meantime the fowl that had been only slightly affected by the old cultures were carefully preserved. When these fowls were inoculated with the fresh virulent cultures they failed to take the disease. Other fowl promptly died exhibiting all the characteristic symptoms of chicken cholera. Those that had suffered from the mild form of the disease produced by the old cultures were protected from further attacks of the disease. Convinced that this was no chance circumstance, but that he was here face to face with an entirely new phenomenon, Pasteur repeated the experiment in various ways, and found that he had indeed realised his great ambition of "immunising against an infectious disease of which they

<sup>1</sup> A medium is a substance, like meat-jelly or a slice of potato for example, on which bacteria can grow, and from which they can derive the substances required for their continued existence.

<sup>2</sup> A culture is a growth of bacteria on a medium. A "pure culture" is one consisting of any one kind of bacterium.

cultivated the virus," and the microbe which hitherto had only proved a malignant foe was constrained to become the beneficent protector of its prey. One of the great mysteries of medicine, the varying virulence of disease, had been thus solved by what seemed an accident. There are no accidents in the lives of great investigators. There are surprises, but genius knows how to reconcile their occurrence with the principles they are working out. From this time onwards Pasteur's attention became riveted upon the artificial production of attenuated viruses<sup>1</sup> or vaccines. Stimulated and encouraged by the extraordinary piece of good fortune which, as we have seen, had launched him on his first voyage into these regions which had so long appeared only as the shadowy illusions of a vivid imagination, he now set to work with all his customary zeal and enthusiasm to prepare the vaccine<sup>2</sup> of anthrax.

Innumerable were the experiments which he and his two assistants Chamberland and Roux carried out. Pasteur became more and more pre-occupied, and wore that air so familiar to those around him, and which his daughter used to designate as *la figure à découverte prochaine*<sup>3</sup> —a state of mind of intense nervous tension and excitement which, however, was only evident to those in his immediate surroundings by his abstraction and silence.

<sup>1</sup> A virus is a poison formed by a bacterium, which poison is capable of producing a specific disease such as cholera or typhoid fever.

<sup>2</sup> A vaccine is a virus which has been so far attenuated, that is, which has had its forces so much altered as to act in this condition as a preventive of the disease which in its unattenuated condition it would have produced.

<sup>3</sup> "The sign of an approaching discovery."

At length the day arrived when, hastily leaving the laboratory, he announced to his family the success which had at length crowned the long and patient labours that had cost him so much mental and physical strain—the discovery of a vaccine for anthrax. “Never,” writes his son-in-law, M. Valerey Radot, referring to this incident “have I seen on a human countenance a grander reflection of all the high and generous feelings which are contained in the soul.” But even at this moment of supreme scientific triumph, patriotic sentiment asserted itself, and showed what a large part it occupied in the savant’s heart; for, says the same family biographer, “I would never have consoled myself,” he said as he embraced us, “if a discovery such as I and my assistants have just made was not a French discovery.”

It was on the 28th of February, 1881, that Pasteur communicated to the Academy of Sciences, in his own name and in that of Chamberland and Roux, the famous memoir on the attenuation of anthrax virus. On the 2nd June in the same year at Pouilly-le-Fort, near Melun, he proved by an experiment on fifty sheep that he had undoubtedly discovered a certain cure for this dread disease.<sup>1</sup>

The immediate result of this magnificent triumph was a pressing demand from all parts of the country for vaccine. A small additional laboratory was hastily improvised where the preparation of vaccines was carried out, and

<sup>1</sup> Jenner’s discovery of vaccination was an empirical anticipation of Pasteur’s scientific discovery, for in this case the virus of small-pox is attenuated by passage through the body of the calf.

already by the end of the year no less than 33,946 animals had been vaccinated.

It must not be supposed that, absorbing and laborious as these investigations on vaccines were, they represent by any means the whole extent of Pasteur's activity at this time, for simultaneously experiments were being carried on in quite another direction, the study of hydrophobia having been already commenced in the year 1880. In extending his beneficent investigations to the study of rabies, Pasteur thus finally devoted his energies to combating disease in man himself. These last labours, moreover, display in the highest degree those remarkable qualities which had characterized his whole career, and for the performance of these labours the powers and experience gained during nearly forty years of ceaseless scientific activity were called into requisition and submitted to the severest strain. It is not often that the scientific man of to-day has an opportunity of displaying personal courage, but the vivid description given by M. Vallery Radot of how he accompanied Pasteur on one of his expeditions to inspect a rabid dog and collect its saliva, shows that Pasteur had inherited the same fearless *élan* which had doubtless gained for his father the decoration on the field of battle. They started, taking six rabbits with them in a basket. The rabid beast in this case, was a huge bull-dog foaming at the mouth and howling in his cage. All attempts to induce the animal to bite and so infect one of the rabbits failed, "but we must," said Pasteur, "inoculate the rabbits with this saliva." Accordingly, a noose was made and thrown, the dog secured and dragged to the edge of the cage, and his jaws



tied together. Choking with rage, the eyes bloodshot, and the body convulsed by a violent spasm, the animal was stretched on a table and kept motionless whilst Pasteur leaning over this foaming head, sucked up into a narrow glass tube some drops of the saliva.

“In the basement of the veterinary surgeon’s house,” says M. Radot, “witnessing this formidable *tête-a-tête*, I thought Pasteur grander than I had ever thought him before.”<sup>1</sup>

At last a method of inoculating a dog with rabies was discovered. Pasteur conceived the idea of communicating it by taking the nerve tissue or marrow of an animal which had died of rabies, and introducing it into the central nerve system—the brain—of the animal to be infected. The first trepanned dog exhibited characteristic rabies in fourteen days. Dr. Roux summarises in the following words how the curative process was perfected. “Rabid marrows (or nerve tissue) exposed to the action of the air in a dry atmosphere become desiccated and lose their activity. After fourteen days the virus is attenuated to such an extent that it is harmless, even in the largest doses. A dog receiving this fourteen days’ old marrow, then on the following day thirteen days’ marrow, then that of twelve, does not take rabies but has become immune to it. Inoculated in the eye or in the brain with the strongest virus it remains well.

“In fourteen days, therefore, it is possible to confer immunity upon an animal from rabies. Now, human beings bitten by mad dogs do not usually develop rabies until a month or even

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire d'un Savant par un ignorant*, by M. Vallerey, Radot, p. 300

longer after the bite. This time of incubation can be utilized to render the person bitten refractory."<sup>1</sup>

The most perilous task remained to be accomplished—the application of the knowledge and experience thus acquired to the prevention of rabies in man. The first human being to undergo the treatment was a young boy from Alsace. It was in July, 1885, that Joseph Meister arrived in Paris, his body literally covered with wounds from the bites of a rabid dog. Vulpian and Grancher both urged Pasteur to apply his treatment to this poor child, whose life already was so seriously threatened, and Pasteur, yielding to their solicitations, gave his consent. As however the series of inoculations drew to a close Pasteur became terribly uneasy. He passed days of anxiety, and sleepless nights, and was a prey at once to the wildest hopes and to the most cruel fits of depression. Meister returned to Alsace on the 27th July, and was instructed to supply Pasteur with a daily bulletin of his health. With the forgetfulness, however, of a child, often five or six days would pass without any news of him reaching the laboratory, and Pasteur suffered torments of anxiety. On being reproached by Pasteur for his long silence on one of these occasions the little fellow wrote towards the end of August. "It is indeed ungrateful in me not to send you news of how I am, since you, my dear Monsieur Pasteur, are so concerned about my health. I thank you, as also do my parents a thousand times. It is with delight that I tell you that I am well and eat well." The boy's recovery was indeed complete.

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 170.

It was on the 26th of October, 1885, that Pasteur communicated his celebrated memoir to the Academy of Sciences in which he described the results of what he modestly designated a *tentative heureuse*.<sup>1</sup>

Since that time over 20,000 persons have undergone his anti-rabic treatment, and the mortality has been less than 5 per 1,000. This achievement is indeed a fitting crown to the labours of this great scientist.

In an unfrequented part of Paris, far removed from the busy haunts of its citizens, there existed for upwards of a century and a half a large market garden. The few pedestrians who by chance found their way to this remote district were rewarded by the opportunity of feasting their eyes on no less than eleven thousand square mètres of vegetables! Towards the end of May, in the year 1887, however, the whole prospect was changed. Hundreds of labourers were at work upon this *hectare de salades*. "Hastily they dug to great depths, to establish the foundations of a monument which it was desired should be indestructible"; for here was the site upon which the Institut Pasteur was to arise—that splendid national tribute to a man of genius whose name was now a household word in all parts of the land. The extraordinary enthusiasm which accompanied the foundation of this great Institution has certainly not been equalled in our time. Considerable sums of money were subscribed in foreign countries, whilst contributions poured in from every part of France. Even the inhabitants of obscure little towns and villages organized fêtes and clubbed together to send their small

<sup>1</sup> "Happy experiment."

*cadeau de la misère*,<sup>1</sup> and we read of the work-people employed in a glass factory approaching M. François Coppée the poet, and begging from him some verses, so that their gift might be accompanied by a suitable tribute to the genius of Pasteur. It was on the 14th November, 1888, that the President of the Republic, supported by the great officers of State, representatives of various foreign Governments, and a brilliant gathering of distinguished members of both the artistic and scientific worlds formally opened the Institut Pasteur. The proceedings commenced with discourses by M. Bertrand, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and Dr. Grancher who had assisted Pasteur in the treatment of rabies. When the turn came for him to reply, Pasteur's emotion was too great to permit him to deliver the address he had prepared, and his son read it for him.

In the concluding words he gave expression to the inmost desires of his soul, "If it be permitted to me, Monsieur le President, to conclude with a philosophical reflection, suggested by your presence in this hall of labour, I would point out that two contrary laws appear here to-day to be in conflict—a law of blood and death, which conceiving each day some new mode of warfare compels the people to be ever ready for the field of battle; and a law of peace, of labour, and of health which cherishes no other dream than the delivery of man from the plagues which besiege him. The one seeks only violent conquests, the other nothing but the alleviation of humanity. The latter law places a human life above all victories; the former sacrifices

<sup>1</sup> "Present from the poor."



hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single life. The law, of which we are the instruments, seeks, even amidst carnage, to cure the bleeding wounds wrought by this law of war. The dressings suggested by our antiseptic methods may preserve the lives of thousands of soldiers. "Which of these laws will finally prevail? God alone knows. But what we may be assured of is that French science will strive in obeying this law of humanity to extend the frontiers of life."<sup>1</sup>

At the close of this fine oration enormous enthusiasm prevailed, and the President of the Republic announced that Pasteur desired no other recompense than that which could be bestowed on his assistants who were to be made officers of the Legion of Honour. The strain of work and anxiety connected with the anti-rabic inoculations told so severely upon Pasteur's weakened health that he was practically compelled to bid farewell to those studies which had for so many years engrossed his whole attention, and the eager pursuit of which, during nearly half a century, had brought that inexorable toll of physical suffering which overshadowed the later years of his life, but could not sully the brightness of his intellect or dull the keenness of his perception.

It was with profound feelings of emotion and gratitude that he participated in the magnificent ceremony of his jubilee which took place on December 27th, 1892, in celebration of his seventieth birthday.

The occasion was observed in Paris as a great, almost a national, festival. The President of the

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 190.

Republic and all the Ministers of State were present, the members of the Institute of France, innumerable delegates of foreign as well as French scientific bodies, deputations from agricultural, pharmaceutical, veterinary and other colleges, and an immense gathering of admirers as well as students from all parts of the country. In fact the large amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, placed at the disposal of the organizing committee, capable of holding 2,500 persons, was crowded to overflowing, as many as 4,000 requests for places having been received. Nations forgot politics in their desire to meet together in honour of one of the greatest men of science of the century. After the foreign delegates had handed in their addresses and filed past the table behind which sat Pasteur, supported by the President of the Republic, the national delegates were summoned, amongst whom were representatives from the town of his birth. It was now Pasteur's turn to address the great assembly, but once more he had to depute the duty of speaking to his son. In itself a sufficiently pathetic speech, delivered in the winter of his life, though at the zenith of his fame, it assumes a yet more pathetic significance, inasmuch as it proved to be the last public address which he gave before his death. His concluding words enunciated in clear and beautiful language the aim and purpose of his life.

“Young people, young people, confine yourselves to those methods, sure and powerful, of which we as yet know only the first secrets. And all, whatever may be your career, never permit yourselves to be overcome by scepticism, both unworthy and barren; never permit the hours of sadness which pass over a nation to discourage you. Live in the serene peace of

your laboratories and your libraries. First ask yourselves, 'What have I done for my education?' Then as you advance in life, 'What have I done for my country?' so that some day, that supreme happiness may come to you, the consciousness of having contributed in some measure to the progress and welfare of humanity. But whether our endeavours are more or less favoured by the circumstances of our life, on approaching the great end we must have the right to say to ourselves, 'I have done what I was able.'"<sup>1</sup>

It was a beautiful farewell, worthy of the brave old man who had written it.

Nor was it long before "the great end" arrived of which he was not afraid. In September, 1895, the world learnt that his grave state of health gave cause for universal anxiety. He was living at his country house, Villeneuve L'Étang, near Garches, and close to Paris. A paralytic seizure, followed by a second attack a week later, coming upon him in his already enfeebled condition led the worst to be anticipated. A few days before he had received the last sacraments of the Church. On the 28th of September, surrounded by his sorrowing family, who recited the prayers for the dying, he passed quietly away clasping his crucifix till the last.

His funeral obsequies were a pageant in which French officialdom felt itself honoured to take part. The President of the Republic, the members of both houses of the legislative department, the officials of the city of Paris, the members of the faculty of the University, of the French

<sup>1</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 216.

Academy, and of the various scientific societies of the French capital gathered at the Cathedral of Notre Dame to honour their mighty dead.

Never has it been given to anyone without family prestige or political influence to have a great world-capital and a great nation accord such glorious obsequies, while all the world extended its sympathy and added pæans of praise. "In Pasteur," wrote Lister, "the world has lost a great personality, as beautiful as it was great."<sup>1</sup>

The following striking personal impression produced by Pasteur was written but a short time before his death by one intimately acquainted with him, "Everyone knows that Pasteur is short, that since 1870 his leg and left arm, smitten by apoplexy, are somewhat stiff, and that he drags one foot much like a wounded veteran. Age, illness, the heavy labours of so many years, the bitterness of conflict, the passion for his work, and lastly, that prostration which follows triumph, have combined together to make a grand thing of his face. Weary, traversed with deep furrows, the skin and beard both white, his hair still thick and nearly always covered with a black cap; the broad forehead wrinkled, seamed with the scars of genius, the mouth slightly drawn by paralysis, but full of kindness all the more expressive of pity for the suffering of others, as it appears lined by personal sorrow; and above all the living thought which still flashes from the eye beneath the deep shadow of the brow—this is Pasteur as he appeared to me; a conqueror who will some day become a legend, whose glory is as incalculable as the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Joseph Lister in the *Lancet*, October 7th, 1895.



good he has accomplished.”<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of his seventieth birthday he wrote, “If I have sometimes disturbed the peace of our academic meetings by lively controversies, it is because I have passionately defended the truth.” This seeking for truth, and courage in its defence were indeed the keynotes of his character. It was characteristic of the man that he was prouder of being a Catholic than of being an academician. Worldly honours were to him but hollow baubles, except in so far as they were evidence of what he had achieved for the betterment of his fellow-men. He always manifested his faith. It was the custom at Arbois, where he used to pass the summer, for the younger vine-dressers to form themselves into a body to watch the vines when the grapes had reached the ripening stage; and on the eve of the Feast of St. Just, the patron of Arbois—6th September, what is locally called a *biou*, an enormous artificial grape was made of ripe black and white grapes. On St. Just’s days at eight o’clock in the morning the *biou*, borne like the legendary grape of the Promised Land, was brought in procession to the parish church, escorted by the fruit watchers, bearing halberds as the insignia of their office, amidst the sound of music. At the church the *biou* was solemnly blessed and offered before the altar, while hymns were sung and the bells pealed joyfully. “If this religious and picturesque custom is still observed,” said the *Figaro*, at the time of his death, “it is due to Pasteur. In 1885 the fruit watchers had been persuaded by certain persons that the old religious custom was unbecoming them as intelligent vine-dressers and free-thinkers.

The feast was in consequence to have passed without the offering of the *biou*; but on the morning of September 6th, at the usual hour, a magnificent *biou* was borne to the church with a good muster of halberdiers as escort, and with Pasteur bareheaded walking behind, and not only did he do this in 1885, but also in 1886, 1887, and 1888." The "lights" amongst the simple villagers had dubbed it superstition. They dare not call it superstition when done by Pasteur. He always was in Arbois every year for the feast, and attended it with a faith and piety as simple as theirs. Although he was not ostentatiously pious, he never let an opportunity pass without giving the world the example of a pious and practical Catholic. He frequented the Sacraments very often, and joined in devotions and other pious works in which action he could put to shame some of our half-educated and wholly ignorant Catholics, who, whilst in their hearts full of faith and ready to practise it in private, have not sufficient courage of their convictions to be regardless of the opinion of others. Pasteur was beyond that level of intelligence. He believed as a pious Catholic and he acted as such. He did not stop to consider what sceptics would think of him. He had mind and will to find and to feel that he had as much right to think as he thought, and to act according to his faith as others had to follow their own way. So he fully believed and openly practised. In fact he was what the brainless would call a devotee had he been only an ordinary man. In the evening of his life he was proud to say, "The more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know it all my faith would doubtless

equal that of the Breton peasant woman." And he is not alone in this.

Other great scientific men also on close inspection of their lives, are seen to be what, in derision, is sometimes called medieval in their adhesion to the great principles of faith. Most of the very great scientists are honest, simple minded, humble men. Those who take the important steps into the unknown realize how little they know. They are like St. Augustine on the sea shore after, according to the legend, he had seen the angel trying to drain the ocean with a spoon, and had realized the aptness of the symbol to his own position with regard to the limitless expanse of knowledge. True it is that many scientists are not Christians, and deride the teachings of Christian tradition. These men may for the most part be divided into two classes, first those who are gifted with great minds and who have done great work, but who are too arrogant and certain of themselves to believe in anything they cannot reduce to a formula. These can never become as little children, and can, therefore, never enter into the kingdom of heaven, nor into the real kingdom of science, for no man can do that who is not a metaphysician and a humble metaphysician as well as a physicist. Following in the steps of these men, and generally a long way behind, come the second class composed of mediocre minds, who more than make up in conceit what they lack in intellectual power. They must attract attention and they find it hard to do so. Long ago Horace said that neither the gods nor men, nor even the booksellers had any use for the mediocre poets, and the world has not much use even in the present day of skilled advertisement and the

press agent, for mediocrity. There is an easy way, however, for the mediocre scientist to attract attention. He simply makes the announcement that the latest discovery does away with certain of the old religious principles, and makes religion generally something that the old women may cling to, but with which sensible men, in the midst of modern scientific progress, cannot rationally and with entire candour have anything to do. The number of such men is legion, but it is as well to say at once that not one of them has ever made a ground-breaking discovery. It requires a simpler, an honester and a less self-conscious intelligence. The skilled hands which first on the experimental table demonstrated the existence of the latent forces of electricity, and the hidden sources of disease have been often folded in prayer, and men like Volta, Ampère and Pasteur have been also proud to say their rosaries.

It may not be out of place to quote here Pasteur's opinion concerning higher education. "If primary and secondary education," he said, "are to be made to flow as great rivers, it is necessary to be concerned about the source—that is to say about higher education. Such education must always be reserved for a small number, but it is upon this small number and upon its elect that the prosperity, the glory, and the ultimate supremacy of a people depend." How true this is the Catholics of Ireland are sadly aware. Pasteur's opinion is amply illustrated by the pages of modern history. The industrial supremacy of Germany, the artistic triumphs of France, the commercial conquests of America, have been won in the laboratories, workshops, and lecture rooms of the University.



In every branch of public life these countries have been led by trained minds, picked, by a process of educational winnowing, from the best the nation could give. Without such a system no country can expect to flourish. Pasteur himself had experienced its benefits and appreciated them; the Institute which bears his name was the result.

The thing which most astonished people who met Pasteur for the first time was that notwithstanding his long experience in the laboratory, and his familiarity with every phase of brute and human suffering, he still retained a nature as gentle, and a heart as tender as a woman. "While talking with him one day," says an intimate friend, "in the Institut Pasteur, in a hallway adjoining the operation room, we presently heard the smothered cry of a child who was being inoculated against rabies. Pasteur started with an expression of deep anguish, 'Come away,' he said, 'where we cannot hear those cries of pain. I am neither a physician nor a surgeon, and I cannot bear such sounds of distress.'" <sup>1</sup> And another witness, his friend and assistant, Dr. Roux relates, "The sight of the wounded children caused him especially the most vivid emotion, which he could not control. When desperate cases were brought in for which there was no remedy, Pasteur shared all the sufferings of his patients. Every visit he made to them was torture to him, and yet he could not help going to see them. It was necessary to take him away from Paris." <sup>2</sup>

The effect of this constant strain told terribly

<sup>1</sup> "Louis Pasteur and his Life Work," by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, the *Catholic World*, vol. lvi., No. 334, January, 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Pasteur*, by Prof. and Mrs. Frankland, p. 174.

upon his health, and indeed hastened his death, but it stands out as a beautiful trait in the character of the man, whom not all the research and experiments that science compelled him to undertake could make callous or indifferent to the cry of agonised humanity.

It is difficult to appreciate the magnitude and importance of Pasteur's life work, or to over-estimate the extent to which mankind is his debtor. Like Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton, he has cleared away difficulties that before him were insuperable barriers to progress, and has demonstrated the existence of law and order where previously all was thought to be chance and chaos. Alexander is called great because he worsted in battle the barbarous hordes of the East. Cæsar is awarded the laurel crown of victory for his conquests in Germany and Gaul. Napoleon is honoured with triumphal arches, and saluted as the world's greatest chieftain, because he was able to vanquish the combined armies of Europe. In Pasteur we have one, who in the seclusion of his laboratory—without noise and without bloodshed—has proved himself a greater conqueror than either Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. In him we honour the hero who has triumphed over the plague that for centuries had demanded such formidable tributes from all the nations of the earth. To him, suffering humanity is indebted for illumining with the search-light of his genius a world—the world of the infinitely little, the world of microscopic parasites—that, prior to his time, had been shrouded in more than Cimerian darkness. Chemists and biologists, physicians and surgeons, have to thank him for transporting them across a gulf seemingly more

impassable than the Serbonian Bog, and putting them in a position to cope with an enemy which had hitherto been victorious. Hence so long as disease shall continue to claim its victims, and so long as suffering may be assuaged, so long also will the world applaud the achievements and be moved by the example of the great scientist and loyal son of the Church—Louis Pasteur.

His final resting place is in the Institute that bears his name. In the heart of this great building amidst laboratories and operating theatres is the little chapel that contains his tomb.<sup>1</sup> Its walls are inlaid with costly marble, its roof supported by pillars of porphyry and lapis lazuli. Above the sides on which are tabulated his discoveries, are four mosaic panels representing by angelic figures Faith, Hope, Charity, and Science the guiding principles of his life. Here he sleeps until the judgment day amidst the fruits of his labours.

“Not 'mid the dead should he be laid asleep,  
Who wageth still with death triumphant  
    strife,  
Who sowed the good that centuries shall  
    reap,  
And took its terror from the healer's knife.  
Defender of the living he shall keep  
His slumber in the arsenal of life.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The well known tomb of Galla Placidia at Ravenna, served as the model for the mausoleum.

<sup>2</sup> *Pasteur's Grave*, a Sonnet by Alfred Hayes.

# DANIEL O'CONNELL,

## THE MAN.

"Of what use will future fame be to me, when I am dead and judged."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.<sup>1</sup>

"And God gave him wisdom and understanding, exceeding much and largeness of heart."—3 Kings, iv. 29.

THE personality and achievements of Daniel O'Connell have earned for him a just title to a place amongst the really great in the pages of history. To the student of political development his methods must ever mark a new era in the history of political agitation. To the Irish Catholic his name must herald the coming of brighter days and fairer hopes. But above all, to the lover of freedom, be it political or religious, there are few men worthy of greater admiration, few men who have spent themselves so unstintedly in the service of a great and glorious cause. Greville wrote truly when he referred to him as follows: "History will speak of him as one of the most remarkable men who ever existed; he will fill a great space in its pages; his position was unique; there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it."<sup>2</sup> The personality, thoughts, and

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M.P.*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> *Greville Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 386.



acts of O'Connell cannot be without interest. His life has been written many times, and it is not our intention in these pages to recount it; but many seem to have lost sight of the man in the greatness of his political achievements. It is our purpose, to consider—however ineffectively—his personality, and above all the deeply religious side of his nature, which one is apt to forget, or overlook in reading the story of his life.

True, it is, that in the world of politics his power was greater even than that of Napoleon, because while the latter's rested on the bayonets of his soldiers, O'Connell without the spilling of a drop of blood, governed a people more absolutely than Napoleon did, was idolised while he ruled, and received a "tribute" envied by kings.

Yet if we look deeper into his life we shall find that this political predominance, this unhesitating obedience of a people, sprang from the great character, the generous heart, and the simple soul of the man himself. In his religion, above all, he found the help and guidance to enable him to humble parliaments and emancipate his fellow-countrymen. Let us see how this was so.

Every man who realizes that there is in him something specific, something more than the animal, must aspire to rise superior to what is merely natural in him. He seeks to develop his intellect and to save his soul. It is a vain and irrational conceit to think that one may work for God and his soul on Sundays and at morning and night prayers, or at some Religious Association, and work for the world, for his body, for the mere natural man during the rest of his life. A man's body and soul, his temporal and eternal

destiny cannot be divided into two water-tight compartments, without injury to both. A man is all that he is—not a mere fraction of himself—and he is all that he is every moment of his life. He may act otherwise, but then he acts as if he were only a fraction of himself. That is to say he is false to himself. A man must remain all himself, whether he likes it or not. A man has his soul always in him, he has God always ruling and judging him, he has eternity always before him to face, when after a few swift passing years he has turned away from the present life. We are not consulted at all in this matter. We have to face it whether we will or no; but the consequences depend on ourselves, that is on our actions and conduct here. Some people may call this piety; well be it so; but who will dare deny that it is common sense? Who will dare deny that to act otherwise is common nonsense?

A man acts as a fool who ministers to his body to-day, and his soul to-morrow. No man can go out to his business, in workshop, field, office, or store, leaving his conscience behind him, like his prayer-book in the pocket of his Sunday coat. St. Paul spoke according to common sense and according to divine truth when he said: "Whether you eat, or whether you drink, or whatever else you do, do all for the honour and glory of God." When we pray, receive the sacraments, hear Mass or vespers we directly do spiritual work. But we can do spiritual work as well during our daily business of life. A man's position in life involves his duty in life. Every man is bound to that duty, to perform the functions of that position whatever it may be; he is held to it by a moral obligation. No man can work in his office, in his store, or on his farm,

simply and solely to make money. He works for that, it is true; but he ought to work at it because it is his duty, involving a moral obligation. It is a moral obligation we owe not to man, but to God. Hence the purpose a man has in his ordinary work of life turns the commonest actions of life into spiritual and meritorious works. It is in that sense, that, as we learn in our Catechisms, "we ought always to pray;" namely by offering to God all our thoughts and acts. It does not perfect a man to cultivate his intellect; because to sharpen his intellect by mental training only makes a man all the more capable of being a consummate scoundrel, if he has the will to be so. One has to have his will under discipline as well as to have his mind trained. And when one has one's mind trained to know what is right to do, and his will so virtuous that he can control himself to do what is right—and he directs all his life to God, he is a perfect man.

It is this fusion of the spiritual and material sides of life that we find in the character of O'Connell. He was not indeed perfect, nor did he pretend to be so. He had his faults as all human beings have. Some serious faults are often attributed to him, but we have never got any evidence of these that could convince us. When the *Times*, angered by his sarcasm at its expense, threatened to rake up his past and his family history; he defied them and challenged them in a public letter; and they did not do more than threaten. Mr. MacDonagh—his latest biographer—has related<sup>1</sup> an incident which occurred in Piccadilly—where a woman attacked him as the father of her son; but as we also learn from Mr. MacDonagh she was not a person

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by M. MacDonagh, p. 257.

of the best repute, nor was O'Connell the first she had tried to levy black-mail upon. Great men are always the butts for attacks of this nature. Yet Mr. MacDonagh describes the occurrence without making the slightest comment on it. O'Connell's enemies—and like all public men he had many—spread malicious rumours about him. The morals of men of his class in the early part of the last century were such as to make people easily credulous of such rumours about a public man. Like drunkenness, deflection from a pure life was looked upon as the sign and the privilege of a gentleman, and was passed over lightly in those days if not condoned. We can thus at once understand how easily the breath of malice could have succeeded in creating an atmosphere of slander in regard to O'Connell in the public mind. But though we have carefully searched we have never yet got any more evidence than mere hear-say in support of these ; and it is not common sense or common justice to convict a man of wrongdoing on mere hear-say.<sup>1</sup> Besides these rumours are opposed to the whole trend of his life ! What then was the private life and character of Daniel O'Connell ?

His early life was passed amidst a time of difficulty and danger for Catholics. It is known to all in what a prostrate state he found his

<sup>1</sup> Since the first edition of this book appeared a valuable addition to O'Connell literature has been given us in *Daniel O'Connell, his Early Life and Journal, 1795 to 1802*, edited by Arthur Houston, LL.D., K.C. The views set out here on O'Connell's moral life when a young man are fully confirmed by his Journal, an intimate private document which he never thought would become public. The only serious escapade there mentioned is an assault on a man-servant of one de Faria, a Portuguese, whose door O'Connell and his friends had knocked at maliciously when returning from a tavern. —See Mr. Houston's book, pp. 121, 122.



country. Its religion was held to be anathema. To profess it was to be an outlaw. To obtain the franchise and honours of the state it was not enough to abjure its most sacred mysteries and dogmas, it was moreover indispensable to curse them, stigmatizing them as "damnable" by solemn oath upon the Holy Gospel of God. The highest law authorities in the realm proclaimed that this state of things could not be changed without overturning the British constitution. Yet in face of all these barriers against his creed and class we find the young law student writing in his diary : " I would, and I trust I will, serve man. I feel the sacred and mild warmth of patriotism. I will endeavour to make the narrow circle of friends and relations happy, and give cheerfulness and ease to the peasantry I may one day rule over. I will endeavour to give liberty to my country and increase the knowledge and virtue of the human kind. O Eternal Being ! Thou seest the purity of my heart, and the sincerity of my promises. Should I appear before Thy august tribunal after having performed them, shall I not be entitled to call for my reward."<sup>1</sup> How pathetic these words read in the light of history. But in spite of these high ideals he had many temptations and dangers to face. The morals of the class he mixed with were loose. Duelling was looked upon as the hall-mark of a gentleman, and the young dandies boasted with as much complacency as an Indian brave counting his scalps, of the men they had disabled or killed. O'Connell himself, on serious provocation be it said, killed D'Esterre.<sup>2</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> O'Connell's Diary, December 29th, 1796. He was then only twenty-one.

<sup>2</sup> An Orangeman who took upon himself as an insult some language O'Connell had applied to the Dublin Corporation of which D'Esterre was a member. He followed

was the most tender-hearted of men ; and apart from his deeply religious nature, he had a genuine horror of bloodshed. The death of D'Esterre therefore filled him with remorse. He offered to secure a handsome annuity for D'Esterre's widow—or rather “to share” as he himself observed, “his income with her.” This Mrs. D'Esterre declined. But he prevailed upon a daughter of the deceased to accept an annuity which was regularly paid until O'Connell's death.<sup>1</sup> Several years after the duel, when Mrs. D'Esterre was involved in an important law-suit, O'Connell threw up some lucrative briefs in Dublin, and posted down to Cork in order to plead her cause, which he did with perfect success. It was noticed by his friends that, long after the duel, whenever he passed the house in which D'Esterre had lived, he lifted his hat, and his lips were seen to move in prayer.<sup>2</sup> He also apologised at the time to the Archbishop of Dublin for the scandal he had given, and when going to Holy Communion always wore a glove on his right hand to remind him of his unworthiness. He was challenged on various occasions, afterwards, often in words of exasperating severity ; but the Champion of Moral Force, as he now proclaimed himself, kept his resolution if he did not hold his peace. Duelling was the order of the day, and Charles Phillips well remarked that refusal to fight in the then state of society showed more courage than to take up the glove. In reply to a challenge from Lord Alvanley he wrote as follows : “As O'Connell to the Four Courts with a horsewhip, but fled on his approach.

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, edited by W. J. FitzPatrick, vol. i., p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, by W. H. Lecky, vol. ii., p. 32.

to duelling, I have no hesitation to tell you that I treat it with the most sovereign contempt, as a practice inconsistent with common sense, but, above all, as a violation, plain and palpable, of the Divine law. At the same time, I wish you distinctly to understand that, although I totally disclaim anything connected with duelling, yet I am most anxious on every occasion upon which any man can point out to me that I have anywhere or in any manner, done him an injustice, to repair it to the utmost extent of his wishes. So, if I have, without a complete justification, offended any man, I am always perfectly ready to make the fullest atonement he can possibly desire; therefore neither Lord Alvanley nor any other man requires the absurd code of duelling with me. I would have the greatest alacrity to atone to any man who showed me that I had unjustifiably assailed him.”<sup>1</sup> This passage expresses clearly his views upon duelling, and shows the common sense and Christian way in which he met such challenges.

O’Connell was a most affectionate father and husband.<sup>2</sup> His marriage was a love match. On June 23rd, 1802, he married his cousin Mary, daughter of Dr. O’Connell of Tralee. Mary O’Connell had no fortune, and the immediate kinsfolk of her admirer opposed the match. O’Connell when conversing with his secretary, Mr. Daunt, in 1843, said, “I never proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I told her I would devote my life to make her happy—and she deserved that I should. I thought my uncle would disinherit me. But

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O’Connell*, vol. ii., p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> See *Daniel O’Connell, his Early Life and Journal*, 1795-1802, edited by A. Houston, K.C., pp. 79, 80, 81, 82.

I did not care. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness ;”<sup>1</sup> and he added a shrewd remark which deserves to be remembered : “ It is unwise on the part of a lover to offer marriage at an early period of his courtship. By this precipitation he loses the advantage which female curiosity must otherwise afford him, and in sapping his way to her heart discards a powerful auxiliary.” “ A man cannot battle and struggle with the malignant enemies of his country unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable,” he once said at a banquet in Edinburgh responding to the toast of his wife’s health. His domestic life was supremely happy. In public he was in perpetual tumult and contention ; at home there was always peace and sunshine, the love of a most devoted wife and the endearing voices of children. He delighted to speak of his domestic happiness, and at all the banquets in his honour there was sure to be a toast such as “ The health of Mrs. O’Connell, the pattern of mothers, the pattern of wives—a lady whose charitable and exemplary conduct sheds lustre upon her sex and station ;” to which he would respond with heartfelt emotion. “ To the lady whose health you have drunk, I owe most of the happiness of my life,” he said on one occasion. “ The home made delightful by my family is, after the cares and agitation of professional and public life a most blessed retreat. I am indeed happy in that home—happy in a dear wife, happy in children into whose minds a fond mother early and carefully instilled, a reverence for religion, the love of God, and the love of country.”<sup>2</sup> On another occasion at a

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O’Connell*, by W. J. O’Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 133.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of Daniel O’Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, p. 118.



temperance meeting in Belfast after his wife's death he thus spoke of his family, "I am a father, and I know what it is to respect as well as to love those whom, in paternal language, I call my angel daughters. They have never given breath to a word of offence against me; they have been always dutiful and kind to me; their affection soothes every harsher moment of my life; and whatever storms I may be engaged in abroad, when I return home, I have, as it were, attendant angels waiting about me, and cheering me on to renewed exertion. But that subject brings me back to a being of whom I dare not speak in the profanation of words. No, I will not mention that name. The man who is happiest in his domestic circle may have some idea of what my happiness was—yes, I was her husband then, did I say I was? Oh! yes, I am her husband still. The grave may separate us for a time, but we shall meet again beyond it, never, I trust, to be separated more."<sup>1</sup>

One of O'Connell's daughters, Mrs. Ellen Fitzsimons, began a book of *Recollections of my Father and his Times*, but unfortunately it did not go beyond the first chapter. In this manuscript she thus writes of her mother, "My mother was exactly the wife to suit my father in every way. She was devotedly attached to him, and she sympathised with him as thoroughly in his public as in his private life. She knew that it was necessary for the success of affairs both of law and politics, with which his mind was occupied continually, that he should never be troubled about household affairs; and she therefore,

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 250.

while regulating her family with the greatest exactness, took care never to harass him with any of her domestic troubles, as so many unthinking women are in the habit of doing. On the contrary, she endeavoured to arrange matters so that he should never find anything but peace and repose at his own fireside. Thus, when engaging a governess, she was wont to stipulate that no chidings of the children should ever take place in their father's presence but should be reserved for the schoolroom."<sup>1</sup> O'Connell's letters to his wife—letters which of course he never supposed would meet the public eye—are full of sincere love for her and their children. "The better side," writes Mr. Lecky, "of O'Connell's nature never appears more clearly than in his charming but most unstudied letters to his wife and children. No one who reads them can fail to recognize in them a deeply affectionate nature, eagerly craving for sympathy, disclosing to those he loved with an almost childlike simplicity all his moods and impulses of joy and sorrow, of triumph and disappointment. It is very noticeable how clearly his strong religious feeling is revealed in these letters which were certainly not intended to see the light. Not so many busy lawyers or politicians can have been so anxious to observe, and to oblige his fellow travellers to observe, strictly the Lenten fast, even when they arrived hungry at a wayside inn after a long day's journey; or so determined not to travel on a Sunday until they had attended early Mass."<sup>2</sup> From amongst these

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, pp. 120, 121.

<sup>2</sup> *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, by W. H. Lecky, vol. ii., pp. 64, 65.

letters we have singled out a few which may be taken as typical of the rest. He writes from Limerick to his wife on the 7th of August, 1813, as follows :

MY DARLING HEART,—Your letter and Charles' account of you give me fresh life and spirits, but I thought you would have written to me again, heart's treasure, and I felt lonely and disappointed at not hearing from you by this day's post. Upon consideration I have blamed myself for it, because I ought to have written to you every day, but I will do so in future, my sweetheart love, and you must follow my example. Do, then my own Mary, let me have the happiness to hear that you are thoroughly well. Take the kindest care of my Kate, and, better still, more care of yourself for my own darling love. The business has become excessive upon this circuit—mine is increasing almost beyond endurance—but I never was in such good health, and have no anxiety but what relates to my own dearest, dearest, darling I wish to God you knew how fervently I dote on you. Kiss sweet saucy Kate for me.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.<sup>1</sup>

In another letter dated from Cork on the 12th of October, 1821, he writes :—

MY HEART'S DARLING,—I got your very affectionate letter of Wednesday, and felt the extreme happiness of having so tender a partner of every care and every joy. I could write something like poetry to my own darling if I thought that it would express more strongly what I feel. I cannot tell you how my heart languishes to be with you or to express that kind of seethings of the heart which I feel at being so long absent from you, but I will indeed

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 20.

hasten to meet you. . . . I enclose you £50 for the house. Oh how happy I should be to allow you to meet me on Tuesday in Limerick if I dared ; but the shortness of the time, the badness of the weather, and one thousand apprehensions drive it out of my head, in particular the desperate road from Tralee to Limerick. . . . I had a great and glorious assizes. I believe I am at the top of the wheel for which I thank God. I must conclude darling, with wishing you and my children every blessing and assuring you of the fondest love of your ever true,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.<sup>1</sup>

We shall quote one more letter to his wife ; it was written from London on the 22nd of February, 1825, and proves conclusively that O'Connell's domestic happiness was not of the kind that withers under the hand of time.

MY OWN AND ONLY LOVE,—It was Kate<sup>2</sup> wrote the letter I got this morning, and I do most tenderly, love Kate. Yet, sweetest Mary, I could have wished to see one line also in that handwriting which gives me recollections of the happiest hours of my life, and still blesses me with inexpressible sweetness and comfort when we, darling, are separate. All the romance of my mind envelopes you, and I am as romantic in my love this day as I was twenty-three years ago, when you dropped your not unwilling hand into mine. Darling, will you smile at the love letters of your old husband ? Oh, no—my Mary—my own Mary will remember that she has had the fond and faithful affections of my youth, and that if years have rolled over us they have given us no

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., pp. 76, 77.

<sup>2</sup> His daughter Katherine.



cause to respect or love each other less than we did early in life. At least darling so think I. Do not smile, either, at the mere circumstance of not getting a letter making me somewhat melancholy. It is so cheering to my heart to hear from you—it is so delicious to me to read what you write that indeed I cannot but feel lonely when I do not read your words.<sup>1</sup>

Eleven years afterwards we find him writing thus to his friend Richard Barrett when his wife lay upon her death bed. “God help me! my ever beloved is in a state of much suffering and daily losing ground. I do most potently fear she cannot recover. She may linger. One week may—Oh God help me! The purest spirit that ever dwelt in a human breast. She did not believe in the existence of evil. I am incompetent or too womanish, and too weak to do my public duty, and this is what she would condemn. But I think I can rally. She would advise me to devote my energies, even in misery, to Ireland. I need not smile, for that would resemble a crime; but what am I writing! Only, after all, my great consolation will be a dogged and determined activity in the cause of Ireland.”<sup>2</sup> When she had died he wrote to P. V. Fitzpatrick, “I can never again know happiness and every day convinces me more and more of that fact.”<sup>3</sup> We cannot without the most positive evidence, certainly not on the strength of floating rumour or on the testimony of hear-say, reconcile marriage infidelity on the part of O’Connell with such letters as these in

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O’Connell*, vol. i., pp. 100, 101.

<sup>2</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O’Connell*, vol. ii., p. 75.

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O’Connell*, vol. ii., p. 113.

which he constantly poured out his affection for his wife. We have often heard persons say, "Oh but it's true," and we have invariably asked them for evidence of it, but the evidence has invariably ended in an "I knew a person who knew it well," and a "There's no doubt about it." We have always felt it no rash judgment to think that whatever is to be thought of O'Connell's relation with another commandment, these people think very little of the eighth.

His love for his children was equally great. He delighted to have them around him. He was their counsellor and friend in all their childish difficulties, and when they grew to manhood and womanhood he was ever ready with advice and sympathy. From one amongst many letters we select the following to his son Morgan who was then a student at Clongowes Wood College :—

MERRION SQUARE,

*19th May, 1815.*

MY DEAR MORGAN,—Your mother and I are greatly pleased at the regularity with which Maurice and you write to us, and we have a notion that it is a greater compliment from you than from Maurice, because he has at least the appearance of being more attentive. I am quite sure that you, my dear child, are as affectionate as he is, and you cannot possibly take any better method of proving that you are so than by attending to your improvement. John and the girls are in great spirits at finding that you and Maurice consider yourselves so happy and comfortable at College. I, too, am myself very much pleased at that circumstance. I will contrive to see you both in a very few days ; sooner I could not do it, as the

Courts have continued to sit all the latter part of this week." <sup>1</sup>

The following letter addressed to one of his married daughters, is of a character so sacred that some persons may deem it out of place to quote it ; but the lady to whom it was written herself placed it in the hands of Mr. Fitzpatrick, the gentleman who edited O'Connell's letters. It recalls to mind the excellent domestic letters of old Admiral Collingwood to his daughter, written while he was out at sea, fighting his country's battles. Assuredly it does more to portray O'Connell's true character than any number of political papers, however historically important. O'Connell's daughter, at the period, —June, 1839—had been suffering acutely from nervous scrupulosity ; but thanks to the wisdom of her father's counsel, it was soon succeeded by a happy calm. Here is the letter :—

MY DEAREST DARLING CHILD,—I have complied with your wish. I have procured Masses to be said for your intention, and after my communion to-morrow I will offer up my wretched prayers for the daughter on whom my fond heart dotes with a tenderness that is not to be described or known to any but the heart of a parent. Represent to yourself your darling boy in mental agony, and then you will realise my feelings of utter misery at your state of mind. This, I own, is the severest blow that I ever experienced, to have you, my angel daughter consuming your heart and intellect on vain, idle, and unprofitable scruples. It is quite true that you are in a state with which it is the inscrutable will of God to try the souls of His elect—a state of great danger, if the spirit of pride, of self esteem, or of self-will mixes with it

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

so as to make the sufferer fall into the snare of despair. Despair is your danger, your only danger. Oh generous God protect my child from despair! If you by humility, submission, humble submission to the Church in the person of your spiritual director—if you give up every thought, and throw yourself into the arms of God by obedience and submission, you will soon be at peace, and be so for life, and in an eternity of bliss. Is your scruple such as you can communicate to your father? If it be, tell it to me, and probably you yourself when you write it, will see how idle it is. Can my child think that the God Who, in the lingering torments of the cross, shed the last drop of His blood for her, is a tyrant, or that He does not love her? Your greatest love for your babe is nothing to the love God bears for you. Why, then, my own child, not confide in his loving kindness? Generously throw all your care on Him, confide in His love, with humble submission to Him, and to His spouse, His Holy Church. Oh my beloved child, that He may through His bitter passion and cruel death give you His grace! If your scruple be such as you cannot communicate to your father, go at once and consult Dr. MacHale<sup>1</sup> about it. Determine, before you go in the presence of God, to submit to whatever the Archbishop shall say to you. In the meantime, pray quietly, and with composure of mind, once or twice a day; say coolly and deliberately, “Oh God! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” and then attend to your family and children, taking your mind, without bustle and violence, from the thoughts that make you unhappy to your domestic occupation. You would pity your poor father if you knew how miserable you make me. I fear with the most agonising dread for you in this trial. If you go through it with humility, submission and obedience you will be an angel for all eternity. Write to me,

<sup>1</sup> The Archbishop of Tuam.



darling, darling child. I enclose ten pounds to pay your expenses to France. If you do not go there use them as you please. Ever my own, own dearest child.

Your fond though distracted Father,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.<sup>1</sup>

How truly this letter reveals the man, his great heart, his simple faith. His home life was what these letters would lead us to expect. Mrs. Nichol<sup>2</sup> met O'Connell in 1838, and obtained from him the following particulars of a day in his life.

"He told me that for twenty-five years of his life, he rose soon after four, lighted his own fire, and was always seated to business by five. At 8.30 one of his little girls came by turns to announce breakfast—gave an hour to that. At 10.30 he set off to the Courthouse; walked two miles there in twenty-five minutes; always reached the Court five minutes before the judges arrived. From 11 to 3.30 there was not a minute unoccupied. At 3.30 he returned, taking the office of the Catholic Association on his way. He always went in—the regular meetings were only once a week—read the letters, wrote a sentence or two in reply, out of which his secretary wrote a full letter. Returned home, dined at 4; with his family till 6.30; then went to his study, went to bed at a quarter before ten, his head on the pillow always by 10."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., pp. 187, 188, 189.

<sup>2</sup> The daughter of Joseph Pease, of Darlington, the eminent Quaker member of Parliament for Durham, with whom O'Connell was associated in the anti-slavery agitation.

<sup>3</sup> *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, p. 122.

Derrynane was however his real home. There he spent his vacations, and was entirely in his element. "It was in the old ancestral home of Derrynane," writes Mr. Lecky, "that O'Connell might be seen, perhaps, at most advantage. It was situated on that Kerry coast which in its wild and majestic beauty is scarcely equalled in Ireland, and hardly surpassed in Europe. Close to the house lay the open Atlantic with its gigantic waves, and its clear deep waters, and its ever-changing hues, while the coast-line curved in graceful bays formed a long range of noble mountain heights. The delicious purity of the air, the mildness of the climate, where the myrtle, the arbutus and the fuchsia can grow with true Southern luxuriance, the vivid, dappled, dream-like colouring on sea and land which give a peculiar charm to Irish coast scenery, could be nowhere found in greater perfection. It is colouring wholly unlike that of Southern Europe, but there are days when in its entrancing and most poetic beauty it could not be excelled on the Neapolitan or Sicilian shores. The population was purely Celtic and Catholic; almost wholly Irish speaking, and O'Connell lived among them like a feudal chief. His house was filled with guests, and no one knew better how to exercise hospitality. There was nothing there of the drunken revelry which so often characterised the rude hospitality of the Irish chiefs and with which the pages of Barrington and Lever have made us familiar. The Chaplain and Confessor of O'Connell had an honoured place in his house. There was a family chapel to which all the members of the household were daily called to prayer. The voices of little children were nearly always to be heard, for O'Connell loved to gather his numerous grand-children about him.

Even in his shortest holiday several hours of the day were usually spent in hard work in his library. He had never been addicted to the intemperate habits which were the prevailing vice of so many of his class, and to which his strong impulsive animal nature naturally inclined him,<sup>1</sup> and when the great Temperance movement of Father Mathew arose he supported it with all his influence, and himself took the pledge as an example to the people. But his high spirits, his countless anecdotes, his shrewdness and his wit made his conversation an unfailing delight, and his general unaffected kindness of nature set all his guests at their ease. Foster who visited him, described him as showing 'all the courtesy of a gentleman of the old school, which is indeed the tone of his bearing in his own house.' He was proud of his farming, and would boast like an old squire of the superiority of his hay crops over those of his neighbours."<sup>2</sup> He loved long walks. Accompanied by a favourite dog, he would breast the mountains, walking for miles over their stretches of golden gorse or purple heather until he had penetrated their loftiest and most austere solitudes, when he would lay himself down to gaze on the seemingly illimitable stretch of ocean below, so lonely with all its vastness, without a sail on it, its expanse broken only by the Skelligs which rise abruptly like a battlemented fortress from the water. Fox hunting was impossible in a mountainous country like Iveragh; but O'Connell

<sup>1</sup> "He came to a resolution on Monday, December 31, 1798, to avoid the 'fatal vice of drunkenness,' which he afterwards faithfully observed."—See *Daniel O'Connell, his Early Life and Journal*, 1798-1802, pp. 231, 232.

<sup>2</sup> *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, by W. H. Lecky, vol. ii., p. 312.

thought it poor sport compared to his hare hunting, which was pursued on foot. "I am the only fellow who understands how to hunt rationally," he used to say. "The instinct of the beagle in tracking out the hare is beautifully developed in the Derrynane hills." Almost every alternate day if the morning were fine, was devoted to this sport. O'Connell and every guest who the night before expressed a wish to join in the hunt were called before dawn, and as morning was breaking they were tramping up the steep sides of Coomakistha through the luxuriant heather, followed by two hunters in red coats in charge of the pack of beagles, and a wild tribe of followers. O'Connell carried a long staff called a "leaping pole" to assist him in bounding from rock to rock, over tussocks and hollows to keep in sight of the chase. Standing on an eminence of Coomakistha, commanding a view of flat open fields below, where the beagles were running about with their noses to the ground, O'Connell and his friends waited until the game was started, and then, with loud haloo, they dashed excitedly along the slopes of the mountain—O'Connell leading the run—in the direction taken by the scudding hare, while the air seemed vocal as it re-echoed to the musical cries of the pursuing beagles. Meantime, breakfast had been brought up the mountain side in baskets on the backs of stout mountaineers, hot tea and coffee in jars, bottles of milk and cold whiskey punch, abundance of cold meat and fish, and bread and butter; but it was the rule of the hunt that the meal must be postponed till at least two hares were killed.

As the entire day, if the weather were favourable was devoted to the sport, the plethoric



post-bags were also sent up, and during breakfast, which was laid in some sheltered nook, commanding a view of the Atlantic, O'Connell whose meal on these occasions consisted simply of potatoes and milk, ran hurriedly through the numerous letters and newspapers, the latter representing all shades of political opinion, English and Irish, which he subsequently distributed among his guests, according to their nationality or politics, or poured forth an inexhaustible stream of jest and anecdote. The only thing that ever stayed his wild career after the beagles was the sound of the chapel bell ringing the mid-day Angelus. Turning his back on the hunt he would take off his hat, and recite audibly the prayer of that devotional service in commemoration of the Incarnation.<sup>1</sup> "On days when he did not hunt," writes O'Neill Daunt, "the mode in which he usually disposed of his time at Derrynane was as follows: after breakfast the newspapers and letters occupied in general, from one to two hours; he would then, if the day was fine, stroll out for a while to the beach, the garden, or to his turret in the shrubbery; whenever I accompanied him on any of these walks, he has invariably pointed out among the surrounding rocks the course of some hunt, and detailed with a minuteness that evinced the interest he took in the subject, the various turns of the hare, and the exploits of the dogs. He would then return to the house and spend the rest of the day till dinner in his study."<sup>2</sup> To Walter Savage Landor he wrote

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, pp. 367, 368.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of Daniel O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 163.

as follows from Derrynane, in October, 1838, "Perhaps if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, when all which during the day was grand and terrific has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the night; perhaps you would admit that the man who has been so often called a ferocious demagogue is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast of all her beauties, fond of each gentle and each dreary scene, and catching, from the loveliness as well as the dreariness of the ocean and Alpine scenes around, a greater ardour to promote the good of man in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God." <sup>1</sup> There is something intensely touching in this plea of the old statesman for fair judgment from this distinguished Englishman he had never met.

An interesting picture of the Liberator in his country home is given by a schoolfellow of his son John O'Connell, who visited him at Derrynane in October, 1834. We cite a portion of it here because it shows O'Connell exercising all the rights and prerogatives of a chief over his people, and illustrates their implicit and well deserved confidence in him. "*October 29th*, after breakfast the Liberator held a court of Police in the place fronting the parlour. About forty peasants were around him; some came on horseback with their wives behind on pillions, and the scene was one of peculiar interest and novelty. Mr. O'Connell having heard attentively their disputes, distributed justice all round, and each one seemed

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., p. 152.

to go away well satisfied with the cheap law afforded him by the great impartial lawgiver of Derrynane. All this was in the Irish language, for on an average not three of the forty present could deliver his thoughts in any other tongue. All the disputes about property and other matters which arise during the year in Iveragh (or I may say in Kerry, for I have seen people from Listowel arrive here) are kept in reserve until 'the Counsellor' comes amongst them once more. The peasantry on such occasions are always well clad, and the costumes of the women neat and picturesque. The court over and the assembly dispersed, the dogs were out of the kennel at twelve, and with a gloriously cloudless sky above us, we were off to the hills. The day, as Dan said, was for me ; so accompanied by the Rev. Charles and Doctor Daniel O'Connell, his nephews, we took the route of the Kenmare river ; Mick Moran and John Barry were huntsmen, and Crohane carried the Liberator's cloak, umbrella, and telescope. Was ever scenery more beautiful than that which I enjoyed this day ? What the mountains want in size with the Alps, they have more than atoned for in beauty of formation and variety of colouring. The islands, the small boats, the occasional sight of a white sail under way to the western world, the extreme wildness of the rocks around us, the varied hues of the attire of those about us and above all the man at whose side I now rested, when we halted to breathe after a long run, produced a scene which may be enjoyed even from description in a greater proportion than other tales drawn from fancy or fictitious romance. An hour thus passed over us, and such an hour ! We rested, and then on to the chase again,

beating the furze bushes along our line. We started a stout and fleet hare, and after bounding 'o'er rock and hedge, through wood and bog' for an hour and a half, we secured our quarry. This made the sixty-first hare killed this season. As evening approached we turned homewards. It was the very perfection of an autumnal sunset. At dinner the Liberator was more prodigal of his opinions of public men than on other occasions. Byron a scoundrel and a curse to society; Shiel, Wyse, Carew, O'Dwyer, Lefroy, an honest man but a dolt, and various other names were passed in review, they all got their share of it. Post arrived; and the announcement was made *sotto voce* that the tribute in Dublin was £1,300 last Sunday. At twelve Mrs. O'Connell gave warning; we had stolen half-an-hour by a 'mistake' in the clock. The Atlantic waves roared me to sleep." <sup>1</sup> This description of O'Connell acting as the adviser and law-giver of his people illustrates another phase of his character—his large hearted charity. From the moment of his first successes at the Bar his income increased by leaps and bounds; afterwards when the active pursuit of politics necessitated his giving up entirely the practice of his profession the people of Ireland contributed to an annual fund called "the O'Connell Tribute" for his support, and it always amounted to a large sum. Yet he was never a rich man. What he received with one hand he gave away with the other. He never let a *bona-fide* appeal for charity go unanswered. More especially was

<sup>1</sup> At Derrynane in 1834. From the Diary of a tour in Munster, kept by Wm. Nugent Skelly, *The Clongownian*, vol. ii., No. 5, p. 12.



this so in his dealings with the peasantry of his native mountains. We find him writing as follows to his land agent, John Primrose, on the 3rd of March, 1834, from London :—

“MY DEAR JOHN,—As far as I am concerned, spare no expense that can possibly alleviate the sufferings of the people. You had better at once get Maurice O'Connor from Tralee, so as to have one medical man in Cahirciveen, and another to go to the country villages or single houses, wherever the disorder<sup>1</sup> appears. If it breaks out at all about Derrynane, Dr. O'Connor should go there at once to give the people every assistance. I will pay him readily two guineas a day while he is in the country. Do not delay my dear John. Everybody should live as full as possible eating meat twice a day. Get meat for the poor as much as possible. I wish my poor people about Derrynane should begin a meat diet before the disorder arrives amongst them. Two, three, four beeves I should think nothing of. Coarse blankets also may be very useful if got for them promptly. Could you not get coals from Dingle? If not get them from Cork. In short, if I could contribute to save one life I would deem it a great blessing at the expense of a year's income. I spoke to Mr. Roche; he will write this day to Mr. Sullivan of Cove to give Father O'Connell £20 for that parish, particularly for Hartopp's tenants. But a physician is most wanting. Give me the fullest details; but above and before all things, be prodigal of relief out of my means—beef, bread, mutton, medicines, physician, everything you can think of. Write off to Father O'Connell to take every previous precaution—a Mass every possible day and getting

<sup>1</sup> The first visitation of Asiatic cholera was now pursuing its ravages in Ireland.

the people to go to confession and communion, rosaries and other public prayers to avert the Divine Wrath.

“Yours most affectionately,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.”<sup>1</sup>

Yet it was only in the previous year that we find him writing to his friend Fitzpatrick what amounts to a confession of his poverty. “I cannot tell you how annoyed I feel that a bill of mine for £205 will be due on Monday. I am the most stupid scoundrel living on this subject. I can only say you shall have full provision within the week.”<sup>2</sup> Again he writes to Fitzpatrick in October, 1834: “Call on the Rev. W. Whelan in Clarendon Street and tell him I bid you give him any money he requires without asking for what. Merely take his voucher for it.”<sup>3</sup> Thus it was that he did his deeds of charity quietly and without ostentation. His professional services were always at the disposal of the poor for nothing. O'Neill Daunt thus narrates one instance of this, “I heard,” said the *Liberator*, “that — had issued over a thousand notices to his tenantry to quit their holdings; and that he had treated a certain widow in particular with very great barbarity. This intelligence was conveyed to me while I was walking through —'s domain. While I was there he came up, and invited me into his mansion, ‘I should fear,’ answer I, ‘that your roof would fall down upon me.’ ‘Why do you say so?’ inquired the landlord. ‘Because I have heard of the cruelty you have exhibited to your tenants, and in

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., pp. 412, 413.

<sup>2</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 387.

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 499.

especial to the widow ——.' 'I must have been misrepresented to you' said ——. 'I wish I could believe that you were so' said I, 'but I fear the facts are as they have been stated to me.' 'Come in and talk it over' said ——; 'and I will show you I was justified in acting as I did.' I refused to enter the castle, but consented to the proffered conference, in the hope of being of some service to the widow. The hope, however, was vain\*; for after conversing on the subject for nearly an hour, I found I could make no impression, and I came away declaring that if the case should come to trial in Cork, I would specially attend in order to give the widow my professional assistance gratuitously."<sup>1</sup> Neither would he accept any fee when he appeared for the clergy. He writes to a Franciscan father in March, 1829, "I am standing counsel for the friars, so that you owe me no apology, nor any thanks for attending to any affair of yours. My fee is paid by one moment of recollection of me occasionally in the Holy Sacrifice."<sup>2</sup> Although his criticism of those who attacked him in public life was frequently of a rough and ready nature, yet in private he was one of the most charitably minded men. One day Daunt expressed the opinion that Charles II. died without true repentance for his sins. "Daunt! Daunt!" said O'Connell, "do not say that. We cannot presume to place a limit to the mercies of God. No! No! we cannot."<sup>3</sup> He was indeed the most liberal of men. His idea of the rights of conscience in religious matters

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 149.

<sup>2</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 179.

<sup>3</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. ii., p. 59.

was wide and generous. He held that no man's political or civil rights ought to be curtailed because of his religious beliefs.<sup>1</sup> There was no sect however small in numbers, or absurd in tenets, to which he would not extend absolute toleration. Not a single word insulting to Protestants as such, not a single adverse reflection upon their creed, can be found even in his Catholic Emancipation speeches, though they were delivered at a time when torrents of the most violent invective and abuse were showered upon the Catholics and the most sacred mysteries of their faith.<sup>2</sup> O'Connell was indeed no bigot. It was quite true that he had a strong Catholic party feeling which was necessarily generated by his career. But he disliked no fellow creature on account of his creed. Men of all political and religious opinions were alike welcome to the hospitality of Derrynane. A bigoted Catholic observed that it was quite impossible that any Protestant in Ireland could have the plea of "invincible ignorance." "The fellow has no right to judge his neighbour's conscience," said O'Connell to O'Neill Daunt, "he does not know what goes to constitute invincible ignorance."<sup>3</sup> When a Protestant lady became a member of his family, he thus addressed her on her arrival at Derrynane. "You are" said he, "a Protestant, and here at Derrynane, the nearest place of worship of your own persuasion is at Sneem, which is twelve miles off. Now, I have taken care that you shall not want the means of

<sup>1</sup> *Daniel O'Connell, Early Life and Journal*, pp. xxii., x., and xi.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Daniel O'Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, p. 113.

<sup>3</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 75.



worshipping God in your own way on the Sunday. You shall have a horse to ride to Sneem every Sunday during the summer, and a fresh horse, if requisite, to ride back ; and if the ride should fatigue you, your carriage shall attend you." Her answer was, " I thank you, sir ; but I have resolved to go to Mass." " Going to Mass is nothing," rejoined O'Connell, " unless you believe in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. And if you do not, it is much better that you should continue to attend your own place of worship ; I shall provide you with the necessary accommodation." <sup>1</sup> Writing to Archbishop MacHale to solicit his assistance in the Repeal agitation, one of the beneficial consequences likely to result from that measure he described as follows : " The abolition of all sectarian ascendancy. There would be, he predicted, no Protestant ascendancy over the Catholics, and no Catholic ascendancy over the Protestants ; religion would be perfectly free." <sup>2</sup> This glorious consummation was O'Connell's ardent wish ; to achieve it was one of the chief objects of his life ; and the man whose earnest aspirations were directed to this laudable end, was habitually traduced by the Tory party, as being quite prepared to light again the fires of Smithfield on the first opportunity. " Nothing," he once said, " can be more opposed to the spirit of our Saviour than to persecute for errors in religious belief. Nothing can be more exquisitely absurd. Persecution may make a hypocrite, but it will not make a convert. If a man is already disposed to reject

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 75.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 74.

my creed, why I only give him an additional reason for rejecting it if I persecute him.”<sup>1</sup> He supported and was keenly interested in the movement for the abolition of slavery. “Your slave system is atrocious and abominable” he said to an American. “It cuts at the root of Christianity, which teaches us to do to others as we would they should do to us; but here you inflict on the slaves what you would rather die than suffer yourselves. America is placed in a most disgraceful and anomalous position by her slave system. Your Declaration of Independence asserts the broadest democratic liberty; and with the language of freedom on your banners and on your lips, you condemn your coloured population to an existence of bondage and misery. Why, it is but a few days ago, I was revolted and horrified at seeing in one of your newspapers an auction of slaves. Human flesh and blood put up to be sold for money, and to be knocked down by the auctioneer’s hammer to the highest bidder, just as we would sell cows or horses in this country. There was one lot, a woman and child; a bidder proposed to divide them, in order to escape the expense of supporting the child, but they were finally knocked down in one lot. Talk to me of not opposing this foul blot on human nature! I promise you, sir, I shall never relax my opposition.”<sup>2</sup>

His interest in the temperance movement of Father Mathew was equally great. “In my young days” he once said, “it was deemed an

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O’Connell*, by W. J. O’Neill Daunt, vol. ii., p. 310.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of O’Connell*, by W. J. O’Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 285.

essential point of hospitality to make guests drink against their will—drink till they were sick. I was myself the first person who rebelled against this custom in Iveragh. After I returned from the Temple, I introduced the fashion of resistance, and I soon had abettors enough. It was fortunate for me that I never, while a youth, could drink more than three glasses of wine without being sick; so that I had my personal convenience to consult in aid of temperance. To be sure I have seen some rare drinking bouts. In 1785, when less than ten years old, I was at the house of a friend near the sea-side, and a sloop came in, of which the whole crew got drunk every night. Monday night on wine, Tuesday night on punch; Wednesday night on wine, Thursday night on punch, and so on; the only variety consisting in the alternation. What a change in our social habits since those days! a most happy change in this respect! I believe there is no nation under heaven save our own, in which the Apostle of a great moral movement could meet the success that has attended Father Mathew.”<sup>1</sup> Somebody happening to mention the great movements of the time in Ireland placed temperance last. “Aye,” said O’Connell, “the temperance though last not least. I was greatly pleased the other day with a remark in one of those vagabond newspapers. ‘A nation who can conquer their own vices, never can be conquered by any other nation.’ It was admirable! It was in fact the purest and the noblest philosophy!”<sup>2</sup> An Australian bishop

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O’Connell*, by W. J. O’Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 157.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of O’Connell*, by W. J. O’Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 234.

happening to tell him that he had only seen one drunken man in Ireland, O'Connell said, "And I hope that he was what they call a gentleman." "Yes," was the reply, "he was at all events better dressed than the peasantry. He was very tipsy, and was drinking the health of Father Mathew." <sup>1</sup> He marched in the van of a temperance demonstration through the streets of Cork, and himself took the pledge from the Apostle of Temperance. When in later years Father Mathew got into financial difficulties through his generosity, O'Connell at once forwarded a cheque for £10 10s. "for the most useful man Ireland ever produced." <sup>2</sup>

One of the things which most engrossed O'Connell's mind outside political matters was the practice of Catholic controversy. Not content with opposing the errors of heretics in his speeches, he also combated them with his pen. Besides a tract on the Holy Eucharist, he published two others not less celebrated against the Methodists. In the first of these O'Connell vindicated the authenticity of the Vulgate of the Holy Scriptures; and with an amount of sacred learning as copious as it is solid and profound, by a chain of reasoning, intelligible to the popular mind, he demonstrated the impossibility of a Protestant making a single act of Divine Faith, with the mere assistance of the Scriptures, interpreted according to Protestantism. Then refuting the calumnies of the Methodists that the Church of Rome was opposed to the diffusion of the Divine Volume, he proved that in the brief

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by W. J. O'Neill Daunt, vol. i., p. 309.

<sup>2</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., p. 337.



interval between the invention of printing, and the so-called Reformation, there were published by the Catholics no less than eight hundred different editions of the sacred writings, of which number two hundred were in the spoken tongues of Europe. He also directed particular attention to this most important fact, that those last mentioned editions in the spoken tongues were published in the countries which at the epoch of the Reformation remained true to the Catholic faith, while, on the contrary, there was not published one such edition in England, Scotland, Denmark or Sweden, until a period subsequent to the adoption of Protestantism by those countries. From which he triumphantly concludes, that the countries which the Protestants asserted had continued Catholic, because there the knowledge of the sacred Scriptures was rare, were those very countries in which the Divine Volume was most widely circulated; and that on the other hand, the nations which boasted of having embraced the reformed doctrine in obedience to the dictates of the Scriptures, were in truth those in which the Bible was the least known. O'Connell once described a curious interview that took place between himself and Owen, the Socialist. "The fellow called upon me" said he, "and told me he had come for my co-operation in a work of universal benevolence. I replied that I should always be happy to aid such a work. 'I expected no less from your character, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen. 'Would not you wish—I am sure you would—to elevate the condition of the whole human race?' 'Certainly, Mr. Owen,' replied I. 'Would not you wish to see a good hat on everybody.' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And good shoes.' 'Oh,

certainly.' 'And would you not desire to see the whole family of man well housed and well fed?' 'Doubtless, but Mr. Owen as my time is much taken up, may I beg that you will proceed at once to point out how all these desirable objects are, in your opinion, to be worked out?' 'In the first place, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen, 'we must educate anew the population of these kingdoms, and entirely remove the crust of superstitious error from their minds. In fact the whole thing, called Revealed Religion, must be got rid of.' I thought my worthy visitor was going a little too far. I rose and bowed him out. 'I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Owen,' said I, 'it would be useless to prolong our interview. I see at once that you and I cannot co-operate in any work or under any circumstances.'"<sup>1</sup> He constantly spoke with much interest of the number of converts in England who were swelling the ranks of the Catholic Church. "I remember the delight," says O'Neill Daunt, "with which he exclaimed one morning in London, "Yesterday I dined in company—blessed be God! with fourteen converts!" And he often said, "I hope I may yet live to see Mass offered up in Westminster Abbey, as it formerly was. God has mercy yet in store for England.""<sup>2</sup> Whenever he travelled about the country he always carried several books with him dealing with Catholic apologetics. O'Neill Daunt records that he spent one whole day whilst travelling reading *Perpetuité de la Foi*.<sup>3</sup> He also continually held

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 229.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. i., pp. 51, 52.

<sup>3</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 126.

religious discussions with his travelling companions.

We find him writing to Fitzpatrick from Derrynane in 1835, as follows: "I want for my controversial purpose to get some information about a Council held at Arles in the year 314, at which three British bishops attended. It is mentioned in the first chapter of Lingard, where he speaks of the conversion of the British King Lucius. I want to know what the Council was held for. Was it presided over by a Pope, and who by name? Or by a Pope's legate, and if so, by whom? You will easily get these particulars from any clerical friend, say Dr. Miley. I do not like obtruding on my friend Father Yore. My object is to shew a connexion between the British Church and Rome before the Saxon Conquest."<sup>1</sup> On one occasion he was asked to meet a certain Count Maceroni, who was a professing infidel. O'Meara, who was the host, asked Maceroni not to give vent to any of his atheistical notions. He was quiet enough for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, but he then slapped off some jeers at Christianity. O'Connell looked up at him, and said, "Count Maceroni I am now enjoying an excellent dinner, and do not wish to be disturbed; if, however, you chose to resume this subject when we have dined, I shall be ready to meet you upon it. 'The count said no more,' narrates O'Connell, 'until we went to the drawing-room, and then he renewed his attacks on Christianity.' I said, 'Do you believe in Julius Cæsar?' 'I do,' answered he. 'Do you believe in Caligula?' 'I do.' 'And yet you will not believe in Jesus

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., p. 36.

Christ, although, looking at the matter as a merely historical question, the witnesses for Christianity are more numerous and unimpeachable than those for any historical fact whatsoever.' I very soon forced him to confess the historical fact of Christianity, and I then challenged him to show on what reasonable grounds he could discredit our Saviour's death, His resurrection, and in short, the whole doctrines He came on earth to announce? For these witnesses were eminently trustworthy, as being in the highest degree disinterested. They had nothing of a temporal nature to gain for their evidence. No honour, no rank, no riches, no luxuries; on the contrary, lives of toil, persecution, and affliction, and they finally died the deaths of martyrs to seal the truths of their narratives. Could any rational man doubt such witnesses as these? Yet such were the witnesses of Christianity. When the historical fact was once admitted, the divine character of the Christian religion must inevitably be received upon the self same evidence. I promise you I never had a greater triumph than I enjoyed over my poor Count. How I used to hurrah! whenever I drove him to confess the absurdity of some infidel cavil or other! I actually extorted an acknowledgment from him that he had nothing to urge against my reasons, and I sent him home the most unhappy and terrified wretch breathing, lest after all his vaunting there should really be a devil! ' ' ' <sup>1</sup>

This conversation shows us the real O'Connell, ever zealous for the fair fame of the Church always ready to give back blow for blow in any attack made upon Catholicity. He was above

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. ii., p. 144.



all a sincere and devout Catholic.<sup>1</sup> He was noted for his regular attendance at the services of the Church, and for his strict observance of the duties and penances she has imposed upon her children. He went to Confession and Holy Communion at least once a month, and when in Dublin attended Mass almost every morning. He often went to Mass before breakfast at the age of sixty-five. His favourite place of worship was the church of the Carmelite Fathers in Clarendon Street—the scene of many an aggregate meeting during the Catholic Emancipation movement—and its Prior for many years—the Rev. Francis Joseph L'Estrange—was his Confessor. In church he never or very rarely used a prayer-book. With bowed form enveloped in his ample cloak, the collar of which concealed the lower part of his face, and with downcast eyes, he remained absorbed in mental prayer during Mass.<sup>2</sup> “Among Protestant statesmen,” writes Mr. Lecky, “there was a widespread belief that he only used his religion as a tool for attaining the objects of his own selfish ambition. But whatever else may be doubtful in the character of O’Connell, it is quite certain that this theory is untrue. No one who follows the details we now possess of his private life, who reads his unstudied letters to his dearest relations and his conversations with his most intimate friends, will doubt that at least from an early period of his married life he was a sincere and ardent Catholic. In the busiest days of his professional and political life he was exemplary in attending Mass and observing the fasts of his Church, and his conver-

<sup>1</sup> *Daniel O’Connell, his Early Life and Journal*, pp. xi., 174, 176. See also *O’Connell et le Collège Anglais à St. Omer*, par Louis Cavrois, p. 82.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Daniel O’Connell*, by Michael MacDonagh, p. 123.

sation, though often violent, indecorous and scurrilous, appears to have been absolutely free from any taint of impurity or profanity."<sup>1</sup>

All through his most intimate letters to his wife and children there runs a continual stream of reverent piety. "The will of God be done," he writes, and again, "May God bless you," "Blessed be God." And these ejaculations are no mere cant, but the genuine outpourings of a reverent soul. We find him writing to Fitzpatrick on his brother's death, "I deeply deplore your calamity; but recollect how frail we are, and that submission to the will of God is our first duty. Blessed be His holy name."<sup>2</sup>

He was always particular not to miss Mass when travelling. On one occasion he wrote to his wife, "I think I can be off on Sunday. I do not like travelling that day, but it will be after Mass of course, and perhaps I am bound to husband my time infinitely better than I have ever done. I will not however go unless I can do so with perfect propriety."<sup>3</sup> At Derrynane the same atmosphere of piety reigned. An English traveller who received shelter there was unprepared to find the great Agitator so full of religious faith and fervour. "He kept a domestic chaplain or confessor," he writes, "it at first somewhat startled you to hear during the day the sound of children's voices from the drawing-room, and on entering you found, amid all the noise and childish laughter, the holy father walking to and fro as if totally unconscious of the juvenile racket around him, with his breviary

<sup>1</sup> *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, by W. H. Lecky, vol. ii., pp. 226, 227.

<sup>2</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 530.

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 132.

in his hand, muttering his prayers." In the observance of his religion O'Connell was seriously zealous and regular. At nine o'clock every morning the bell at Derrynane rang for Mass. From all parts of the house trooped the members of the family, visitors, and servants to the chapel, and for one hour the whole place was as silent as a tomb."<sup>1</sup> He was very particular also to see that his servants discharged their religious duties. There is a letter of his extant to an innkeeper at Abbeyfeale, County Limerick, which runs as follows: "I will be at your house about two o'clock on Sunday. Have four horses ready for me by two o'clock. Take care the driver hears Mass. I will not arrive until after the late Mass, and will not allow any man to drive me who has lost Mass."<sup>2</sup> It may seem strange that at one time he was a Freemason, but the following extract from one of his letters explains his connection with that society. "It is true that I was a Freemason and a Master of a Lodge. It was at a very early period of my life, and either before an ecclesiastical censure had been published in the Catholic Church in Ireland prohibiting the taking of the Masonic oaths, or at least before I was aware of that censure. I now wish to state that, having become acquainted with it, I submitted to its influence, and many, very many years ago unequivocally renounced Freemasonry. I offered the late Archbishop, Dr. Troy, to make that renunciation public, but he deemed it unnecessary. I am not sorry to have this op-

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., pp. 294, 295.

<sup>2</sup> Letter dated 15th January, 1836, now in the possession of Mr. D. Leahy, Solicitor, Abbeyfeale, a great grandson of the man to whom it was originally written.

portunity of doing so.”<sup>1</sup> He was much given to mental prayer. Of this a copy of the work, *Preparation for Death*, quite worn and covered at every page with notes by him in his own hand, is an unanswerable proof. We are assured by his confessor, the Rev. Doctor Miley, that he repeated the acts of contrition, faith, hope, and charity in his native tongue, the Irish language. That is to say, when he had grown up, and when he was an old man, he prayed in the accents of his infancy, and as one of the people, and with the people. He was animated with a particular devotion for the Holy Sacrament of the altar, which did not allow him to rest satisfied by honouring it in his own person, but carried him on victoriously to vindicate and defend it against the blasphemies and errors of the Protestants in an admirable tract which he wrote on the *August Mystery*, and in which he, a layman, maintains the doctrine and the tradition of the Church with the learning of a theologian, and the unction of a saint. Add to this that his heart was imbued with the true humility recommended by the Holy Evangelists. The moment he was convinced that he had fallen into error, he delayed not an instant in avowing it, and apologizing for it. The following trait will serve to show of what materials the heart of Daniel O’Connell was formed. In one of his speeches in Parliament he had let fall some expressions adverse to the pretensions of Don Carlos to the Spanish throne. A Spanish priest who was at the time an exile in Rome, complained of this to an Irish clergyman in these words, “Even

<sup>1</sup> Letter to R. Barrett, dated 19th April, 1837 *Correspondence of Daniel O’Connell*, vol. ii., p. 86.



your O'Connell casts stones at us!" The latter having occasion to visit England the same year, found himself in company with O'Connell in London, when he took the liberty to mention the complaint of the worthy Spaniard, on which O'Connell with a profound sigh while the tears started to his eyes exclaimed, "Ah, miserable man that I am, what have I done? I have embittered the sorrows of the poor Spanish exiles! But I see now and I acknowledge that I was wrong." And ever after when he spoke of Don Carlos it was with that respect which was due to that illustrious unfortunate.<sup>1</sup> When in London he used to hear Mass every day at the Golden Square Church. The late Father Mark McNeal was a young priest there at the time. One morning after Mass he went up to Father McNeal and said with the sweetest voice, "Father will you do me the charity to hear my confession." Father McNeal knowing who he was, was nervous to undertake the confession of the great man, and said, "Perhaps it is better I should call Doctor Maguire<sup>2</sup> to you." O'Connell smiled and said, "Now, my dear young man, I know what you mean. You need not fear. I have no state affairs; you will find my confession very short and simple."<sup>3</sup> Thomas Davis in a letter from Mount Melleray, dated August the 26th, 1843, writes as follows to Mr. Pigot: "By the way I find that O'Connell made a retreat here some three or four years ago, and the Prior

<sup>1</sup> *The Last Days of O'Connell*, p. 190.

<sup>2</sup> The Vicar-General, and a man of well known ability and vast acquirements.

<sup>3</sup> I am indebted to Rev. Doctor O'Riordan of Limerick for this anecdote which he had from Father McNeal, himself, twenty years ago.

assured me that so severe a retreat was unknown even in the Abbey, and was considered a hard and noble example by the monks.”<sup>1</sup> Once while he was so occupied a message came that his services were required immediately in the House of Commons to ward off some danger which threatened his party. He quietly answered that he would benefit the cause far more by stopping where he was and committing it to God. O'Neill Daunt thus describes one of these visits to Mount Melleray. “During our stay at the monastery, Mr. O'Connell and I used to breakfast *tête-à-tête* in the abbot's parlour. Immediately after breakfast, he retired to his bed-room, where he remained quite alone until dinner, which meal we partook of *tête-à-tête* and immediately on its conclusion, he would again retire—either to his dormitory, or to the chapel, where he remained for an hour or two. One day Mr. Villiers Stuart came to wait on the abbot's illustrious guest, and was told he had given strict directions that he should not be disturbed while in retreat.”<sup>2</sup> He frequently repeated the old Latin hymns of the Church when travelling. His favourites seemed to be,

“Lauda Sion Salvatorem  
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem;”

and the noble hymn commencing with the words

“Stabat Mater Dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lachrymosa.  
Dum pendebat filius.”<sup>3</sup>

Once when travelling with Daunt the question

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Davis*, by C. Gavan Duffy, p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 33.

<sup>3</sup> *Personal Recollections of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 87.

arose, whether errors in faith, or errors in morals were the more dangerous to the soul and the more offensive to God? Daunt contended that errors in morality were the worse; inasmuch as a man may believe wrong without knowing it; but a man cannot so easily do wrong without knowing it. Invincible ignorance is much more probable in the speculative errors of faith, than in the practical infractions of morality. A good Protestant would have a chance of going to heaven; whereas a bad Catholic would have none. O'Connell contended on the other hand, that errors in faith were the more dangerous. Nothing short of a thorough and perfect sincerity—and, moreover, a cautious sincerity—could acquit the holder of erroneous faith from the guilt of heresy. Of course, every person thus thoroughly and cautiously sincere, was free from heretical guilt; but those who belonged not to the Catholic Church laboured under the grievous disadvantage of being deprived of true sacraments; or, in other words, they were deprived of those ordinary channels of grace and modes of reconciliation with God, of which all stand in need, inasmuch as all have at one time or another sinned mortally. Even though a Catholic should have sinned more grievously than a person without the pale of the Church, yet the position of the former was in one respect better—namely, that he stood a better chance of obtaining the grace of true repentance.<sup>1</sup> O'Connell never forgot that eternity was before him. O'Neill Daunt records the following conversation with him: "I said something of the future fame that would attend O'Connell as the restorer of self-government to Ireland." "Alas,

alas ! ” he answered, in a tone of great solemnity, “ and of what use will future fame be to me, when I am dead and judged ? ” “ Yet,” said I, “ I think you certainly indulge in the expectation of fame ; have you not often said, both publicly and to myself in private, that your deeds are making part of history ? ” “ I spoke of it,” said he, “ as the fact ; not as desiring fame. If I know myself at all, I really do think I never did any one action with a view to fame.”<sup>1</sup> He always rejoiced when he saw the practice of religion increasing. “ I remember,” said he on one occasion, “ that twenty-five or thirty years ago, you did not see more than, perhaps, twenty male communicants twice a year. How changed are these things now ! Every Sunday you will see many more than you then saw at Easter or Christmas ; and this is, at all events, an evidence that the persons who communicate, intend, at least, that they will not live in sin.”<sup>2</sup> Amongst his papers after his death were found the following rules for the conduct of his life, made during a retreat :—

“ 1st. To avoid all wilful occasions of temptation.

2nd. To appeal to God, and to invoke the Holy Virgin and the Saints in all real temptation.

3rd. To say the acts of faith, hope, and charity every day.

4th. To repeat as often as may be a shorter form.

5th. To say daily, at least, and as often as may be, a fervent act of contrition.

6th. To begin every day with an unlimited offering of myself totally to my crucified Redeemer

<sup>1</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 305.



and to conjure Him by all His infinite merits and divine charity to take me under His direction and control in all things.

7th. To meditate for at least half an hour every day, possibly longer, if God pleases.

8th. 'We fly to thy patronage,' etc., and St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin as often as convenient, daily.

9th. Ejaculations, invocations of the Blessed Virgin, as often daily as may be.

10th. Pray daily to God, His blessed Mother, and the Saints for a happy death, and as often as may be.

11th. To avoid carefully small faults and venial sins, even the smallest.

12th. To aim at pleasing God in all my daily actions, and to be influenced by love of God in all rather than hope or fear."<sup>1</sup>

These few lines, in our opinion, reveal the real O'Connell more clearly than all else. They show us that the great statesman was above and before all a devout and sincere Catholic. His unselfishness was equal to his piety. Holding a position of supreme power, he never once took advantage of it for his own advancement. "I'll take nothing for myself," he once said, "as long as Ireland wants me."<sup>2</sup> That he had the opportunity of obtaining both place and power is undoubted. The following letter—written to Fitzpatrick from London in June, 1838—shows what was open to him.

"MY DEAR FITZPATRICK,—The die is cast, I have refused office. Lord Mulgrave sent for me yesterday to state the vacancy in the Exchequer, and to hear

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., pp. 196, 197.

<sup>2</sup> *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, vol. i., p. 56.

my wishes on the subject. I easily shewed that I ought not to accept the judging of tithe causes. He then stated that he believed it would not be difficult to make an arrangement to offer me "the Rolls" and in fact he offered it. You know that, if I took anything, it would be the Rolls. But I could not bring myself to accept it. My heart is heavy but I have made this sacrifice. Nothing could exceed the handsome manner in which Lord Mulgrave treated me.

"Yours sincerely,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."<sup>1</sup>

He never let his personal welfare come before that of his country. In 1846, when famine and misery lay heavy upon the country he wrote thus to Fitzpatrick from Derrynane.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It would be the absurdest of all absurd things to think of a tribute<sup>2</sup> in such times as these. They are, indeed, more awful than you have any notion of. All our thoughts are engrossed with the two topics—endeavouring to keep the people from outbreaks, and endeavouring to get food for them. I tell you danger is in our path. May the Great God in his infinite mercy, mitigate the calamity and avert the danger."<sup>3</sup>

This tribute which was paid him by the people annually, caused Lord Shrewsbury to insinuate that O'Connell's political activity might be supposed to arise from a desire to augment the "rent" as he termed this National Annuity. O'Connell's reply to this charge was caustic and

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> The national subscription to him.

<sup>3</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. i., pp. 387, 388.

severe but well deserved. We transcribe the following pages of it here. "I will not consent that my claim to the 'rent' should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation. My claim is this. To descend to particulars; at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea; when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinctions would ensure? Other honours I could not then enjoy. Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments were £8,000; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an outer barrister. Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown.

The severity of my labour would have been considerably decreased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one-half. If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me. But I had dreamed a day dream—was it a day dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated. I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country! and—come weal or woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined—nor ever shall repent. An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more, high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made; and pre-eminently so, by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normanby. But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream? and I



refused the offer. And here am I now taunted—even by you—with mean and sordid motives. I do not think that I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices. I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy the most and the best abused man in the universal world ; and, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness. All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And let her be grateful or ungrateful—solvent or insolvent—he who insults me for taking her pay wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire ; he wants the higher sensations of the soul which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed with pecuniary rewards. Yes ; I am—I say it proudly—I am the hired servant of Ireland ; and I glory in my servitude.”<sup>1</sup> Frederick Lucas said afterwards that he considered the pamphlet from which this extract is taken to be the finest specimen of

<sup>1</sup> *Observations on Corn Laws, on Political Pravity and Ingratitude, and on Clerical and Personal Slander, in the shape of a meek and modest reply to the second letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Waterford and Wexford, to Ambrose Lisle Philips, Esq., by Daniel O'Connell, Lord Mayor of Dublin, 1842, pp. 66, 70.*

O'Connell's literary powers. Strongly as he felt this attack, O'Connell afterwards forgave Lord Shrewsbury and in turn received much kindness at his hands when traversing England for the last time on his way to Rome. O'Connell died as he had lived—a sincere Catholic. “His death,” writes his confessor and friend, Doctor Miley, “was serene and happy, for it was sanctified by the sacraments and alleviated by the consolations which our divine religion lavishes with such mercy on its children.”<sup>1</sup>

In this short and necessarily imperfect attempt to portray the personality of Daniel O'Connell we have scarcely touched upon his achievements in the field of politics, because we hope that no Irish Catholic is ignorant of them, and because we believe that they did not directly come within the scope of this sketch. Yet we cannot conclude without considering how his character was responsible to a large extent for his triumphs. It was O'Connell who first saw the political potentialities that lay dormant in the neglected and despised masses, the enormous and overmastering strength of any national demand behind which the people stood in organised and determined array. When he started the agitation for Catholic emancipation, the well to-do-Catholics were many of them aspiring to the social recognition amongst Protestants which their wealth entitled them to. Many of them were good in themselves and well meaning, and could not lose the faith, being conscious of their own firmness, but knowing the trials of the past were glad to be left alone, and conformed to anything for the sake of peace. But they would have left to their children an example which would have decreased their firmness in a succeeding

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell*, vol. ii., p. 417.

generation. Others were Catholics just by accident. They clung to the name—but the least necessity of sacrifice would have made them turn away from what their fathers had given up all to save. O'Connell came just in time, before the influence of such Catholics as these was able to shake the faith of the people. The people were outside the influence of Protestantism, for they were outside "society."

O'Connell came, took up the people's cause, led them, taught them their power, made them feel that they could lead the Catholics of social standing as these would not lead them. If he had been a weak Catholic or a weak man he could not have done this. But he was a man whose ability towered above all others of his class; whose will bore down all before him; whose initial successes enabled him to set aside the better class Catholics who were timid and afraid; whose religion made him firm and unafraid; and he led the people to victory in his own way. This way was along Catholic lines because he never forgot his faith, and thus he helped to save Catholicism in Ireland, and to vindicate the rights of his fellow countrymen.

Several Catholic laymen of genius and purpose have lived during the last century but O'Connell rises supreme above them all. France has had Montalembert. He was more polished than O'Connell and more literary; but as a statesman he never showed O'Connell's genius and vigour. Spain has had Donoso Cortes; but he was rather a philosopher than a statesman, and his thoughts therefore never took hold of the popular feeling he wished to influence. Frederick Lucas had ability and will enough, but he lived amidst difficulties which a lifetime was too short to subdue. Andreas Hofer was a peasant with a

peasant's limitations. Pasteur did not enter the lists of political or religious controversy, Garcia Moreno did not bring the Catholic cause from the darkness into the light. He accomplished an easier task, namely, that of preserving rights which already existed. Windthorst is O'Connell's only rival. But O'Connell's influence over the Irish people was greater than that of Windthorst over the Germans; and Windthorst's name will hardly take the lasting hold of popular Catholic feeling throughout the world which O'Connell's name has taken. O'Connell, too, in a sense had more uphill work. Windthorst's party at first were few; but they were able, and the Catholic body whom he led had the advantage of proper educational facilities before Windthorst's work began. When O'Connell commenced his work, his party consisted of himself. He had to face the traditional ascendancy and the rooted bigotry of three hundred years. Moreover, whatever education the great body of the Irish people had received was imparted—

“While crouching neath the sheltering hedge,  
Or stretched on mountain fern.”

The first difficulty he had to overcome was to be allowed to sit in Parliament at all. He then had to form a party, and to unite a people whom a brutal persecution had left nothing more than Horace's *nos numeri sumus*. We of the present generation can but poorly realise how gigantic a work it was to put national life into a race whose history was written in blood, and whose hopes had often been cast down by disappointments and betrayals. But we can at least do homage to his greatness, and draw from the records of his life some lessons in courage, sincerity, and devotion to sustain us in the days that are to come.



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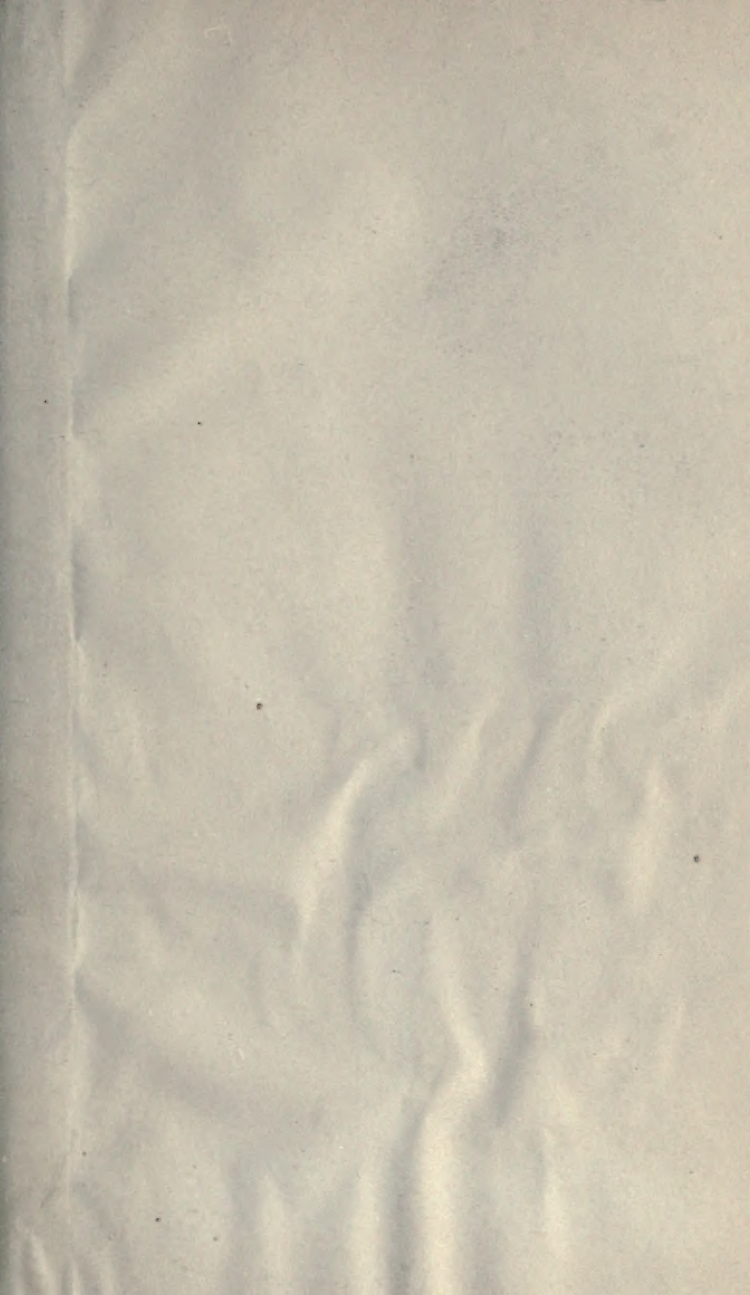
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